





Class BX6495

Book B72 H3

7













Truly yours  
A. B. Brown

SKETCH  
OF THE  
LIFE AND WRITINGS  
OF  
A. B. BROWN, DD. LLD.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN RICHMOND COLLEGE, VIRGINIA.

EDITED BY  
DR. AND MRS. WM. E. HATCHER.

WITH ARTICLES FROM

DR. JOHN A. BROADUS, PROF. JOHN HART, DR. H. A. TUPPER, PROF. C. L. COCKE, DR. J. C.  
HIDEN, DR. C. TYREE, PROF. B. PURYEAR, LLD., DR. J. WM. JONES, DR. W. W. LANDRUM,  
DR. WM. R. VAUGHAN, DR. ANDREW BROADUS, DR. C. H. RYLAND, REV. WM. SLATE,  
DR. J. B. TAYLOR, MR. STEBBINS, COL. T. J. EVANS, PROF. H. H. HARRIS, MR. W.  
C. TYREE, DR. WM. E. HATCHER, PROF. G. F. HOLMES, DR. A. E. OWEN.



BALTIMORE:  
H. M. WHARTON & CO., PUBLISHERS,  
Nos. 126 AND 128 W. BALTIMORE ST.

1886.

BX6495  
B72H3

63931  
.05-

COPYRIGHTED, 1886, BY H. M. WHARTON & Co.

6  
6  
6  
6  
6  
6  
6  
6

2 m. E. man. 17, 1903,  
Recd. 8/15/30

## PREFACE.

---

THE reader will find in the following pages a simple tribute from a loving pupil to the memory of a departed teacher. They have been prepared with no other motive than to embalm some of the fragrant influence, and preserve some of the solid work of an eminent Christian and scholar. To those who knew him, one of his greatest charms was his deep interest in living questions, and his incessant activity on present surroundings. As they look back, they most deeply regret that this very habit of mind prevented the employment of his pen for the instruction of the future, and makes his literary remains few and meagre in comparison with the powers of the living man.

Socrates wrote nothing, yet his influence has been undying and universal, because his mantle fell upon the broad shoulders of a Plato, who was not a little helped by the unpretending *memorabilia* of a fellow-pupil, the practical Xenophon. If this memoir shall help to bring out a real successor, its object will have been accomplished.

The volume has grown in the hands of the compiler far beyond the dimensions of her original purpose. She undertook to prepare a brief memorial for circulation among particular friends. When her intention was made known, many valuable and instructive contributions were received, which presented in different lights as many striking views of the character and life of Dr. Brown, and it has been no easy task to compress this wealth of material into reasonable limits. This fact will explain also the somewhat

peculiar structure of the book. For while the papers furnished by others touch the life they portray chiefly at certain points, not a few of them take a much wider range. It has seemed best not to sacrifice the integrity of these tributes to the demands of chronological order, as it is observed in the biographical sketch. Therefore even in the earlier chapters will be found some mention of the incidents and allusions to traits that belong rather to the later life.

Of the sermons and addresses it should be said that Dr. Brown, while he made careful preparation, never allowed his manuscript to fetter his utterance, and rarely wrote out for print what he had spoken. Many of his best discourses are left incomplete, because he safely relied upon the momentum and the excitement of actual delivery, and the sympathy of his hearers, to make a stronger conclusion and one better adapted to the occasion than he could possibly work out in the seclusion of his study. Such of them have been selected as were in the best condition for the printers, and have been given just as he left them.

It remains for me to say that the engagement with the Publishers allowed less than three months for the preparation of the volume, and even this short time has been seriously curtailed by sickness in the household over which the compiler presides. It would have been my duty and pleasure to render some assistance, but a term of sickness and the consequent accumulation of other work, have left me opportunity to do no more than assist in selecting and editing the material and preparing some portions of the later chapters.

WM. E. HATCHER.



## INTRODUCTORY.

---

THE distinguishing glory of man is freedom. He possesses the power of choice. He is not a puppet, performing in fixed grooves, under the power of an extraneous force. He is endowed with those gifts which render it possible for him to mould his own character and shape his own destiny. This quality constitutes the lordly element in his being. And it is not irreverent to say, that God treats it with the most tender respect. In all of His transactions with men He never ignores their wills. He imposes no duty which they cannot choose to perform, and accepts no service unwillingly given.

When in His authority God prescribes a law, it is exactly fitted to human freedom. If we turn to His word, we find that He delights to teach His creatures by example. He throws out before them, men of like passions with themselves, whose lives are illuminated with gleams of His own perfections. When He would set before the world a new edition of the Law, He embodied it in the life of a person, the Son of God.

Nothing is so ennobling as the contemplation of lofty character. Its subtle influence radiates in every possible direction: but he who would receive most of its self-perpetuating spirit, must put himself in contact with it.

Common origin, common interests and a common end, serve

to unite mankind in a brotherhood. The eternal bands are around all, binding them closer and closer together. There was a period in the world's history, long after the time that humanity meant a pair, when the parts were diverse and far removed from each other. But the quickening steps of civilization and religion have made them touch elbows in this great march of development.

Once the thoughts of great men were entombed in languages unknown to the rest of mankind, like the buried glories of a Pompeii—now the bursts of eloquence of an inspired speaker may flash athwart continents in a day—even his very voice may be transmitted to remote sections, if not preserved for future hearers. The connection between one nation and another, between one man and another, is most intimate. Not more so, is the vital relation in the material body by which one part is brought in contact with all its powers, by means of the delicate tracery of nervous organisms. One part or another is important in the universal like the material body, in proportion as it influences the whole.

It is only the one who outstrips the others, the advance guard, who is worthy the attention of the student of nature and art.

Some there are like diamonds in the rough who, on account of certain adverse surroundings, were never set in the kingly diadems that they might have adorned; and to history it becomes a pleasing task to catch up the spirit of their lives, and the productions of their genius, to crystallize them into enduring form.

History has been often called "Philosophy teaching by example." Every reader who at all comprehended the genius of the subject of this memoir, will see at once, his likeness in the definition. Whether he be regarded as the man with his splendid native endowments; or the man with his great acquisitions gained by close research, and acute analytical processes, he is in every sense a philosopher and a Christian philosopher as well; for Bacon says "the roads to religion and true philosophy are identical; as the noblest powers of man have to be employed in both."

In his character he stands forth a man nobly planned, and nobly developed—and as such, he was in some sense the resultant of the various forces that were brought to bear on him—and a factor as well in the mighty temple that time erects; just as every effect is the result of two or more causes, and is itself one of the causes of other effects.

By what processes did he reach his elevation? What were the influences he put in motion? What did he do for the benefit of mankind? These are pertinent questions, which will be discussed in the following pages.



# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE.
PREFACE, . . . . .	iii

INTRODUCTORY, . . . . .	v
-------------------------	---

## CHAPTER I.

THOSE THAT WENT BEFORE, . . . . .	9
-----------------------------------	---

## CHAPTER II.

HIS CHILDHOOD HOME, . . . . .	15
-------------------------------	----

## CHAPTER III.

THE MOUNTAIN BOY, . . . . .	21
-----------------------------	----

## CHAPTER IV.

ENTERING THE HARVEST, . . . . .	55
---------------------------------	----

## CHAPTER V.

	PAGE.
THE HAMPTON PASTOR, . . . . .	74

## CHAPTER VI.

HIS WORK IN CHARLOTTESVILLE, . . . . .	107
--	-----

## CHAPTER VII.

THE DAYS OF WAR, . . . . .	155
----------------------------	-----

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE COUNTRY PASTOR, . . . . .	180
-------------------------------	-----

## CHAPTER IX.

THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR, . . . . .	227
----------------------------------	-----

## CHAPTER X.

HIS DEATH, . . . . .	262
----------------------	-----

HIS CHARACTER, . . . . .	291
--------------------------	-----

LIFE AND WRITINGS  
OF  
A. B. BROWN, DD. LLD.

---

CHAPTER I.

THOSE THAT WENT BEFORE.

SO deeply rooted in the human mind is the conviction that talent is transmitted, that the presence of it in an individual is at once the signal for a search for its origin, in his ancestry.

Abram Burwell Brown was the eldest son of Martin Brown and Belinda Seay.

Of the genealogy of his father, little is known. Sufficient information has been gotten, however, to establish the fact that, for generations, the Browns have been noted for their intellectual ability and love of learning.

The grandfather, Jeremiah Brown, was a Revolutionary soldier, of English descent; was born in Stafford, lived in Culpeper and Fauquier Counties, till the beginning of this century, when he moved

to Amherst, where he resided till his death, in 1846, having attained to the age of ninety years. He was twice married. His first wife was named Jane Kirk; and their children were named Willis, Thomas Fielding, Elizabeth, Joseph and Martin, the father of A. B. Brown.

Jeremiah Brown, and all of his children were apt and eager to learn, and distinguished for their retentive memories. Elizabeth won for herself the soubriquet of Macaulay, on account of her wonderful memory, and power of delineating character. Joseph was a gentleman of scholarly habits—devoted to reading and a charming conversationalist. He was a popular citizen and an earnest Baptist. Martin was perhaps the most gifted of this family.

On the maternal side, A. B. Brown was descended from the Huguenots. His great-great-grandfather, Abram Seay, for whom he was named, was born in France, went to England to escape the persecution of the Catholics, and afterwards emigrated to Virginia.

In order to trace, with minuteness, the influences of heredity, it seems fitting that we look for a moment, at the religious and political condition of the country, from which this ancestor sprang.



The middle of the sixteenth century witnessed the beginning of religious toleration in Europe. Prior to this, barring the revolt of Henry VIII., the supremacy of the Pope had been absolute and unlimited. But the clarion notes of Luther had rung throughout Germany, and echoed through the other countries, till converts to the reform faith were numbered, from "Finland to the Alps, and Iceland to the Pyrenees." The long-suppressed desire for freedom of conscience had voiced itself, in the valiant defenders of the new faith, till the whole country threatened to be Protestant.

The Pope, realizing the decay of his power, called on the crowned heads, to suppress the religious reformers. Everywhere was confusion, disorder, and often violence. Under the wise rulings of Elizabeth, in England, the opposing parties were kept in abeyance, and for a long while afterwards it was a safe asylum for Protestant exiles. In France, where Calvin had been busy propagating the new doctrines, great numbers became converts, among them, many of the nobility. Here was the scene of the direst conflicts. Religious controversy culminated in civil war—the Protestants being the Huguenots, and the Catholics the Guises. Here the wicked

Catharine de Medicis—the queen-mother, the mention of whose name sullies the pen that records it, as it blanches the cheek of modern womanhood—resolved to exterminate the Protestants at one blow, and having summoned them to Paris to attend a wedding feast, had the tocsin sounded, that was the signal for the general massacre, which sent seventy thousand souls into eternity in one night; and all this under the guise of religion.

Not very long after, there went out from France to Protestant England a young man, Abram Seay, a Huguenot, a scion of nobility, of culture and means.

Notwithstanding the general upheaval caused by the Reformation, literature had steadily advanced in England, and to come within her borders was to feel her quickening touch.

After the turbulent passions of the Protestants and Catholics subsided, differences as to mode of worship sprung up between the Protestants themselves, which led to the formation of the party called Puritans, or those who desired to be purer and simpler. Rather than submit to forced regulations of worship against their convictions, they set out on the high seas, for a home in the great West, where they might enjoy perfect liberty of conscience.

Abram Seay and his wife, formerly a Miss Wilson, with their three sons, Abram, Isaac and Jacob, with thousands of others who during those years flocked to these shores, sailed for the land named in honor of the Virgin Queen. A trustworthy tradition informs us that this high-spirited old Huguenot, out of his ample means, purchased homes for his three sons near the James River. The home of Abram, the eldest of the sons, was in Nelson County, Virginia, and was known as the Cove. He married a Miss Loving.

Joseph Seay, a grandson of Abram, the Huguenot, owned a handsome property on the James, near Tye River. He married a Miss Annie Harvey—an English lady who, so far as can be known, was the first Baptist in the large circle of the Seay family. It is worth while here to say that her Baptist convictions were very strong, and she sought to win the family to their adoption. While unsuccessful in making Baptists of her own children, she has a reward for her fidelity, in the magnificent Baptist character of her grandchildren. One of the daughters of Joseph Seay, was Belinda. She was the mother of A. B. Brown, and he honored her memory, by bestowing the same name on his eldest daughter.

Abram Seay, having brought with him, to this

country, the native refinements in which he had been reared, and the intellectual quickening he received in England, instilled in his posterity high aims and aspirations.

The discerning reader, will not fail to perceive in the descendant of this Frenchman, as his characteristics will be delineated, the high-strung, nervous temperament, the hot blood, the high gentlemanly instincts peculiar to the real French nobleman.

The descendants of Abram Seay, are scattered through the counties of Nelson, Amherst and Fluvanna, and form a part of the honored yeomanry of the land—respected for their thrift, intelligence and piety.

Joseph Seay, the grandfather of A. B. Brown, was a man of talents and culture. He was a teacher, the most of his life. He educated his children and many of his grandchildren. He and his wife outlived several of their children, and took two sets of grandchildren, to train and to educate. He fought in the War of 1812, and died in 1845, having reached the age of seventy-eight years.

## CHAPTER II.

## HIS CHILDHOOD HOME.

THE eastern slope of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia, embracing the counties of Nelson, Amherst and Bedford, has been regarded for generations, as the most fertile spot for the birth of Baptist preachers. The simple habits, honest purposes and pure lives of the inhabitants, together with the inspiration that comes from the beholding of the sublime in nature, conspire to produce this result. The belief that the grandeur of natural phenomena tends to the elevation and expansion of the powers of man, is not simply a poetic idea, but an established truth. A soul brought into habitual communion with God in nature—who has the spiritual discernment to interpret Him—will be, in the language of another,

“ Haunted forever by the Divine mind,”

and so cannot be utterly debased in life.

In a farm-house on the mountain-side, near a dashing stream called Allen's Creek, the subject of this memoir was born. He was the eldest of a

family of five children. A look within the walls of that quiet country home reveals to us first the father, Martin Brown, and his wife, Belinda, *née* Seay, and five children, viz., Abram, Joseph, James, Margaret and Thomas.

The father, Martin Brown, was a man of limited education, but of good talents, ambitious spirit and pure life. He was specially gifted in lively wit and brilliant repartee. His devotion to his children was very marked, and he struggled hard, in the face of untoward circumstances, to elevate them. He was a great lover of reading, and succeeded in exciting in his children a love of study that made all of them attain to some degree of intellectual excellence.

In one of his addresses Dr. Brown said, "My father loved learning and he loved me, and so he made many sacrifices to give me educational advantages." The schools accessible were few and poor. This country, so young and untried, had not long laid aside its swaddling clothes. The early colonists, having secured their release from English rule, had begun to build up an independency worthy of their best endeavors; but the process was slow. Material interests had to precede intellectual, forests had to be felled, houses built and mechanical interests encouraged, before much

impetus could be given to literary pursuits. By many, a common English education was all that was deemed necessary for one who did not expect to teach, and so high intellectual advancement was exceptional.

In the quiet country home, there were no child's books; only the weekly newspapers, which were like the *Acta Diurna* of earlier days. It is said that Abram, at a very early age, loved to read the newspapers and the political addresses of the day. His reading was better suited to mature minds. He was often sent for, to read the papers to the neighboring farmers. He once said to a friend that in his boyhood, he got a better idea of the condition of the country by reading the advertisements in the papers, than in any other way—that from them, he learned both the demands and the supplies of the people. With such a thirst for knowledge as he possessed, it was an easy matter to extract it from surroundings.

Although his mother died when he was so young, yet she lived long enough to make an ineffaceable impression on her first-born. It is said that the knowledge that a child gains in the first seven or eight years of his life is far in excess of that gained in all the after-life. Cowley, in speaking of the influences of early life on the

heart and mind of the child, says, "It is like carving your name on a young tree, which widens as the tree grows." The mother is the first teacher, and if she does well her duty, there is no power on earth that can blot out the memory of it. The mother of A. B. Brown was said to be one of the most beautiful women of her day. She was also intelligent and pious. All through life he could seldom speak of her without tears. He ever revered her memory and spoke of her with peculiar pleasure. The influence of a good and wise mother is illimitable. Some learned man has described a good mother as nature's *chef-d'œuvre*. John Randolph, of Roanoke, said he would have been an atheist but for the remembrance of his mother's teaching him the Lord's Prayer. What might not Byron have been, with his splendid powers under the tutelage of a good and wise mother? Could the son of a woman who died in a fit of anger at an upholsterer's bill do otherwise than give loose rein to passions as she did.

The following sketch was found among Dr. Brown's papers :

"I was born in Amherst County, Virginia, on October 20th, 1821. My father, quite poor at the time of my



birth, slowly accumulated property, most of which, however, he lost by reverses before the education of his family was completed. He was sober and industrious, of sparkling wit, eminently genial and companionable, and more self-sacrificingly devoted to the preferment of his children than any other man I ever knew. My mother was thrifty and of that dexterity and skill in household arts in which the partiality of her children could discover the marks of genius. Seated by her side, I learned to count and learned my letters."

The death of his mother, occurring when he was eleven years old, caused a breaking up, of the once happy but short-lived home circle. All the children, except Abram, went to live at the home of their grandfather, Joseph Seay, and the members of that household were never united again under the paternal roof. The grandfather Seay, who was a teacher of considerable ability, taught the little ones who had come into his home, while Abram staid at the old place, the sole companion of his father, and went to school to the best teachers in the neighborhood. Without the companionship of brothers and sister in his home life, he had recourse to reading works of high order of merit, that he found on the shelves of the family library. His father, discerning in him the marks of genius, and being so ambitious for him to im-

prove his talents, kept him at school till he was 17 years of age, when he began to teach. It is believed that he never did any work on the farm. His physical constitution, in consequence of his want of exercise in the open air, did not develop and keep pace with his mental.

The father, so devoted to learning, and with no mean qualifications himself, kept his children constantly at school. All of them were gifted, and inherited or imbibed the father's love of books. James Brown, who was thought by some to have equal talent with Abram, and might have been equally distinguished if he had had the same tastes, was a physician and a county treasurer in Bedford. A few years ago he moved West, and died soon after reaching his new home, with disease of the lungs. Margaret, the only sister, died at the age of 18 years. Joseph distinguished himself as a student at the University of Virginia, and Thomas, who lives now near the old home, is a farmer of decided literary taste and ability. It is said that in after-life, when the brothers would visit each other, they would spend the time together discussing books and theses to the exclusion of common-place topics. It would be difficult to find a family with as much literary taste.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

IN the old mountain home, young Brown had no sister or mother to care for him. He felt sadly the need of them. An aunt kindly looked after his wearing apparel, and kept it in order for him. He used to say that he was very happy when he begun to make money for himself, so that he could buy his own clothes; that those made for him were always too large—made “so that he could grow to them;” and, as he would tell of it, and laugh in his characteristic way, he would continue the story, saying, “but I never grew to them.” His separation from society gave him the opportunity for fostering those habits of reflection, which drew out to their highest, the powers of his soul. With the majestic old mountains around him, filling his soul with emotions of grandeur and with love for the Maker, his spirit, quickened and elevated, reveled in mental and spiritual delights.

He next tells of his teachers :

“In my eighth year I was sent to school. Most of the teachers of my boyhood and youth were intelligent and

conscientious, but immature young men. Yet I was much more indebted to these than to one or two of greater experience. James B. Davidson, then himself a mere tyro, afterwards a very successful teacher in Southwest Virginia, so taught me spelling and reading in one year that any improvement since made has been without conscious effort. The next year he imbedded Murray's grammar in my memory for future uses. Edwin T. Ellett, in teaching me Latin in my twelfth year, incidentally utilized my previous acquirements in English, and made me as good a grammarian as I ever became till I was introduced, in middle life, to the more rational and logical methods of Kühner, Greene and Mulligan. This able and efficient teacher, in two years, so thoroughly grounded me in the Latin forms and syntax, and so carefully trained me in translation, that subsequent improvement was the easy result of continued practice and increasing mental development."

It is said by his family that he never studied arithmetic at school more than a few months—having ciphered through Pike's Arithmetic when he was ten years old. Being foremost in all his classes at school, he was frequently called on by the boys to work their examples for them. If he declined, they would taunt him by saying: "It is just because you don't know how; you can't do it." And at that he would yield to their wishes, and solve their examples for them, lest he might be accused of incapacity. He was a sort of

assistant teacher. He contracted a fondness for teaching then, that grew with his years. He always managed to have some one near to instruct. He frequently made allusions to the fact quoted above, that he committed to memory what he didn't understand. In questioning the wisdom of such teaching, he would say, "but when afterwards I became old enough to comprehend the meaning of the text, it was right there in my mind for use."

The teacher that he makes mention of, that taught him the languages, was a Frenchman, named Cruiseau, probably a connection of the family. We know that he taught at different times in Nelson and Amherst, and that Mr. Brown followed him up, studying under him while he taught. He was regarded as a fine linguist, and a better teacher than one could usually find in the rural districts. To this rudimentary knowledge of the languages of Latin, French and Greek, that he gained early in life, he was constantly adding. It has been said that a mind that has early been trained in the forms of the Latin and Greek evidences it ever afterwards in the complexion of its productions. He was no advocate for specialists. He pleaded for broad and deep foundations and massive structures above.

Below is a continuation of the autobiographical sketch :

“Having added to my acquirements a little Greek, rather more French, a larger complement of geometry and a meagre scantling of other mathematics, I commenced teaching school early in my 18th year. Up to this time I had not known what it was to be a student; but, ambitious to show myself competent to what I had undertaken, subjected my mind to intense effort. And it was better for me, perhaps, than for my pupils, that some of them were trying to learn Latin, Greek and French. Unfortunately, I divided my leisure hours between preparation for my classes and the study of law,—a study which was not indeed wholly thrown away, but a study for which I was poorly prepared, and which was little related to my future pursuits.”

An incident is related by Rev. Mr. Wm. Tyree, who obtained it from his father, the intimate friend of Dr. Brown, that illustrates his mental ability at this period of his life. He says,—

“When a mere boy he and a young companion (Mr. Wm. Tyree) walked to Lynchburgh to attend a meeting of the General Association. The two youths, who had not often been beyond the limits of their own county, were of course anxious to see all that could be seen. Walking down the street one evening, as they passed the Catholic Church,

the door was open and in they walked. The priest happened to be in the church at the time preparing for some service. After looking around, Mr. Brown's eye was attracted to a picture under which there was a historical quotation. In a moment the thorough knowledge of history, which he acquired from various sources, enabled him, as he thought, to detect error in the quotation; so, unawed by the sanctified air of the priest, he walked up to him, and said the statement was false. The priest, judging him by his personal appearance, at first seemed to think him impertinent, as well as ignorant, to presume to question the correctness of such authority, even in the presence of his majesty; but he soon found that the lad, awkward and ignorant as he supposed, was more than his equal, not only in historical information, but in logic as well, and soon left him and resumed his official duties."

Those who were intimately associated with him at this period of his life, say that he gave evidence of great mental power. Very modestly, he says of himself that he had not learned to study till he began to teach. He may not have been engaged in such close analytical and synthetical processes as he afterwards subjected himself to, in studying a subject, but he had read widely, and on deep and abstruse themes, such as a boy of his age would have passed by. At that time he read and committed to memory much of the poetry of

standard authors. He hardly knew the time when he did not know "The Lady of the Lake," some verses of which, commencing,

"I little thought when first thy rein  
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,  
That highland eagle e'er should feed  
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed.  
Wo' worth the chase, wo' worth the day  
That cost thy life, my gallant gray,"

he loved frequently to repeat to his family around the hearth-stone.

He writes of his teaching, and of his hard studying while a mere boy, and of his reading law. He did not write of his spiritual condition at this time, and perhaps it were as well to omit any account of it; but for the sake of truth and honesty, and without any real damage to character, it must be recorded that he came near being an atheist. This is not remarkable when we consider that honest doubt is the vestibule to the house of faith; that a state of uncertainty is often the condition and sign of investigation. One has often to look around to find the true path. He doubted for a while, but it was only the darkness before the dawning of the day-star of Hope. When it did appear, it was in all its



effulgence—a real, glowing sun, and it never declined. What he gained by investigation, he held to as real truth.

He made a profession of religion while boarding in an Episcopal family, where he taught school. He joined their church, and took deacon's orders with a view to the ministry. His father and mother were both Methodists. He said he felt it to be his duty before preaching the peculiar doctrines of the church to examine into the scripturalness of them, and the result was he became a Baptist. If any book beside the Bible helped him to a change of faith, it was Dr. Carson's work on Baptism. He entertained such a high opinion of the work and man, that afterwards he named his first-born in honor of him. During the investigation of the subject, he had frequent interviews with Dr. Rice, a minister whom he loved and revered all through life, and who took a pleasing part in his ordination. It was a sad coincidence that Dr. Rice preceded him to the grave by only a few months, and at the time his last sickness commenced he was planning a biographical sketch of his old pastor.

It has not been easy to determine exactly at what point in his life Mr. Brown changed his church relationship. I incline to the opinion that

it occurred after his return from Washington College. Concerning his connection with that institution, I find this graphic and comprehensive statement in his papers,—

“I entered Washington College at an advanced stage of the session of 1840 and 1841, prosecuted with great intensity Greek and Mathematics, and felt with perhaps equal benefit the quickening contact of ingenuous and gifted young minds.”

And this closes the only sketch of his life written by himself that can be found.

An honored friend and fellow-countyman, (Dr. C. Tyree), one who ranks among the foremost of Virginia's distinguished ministers, furnishes us the following, which, beginning at this period of his life, gives some interesting facts :

“In the year 1840 the writer of this sketch first became acquainted with A. B. Brown, while assisting Dr. Rice in a series of meetings at Mt. Moriah. Although raised in an adjoining neighborhood, it was not till these meetings, that this writer became acquainted with him. While teaching school in the family of William M. Waller, a prominent and wealthy gentleman of Amherst, he had joined the Episcopal Church ; at the same time he was an

attendant on the ministry of Dr. S. R. Rice, at Mt. Moriah Baptist Church. In this church there was a large number of intelligent men; among these were such as John W. Broaddus, Benjamin Taliaferro, Dr. Gibson and others. These Baptists were more the social and religious companions of young Brown, than the members of his own church, for the latter were few and far between. Hence, whether from intercourse with these intelligent and kind Baptists and their pastor, Dr. Rice, or from his own independent investigations, we know not—likely from both—Mr. Brown became a Baptist, and was, to the joy of the Baptist and disappointment of his Episcopal friends, baptized into the fellowship of Mt. Moriah Church by Dr. Rice.

“He was then regarded as one of the brightest and best young men in his county; hence his accession to the Baptists was considered a triumph. In after years, Brother Brown gave interesting accounts of the argument that the Episcopal minister, Rev. Mr. Caldwell, would present to him for the scripturalness of infant baptism, and for sprinkling as a mode of baptism; and how he and the clear-headed Rice would refute these specious pleas for these human innovations. It was, we think, after this noble young man became a Bap-

tist, that he became a student at the University of Virginia. We do not know how long he remained in our great State college, nor what precise science he studied while there, but we do know that it was in this noble institution he mainly laid the foundation for his future eminence as a scholar, educator and preacher. It was here, more than elsewhere, he acquired his habit of strong, unique thinking.

“It was about this time, the Mt. Moriah Church licensed him to preach, after which he frequently preached to his own, and other surrounding Baptist Churches. His first pulpit efforts gave no very promising warrant of the eminence, to which he attained, as a preacher. His person was unattractive, his gestures awkward and inappropriate, his voice abrupt and inharmonious and his enunciation indistinct. The first acknowledged proof of his strength of mind, was an address on Foreign Missions, made before the church of which he was a member, and the more discerning of his brethren saw in his first sermons, intimations of his future greatness.

“In the estimation of all, his Christian character was of a high order. He was singularly free from vanity and over self-valuation. Other young preachers of less learning and intellect, arose at

once to distinction, by the helpful adjuncts of good voices, pleasing manners, and self-possession. Abram Brown gradually attained to the highest distinction as a preacher, in the absence of these and other extraneous helps.

“His brilliant success, without so many adjunctive helps, proves that he possessed a rarely great mind and a noble heart; and both were greatly enlarged by habits of study and habits of devotion.

“God never vouchsafes to any of his preachers all of the elements of preaching power. Robert Hall and George Whitefield were not powerful preachers in all respects. There are some regards in which even Spurgeon is not a model.

“He gave A. B. Brown but few constituents of the great preacher, but these few He gave him in such munificent measures as to make him, of his class, the peer of any preacher of his own, or any denomination in his State. His power lay in the quickness, richness and originality of his thoughts, the gushing depths of his emotions, with the rare facility of clothing his ideas in the fewest and best chosen words.

“He was, however, only the greatest of a certain class of preachers. It were not best for the world’s religious betterment, that all or most

preachers should be great after Dr. Brown's type. The sermons, that gave him his high character were too intellectual, to convert and edify the common hearer.

"He could, however, preach plain and practical sermons. We recall *one* he preached at Mount Moriah, during a protracted meeting, from the text 'Seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness,' etc., that was simple and thrilling to all; but on the day before preached from the text, 'Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,' etc., a sermon grandly mysterious. It reminded one of the sun, behind a dark cloud, fringing its edges with golden light; but did not break out in full-orbed plainness till near its close.

"Dr. Brown was, of his class, one of the greatest preachers of his day, and was in the truest sense a gospel preacher. His great intellect, learning and knowledge, never swerved him in the least from the simplicity of Christ, and while we say this much, say at the same time that he was not a safe model for our young preachers, in his most striking characteristics.

"Beyond all doubt, he was greatly useful as a preacher. He reached and impressed a few that men of less gifts would not have won to Christ. But he would have reached and won a much

larger number, had his mind moved in an orbit less brilliant and less extended, and yet we must say he never appeared to us, ambitious to be either profound, learned or original. So far from it, while he was eminent in these regards, he was with all, spontaneously natural and earnest.

“But we have turned aside from an outline of Dr. Brown’s early life as a preacher, into an attempt to describe him, as a preacher.

“Soon after he entered the Baptist ministry in Amherst, he was appointed, we think, by the General Association of Virginia, a missionary in Lewis County. How long he remained in this field, and what was his success in it, we have no means of knowing.

“After this he settled as pastor of several Baptist Churches, in the counties of Pittsylvania and Halifax. While in this field, he became the friend and co-laborer of Rev. A. M. Poindexter, and also of Rev. Wm. A. Tyree, who had recently settled in the latter county as pastor. As yet Mr. Brown, was comparatively unknown to his denomination in the State. Soon after Dr. A. M. Poindexter became acquainted with him, he said to the writer, that he regarded Abram Brown the most talented young preacher in his State. Still it was years before his fame extended beyond his

field and association, and in these his brilliant star arose slowly.

“For years he was a country pastor, and then a teacher at Hollins Institute, and again a country pastor before Virginia Baptists knew that they had in this obscure Pittsylvania preacher their mightiest intellect.

“It is likely, his reputation as our greatest thinker—and, on given occasions, our greatest preacher—was suddenly made by *one* unexpected, unpremeditated, gigantic speech before the General Association of Virginia.

“It was soon after the late war, when this body met in Petersburg. The report of the Corresponding Secretary, Hon. H. K. Ellyson, presented the discouraging fact that the Board was five thousand dollars in debt to its missionaries for the past year. The oldest and best friends of this noble Board were discouraged.

“Several brethren attempted to come to the rescue of the board in the way of speeches, but the difficulties that environed the board and seemed to threaten it with immediate stoppage, if not dissolution, were so great, that they spoke without vigor or effect. The churches of the State were impoverished, and dispirited in both church and mission work. If ever there was



a time, when the noble ship of the State Mission Board, was likely to be engulfed, it was at this juncture.

“At this painful crisis Pastor A. B. Brown, of Pittsylvania, arose to speak. He had spoken before the association before, but never with any marked effect or ability. For a short while in manner and matter, he was labored. Soon his voice became flexible, rich and mellow, his enunciation loud, rapid, distinct and ringing. The theme of this great speech, that most likely saved our State Board from collapsing, was, if I can correctly state it, ‘The essentiality of the Gospel, as we hold and preach it, to the welfare of Virginia, socially, commercially, politically and religiously.’

“He soon became master of the great assembly. The speaker, in uttering his great argument, wept, and so did all who heard him. Nor was weeping all. Many were determining to make extra, and greater pecuniary sacrifices, to put on foot again the State mission work. When Dr. Brown finished his speech, Professor Cocke sprang to his feet, saying, ‘Brother Moderator, the argument is finished. This association is now prepared to act. I move that subscriptions and pledges be made to relieve the board,’ when, in

less time than was consumed in the speech, the whole five thousand dollars were raised, and the great crowd arose and sang 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'

"This speech gave Dr. Brown a reputation as a powerful thinker and speaker with the Baptists of Virginia, that never, in the least, waned while he lived; and all who knew him not only admired him for his intellectual and scholarly greatness, but loved him for his goodness, and godly simplicity of character. They, who knew him most intimately, admired and loved him most.

"He had, no doubt, his faults; but, now that death has deprived us of him, his character, with its bright assemblage of mental, social and Christian excellencies, looms up for our grateful remembrance and imitation. His death is a great loss to the Baptist ministry of Virginia, to the college of which he was so distinguished a professor, to the cause of education, to the General Association of our State and especially to his stricken wife and children.

"He and the writer were from early life endeared friends. Our last interview was on the morning after the adjournment of the General Association. A few days before, he had requested me to pray for the recovery of an ill son. He

commenced our last talk by repeating, with tears, the request, 'Don't forget to pray for the recovery of my boy.'

"He then referred to Rev. W. A. Tyree, of their long and mutual attachment, saying, of his early friend, but for ill health, he would have attained to eminence as a preacher. He also expressed his purpose to write, for publication, in the minutes of the General Association, his estimate of my brother's character. But, alas! before he wrote this tribute, and within a few days, the God who gave him, unexpectedly to himself and friends, took him to his griefless home in heaven.

"CORNELIUS TYREE."

SALEM, VA., December 30, 1885.

Dr. Tyree's sketch is marked by the characteristic candor of its author. In what he says of Dr. Brown's lack of popular power, he is not supported by other distinguished men, whose opinions will appear, in later chapters. It was my privilege to sit at his feet as his pupil, and also to hear him from Sabbath to Sabbath, as he preached his masterly sermons, from the pulpit of the Charlottesville Baptist Church. At that time, I was a school-girl, and of course in point of intelligence could claim only a modest place as one of the people. It

must be admitted, that sometimes he descended to depths of metaphysical research, and sometimes bounded to heights of eloquence, which were beyond my capacity: also, that the strain upon my powers in attempting to follow him was sometimes intense; and occasionally, at the end of his sermons, I felt exhausted by my own mental excitement. To say that he was fully understood, would not be true, but I always understood fully as much as I could carry. I may not have appreciated him, but was consciously exalted, by every contact with him. I cannot appreciate the ocean, but the sight of it always thrills and expands me.

The common people did not understand Dr. Brown, but they understood and assimilated far more of thought than they ever gain from common men. He roamed on heights, which they could never scale, but they stood on tip-toe to watch him in his majestic flights. Besides, they caught the subtle and transforming touch of his magnetic character. The presence of a great man is richly educational—and when like Dr. Brown, he is charged with spiritual warmth, as well as intellectual light, he quickens into better life, all who come under the spell of his power.

Among the many honored sons, who have

delighted to honor Virginia, there is not one whom Virginia delights to honor more than Thomas Jefferson. And of the valuable and imperishable work, that he wrought for her, in the legislative halls, the forum, and in the retirement of his Monticello home, none can surpass in magnitude and influence, the originating and equipping of the University of Virginia. If he had done nothing else for his state, that Institution would have made his name immortal. The extent of its curriculum, the high standard of scholarship required, and variety of its departments, make it an object of worthy pride, to every Virginian.

But there were not many who could enter its classic halls; not many who could get the preparatory training, or who could afford the necessary expense, to receive such a course of study. Among the Baptist preachers, with a few exceptions, it had not been thought necessary for them to have an education beyond a knowledge of Latin and a little Greek, and the most ambitious of these had sought access to Columbian, and later to Richmond College.

The writer of the following sketch, Dr. John A. Broadus, of Louisville, Ky., and the subject of it, Dr. Brown, were among the first of the Virginia

ministers to seek a University education. And surely the denomination could not be more honored than to have as its first representatives, at this fountain of learning, such gifted minds, such laborious students, such consecrated characters, as the two mentioned above—and who in paths somewhat divergent, have far outgone the prediction of sanguine friends in their subsequent career.

Dr. Brown, at that time, little dreamed that in after years he would be the Gamaliel with this University learning of him.

With great pleasure, I leave my readers to be addressed by Dr. Broadus, whose pen and voice are constantly inditing words of wisdom to the interested multitude, giving them the result of his accurate scholarship, intricate research and deep-toned piety. He includes in his recollections both the time when he was a fellow-student at the University, and the time when he was pastor in Charlottesville, a little more than 12 years later. I thank him for turning aside from his engrossing duties as Professor, to do this deed of love :

“ Mr. Brown spent the session of 1846–7 at the University of Virginia, attending the schools of Moral Philosophy, Chemistry and Natural Phil-

osophy. In Moral Philosophy I was his classmate. Before the middle of the session it was apparent to me that he was the foremost man of the class. Everybody knows now that he had a remarkable specific talent for that class of subjects. He was extremely undemonstrative, and even diffident in the class-room and in private. But Dr. McGuffey's unrivalled questioning would bring out all that was in a man, sometimes surprising the man himself into the consciousness of having thoughts that were of real value. We soon began to see that Mr. Brown greatly relished philosophical subjects, and spoke of them with modesty and sometimes hesitation, but with intense interest. He was singularly exact in expression, and at times quite happy. During that or a subsequent session Dr. McGuffey spoke to me about him as an admirable student.

“As my father was living at the University I had occasion to introduce my friend to the ladies of several families. Not then prepossessing in appearance, and not so felicitous in the adjustment of apparel as in fitting a word to a thought, he was also embarrassed in company by his constitutional shyness; yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks—which are worth mentioning only for the sake of this fact—the young ladies saw very

soon how uncommonly intelligent he was, how elevated in feeling and tone of character, and they liked to converse with him. Before the end of the session I had a great admiration of his mental powers, and his sincerity, simplicity, purity, quiet energy, and thorough conscientiousness. He was also very unselfish, very prompt and cordial in appreciation of others, and even his shyness showed no touch of unpleasant self-consciousness.

“In October, 1859, Mr. Brown became pastor at Charlottesville. The ‘June Meetings’ of that year had been held in Charlottesville, and on Sunday evening (night) Mr. Brown was appointed to preach at the Baptist Church. As he sat in the pulpit while others were conducting the worship, a minister took a seat by his side, and said, ‘You must do your best to-night, Brown. These people are thinking of calling you as pastor. I know they are—do your best.’ Now let us not judge over-harshly the man who made this suggestion. It was in very bad taste of course, and showed a sad lack of right feeling about preaching, for a right-minded preacher is at such a moment extremely anxious to rise above all concern as to what people may think of him, to sink everything in the passionate desire to benefit his hearers and honor the Saviour. This was a well-meaning



person, however, and the hint was very kindly intended. But how little he knew his man. One who witnessed the scene said that Brown seemed almost crushed—the very idea of trying to make a display in the pulpit was utterly repugnant to him, and that anybody should expect to stimulate him in this way was humiliating—in fact it made his sermon a comparative failure, which had to be explained afterwards to some members of the church who did not know him.

“In the summer of 1860 I spent a long vacation in the suburbs of Charlottesville. Being in poor health and almost entirely unable to go about the State and preach, I had the opportunity to hear Brother Brown quite regularly, and to see him frequently in private. Everybody spoke of him with great respect, and now and then one with enthusiastic admiration. He was certainly one of the most blameless men you could anywhere find. The treasurer said he was a most excellent economist, and lived comfortably upon a small salary without ever getting in debt—which at that remote period was thought a very desirable thing in a pastor. His conversation, when with two or three friends who had some metaphysics in their soul, was in the highest degree interesting and profitable. His thought upon many subjects was

profound and rich—like a geologist revealing mines of treasure beneath a surface over which most of us had walked unknowing and unheeding. The sympathetic reception of his thoughts, or the interest of discussion, would kindle his mind into a glow, and then his expression would be not only exact but often extremely beautiful. While a bold and independent thinker, he was anything rather than abstracted and self-sufficing. His mind was greatly dependent as to its best action upon the sympathy of others who might be present, or else their pronounced and kindly antagonism. In preaching, if his hearers seemed dull, he was greatly hampered; if some of them were markedly inattentive, it was all he could do to go on; but with a congenial theme, in which the hearers also were specially interested, he was a great and wonderful preacher. Yet by the bulk of his hearers his ordinary efforts were then not much enjoyed, and his transcendent talents never justly appreciated. His habitual range of thought was far above the heads of people in general, yet it was difficult for him to realize that fact. He did not easily comprehend the workings of a commonplace mind, and therefore could not put himself in sympathy with the thinking of average hearers, nor adapt the selection and illustration of his

thoughts to their understanding and taste. And while so greatly dependent upon sympathetic listening, he had not the self-asserting, conquering resolution which compels attention. So people often complained that he was 'shooting over their heads,' while John Hart and Lewis Minor Coleman were rejoicing in an intellectual and religious feast. But when some special topic or occasion brought him and his hearers into full sympathy, the effect was wonderful. By degrees, as the years went on, truly appreciative hearers gave Dr. Brown something of the reputation he deserved; people who came to know him well loved him warmly, as it was inevitable they should do; and so he could more generally command the full attention of all present. It is probable also that through much experience as pastor and teacher he gradually gained more of intellectual sympathy with the mass of mankind. Yet his extraordinary ability was never fully appreciated by people in general. Greatly honored and admired by Baptists throughout the State and beyond it, and now widely and deeply lamented, his powers far surpassed his reputation. It appears to me that Virginia has produced few such intellects. And he was a man to be warmly loved. There are many of us who recognize it as among the marked

blessings of a lifetime to have been frequent hearer, pupil, friend, of A. B. Brown.

“JOHN A. BROADUS.”

Without disparaging in any degree the above it is but just to say that Dr. Broadus did not see much of Dr. Brown in later life. And while it is true that his sermons while pastor in Charlottesville were suggested and prepared mainly for those requiring strong meat rather than the pure milk of the word—yet those who knew him later as the country pastor, the army chaplain, and afterwards as the college professor, will bear testimony in these pages to the greater simplicity and unctuousness of his preaching.

Mr. Brown graduated from the University in the schools of Moral Philosophy, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, with certificates of proficiency in Geology and Mineralogy. He returned to his native county and taught a school with much success. At this time he preached to some of the churches in the neighborhood. While the majority of those who heard his early efforts did not appreciate his ability, yet there were some who saw in him the foreshadowing of his brilliant career.

It seems well to close this chapter with a portion, at least, of an address delivered, in his later

life, by the subject of these papers, on Beneficiary Education. The story of his heroic struggle to educate himself, will stand as a striking illustration of the truth and justice of his argument. He knew what it was not to be helped in preparing himself for the ministry, and that fitted him the better to feel for others:

### BENEFICIARY EDUCATION.\*

---

THE Baptist denomination has never admitted, and, we hope and believe, never will admit, that thorough scholarship should be an indispensable condition to entrance upon the Christian ministry. Yet the Baptist denomination agrees with almost all Christians, and with almost all men who have at all thought on the subject, that high attainments in literature and science, and especially thorough mental discipline, are very desirable to the preacher of the gospel. The doctrines which it is his mission to expound are, in their most accurate and authoritative form, locked up in dead languages. They have been carefully, conscientiously, skillfully trans-

---

\*Delivered before General Baptist Association of Virginia, held in Danville, June, 1877. About that time severe strictures upon beneficiary education had appeared in the public prints, and this address of Dr. Brown was made at the request of the Education Board. It was regarded as a triumphant vindication of the Board's work, and was most warmly commended. It was delivered with splendid effect.

lated, and, in the main, successfully. But their precious contents have never been decanted into vessels of other material and shape, without some damage to flavor, without some loss of subtle aroma. Who that is worthy to be a minister does not long, nay, even aspire, to deal with divine truth in its unshrunk roundness and its unimpaired freshness? Then the teacher of Christianity, even if he takes the truth at second-hand, has to perform upon it functions as difficult and as delicate as those which taxed the cautious sagacity of a Marshall. What a wide range of ancient literature bears on the Bible! The relation to it of all Hebrew history and antiquities is abundantly obvious. And there is scarcely a line of the extant Greek language that has not a more or less important outlook on the meaning and construction of words in the Scriptures. The Bible, with the fearless frankness of an honest witness, has committed itself to innumerable allusions to concurrent profane history and institutions. These are to be studied for their bearing on the Bible authenticity. The intellectual food of beginners, instead of being left to the natural powers of mastication and deglutition, is ground into sausages and cut into bits in a manner often offensive to the self-respect and pride of the children themselves. I cannot remember when, in my first regular reading-book, my eyes fell upon the first sentence, "Diligence, industry and proper improvement of time are material duties of the young." Well, it was rather high-pitched for an eight-year old. But I understood something of it, for industry, proper improvement of time and duty, were household words

with my mother. These threw some gleam of light on the associated words, and, if anything was not understood, it seemed not material. The next thing I remember was the saying of Agesilaus, that boys should learn what they will need to know when they grow to be men. Then, I may remark, they should learn to do hard work, and not to expect too much dandling and sympathy. Toiling along through things mysterious, I reached ten partially intelligible chapters. The one containing in brief the noble life and the serene and pious death of the martyred lady Jane, the understood part of which threw much light on their darker environment. The next was the allegory of that plodding application, that, fixing his eye on the temple of knowledge, and steadily pressing onward, distanced the vigorous but desultory flights of genius. I remember that he had stones to remove out of his way, and certainly it would not have been well that they should all have been removed for him. I am sure that not many difficulties were cleared from our path. It was so in grammar, in geography, in arithmetic, in everything. We gained by the hard work we had to do. But we did not have help enough from teacher or text-book. Now all is changed. We have science made easy—we have royal roads to learning. We have dilution and simplicity simplified; we have notes innumerable, keys, translations. Difficulties, which masters delighted in as developing strength, and even boys rejoiced in as challenging and testing strength, are removed, chasms are bridged, roughnesses smoothed, steepes are gently graded; and there is luxurious towering where once

there was toilsome climbing. Mind and heart and will are enfeebled for want of arduous exercise. When too much help palsies the best of all help—self-help—more learning may be acquired, but there is danger that real education, soul-vigor, will be damaged. But let us not do injustice to the educational methods of the latter part of the nineteenth century. The school-books, on the whole, are far more rational, progressive, cultured than those of a preceding age, and I must say that I have lately seen some of the most difficult text-books I have ever seen, and, on some subjects, the only really sensible ones that I have found. Yet the verdict of intelligent educators remains on the chief issue. Our predecessors helped too little, we help too much. But do we help too much in furnishing the means of education? May be we do. My father, uneducated himself, but loving learning and loving me, toiled hard to furnish me, even scantily, with the means of education. May be he ought to have left me to work out an education. And I, why should I rack my brains till my temple aches over the question, How shall I educate my children? Why should I not help them along as well as I can, till they are seventeen or eighteen years of age, and then leave them to work their way?

And why should not the Baptist denomination, which, when it had no colleges and no education societies, so indelibly impressed itself on the legislation, the genius, the spirit of the entire country, leave its poor young men of piety and talent to the stimulating and invigorating influence of self-reliance and hardship and neglect? There is no reason



why it should not, if patronage and pecuniary aid are superfluous and even injurious. If she did enough for the higher education when she endowed her noble University, when she put generous, intellectual food at a height inaccessible, of almost impossible access to the poor young man, she might have said to him, cultivate your manhood by toiling up to it. She decided differently and gave, nearly, for a term of years board and tuition to fifty of her meritorious sons at that institution, thereby giving it the grandest upward impulses it has ever had.

The Baptists of Virginia have partially endowed a noble college. Shall they now say to the sons of poverty seeking preparation for the least remuneration of the learned callings, find or make a way to the halls? A rare few might do it. Those irrepressible men of genius and of energy who are awfully discounted as a credit to the Education Board, because they could have succeeded, board or no board, might dispense with your help. But these indomitables, I suppose, do not flourish solely on bread of sorrow and water of affliction. They do not deserve their name, if a smile and lift would soften and paralyze them. We expect, indeed, great benefit to them and to mankind by pushing through these very men of whom there is no fear of losing their feet. Ah, sir, tell us not to have these men educating themselves till they are thirty or thirty-five years old. Let them get their education at the time, and the only time, in which education is more than material and instrument for the soul, and becomes thoroughly inwrought into the powers, habits and tastes. Let them complete their preparatory education

by the time they are twenty-five, or, if possible, twenty-one. You may then trust them with those terrible girls, whose influence on the rising ministry seems so much dreaded. Delilah will never shear their locks of strength.

Our policy, however, is not to be adapted to the cases of extraordinary men ; but I may say before dismissing them, it will not do to predict that every young man of first-class ability who sets his head on making money and getting an education will succeed. It is pure assumption that ability always succeeds. And yet, the percentage of those who are born failures and yet are always prating about what they would have done or would do with a chance, is not greater than the successful men who ascribe their success solely to their pre-eminent ability. Sir, there is far more truth in that saddest and sweetest pathos in literature, Gray's lament over the graves of the obscure and unsuccessful, than in all the plausibilities of the great French philosopher Cousin, about the success of great men.

And again, great abilities are not always successful in making money. I respect real talent honorably exerting itself in acquiring wealth. Talent and even genius, may find scope for exercise, in financiering. But we may rest assured that all talented men will not prosper in making money. Young men strongly inclined to literature and science, will not always make and save money. It is a very bold figure that makes this land bristle with men who have worked their way through college. Bristles stand quite thick where they belong. The number would probably be much larger

of men equally able, equally meritorious every way, who have failed, to the irreparable loss of the country and the church. But more than enough has been said of men of extraordinary ability. Can enough men of piety, prudence and of good, well-balanced minds educate themselves without the aid of the denomination? Let us see, with the present policy of the free schools to exclude from the circle of instruction Latin, Greek, Algebra and Geometry, and with the effects of these same schools, in almost totally annihilating private schools. A country youth of seventeen or eighteen is singularly fortunate if he is prepared for the preparatory department in a college. If he goes through college and seminary it will require not much less than ten years, and from \$2,500 to \$4000. How shall he make the money? It is a happy accident if at that age he is a skilled mechanic, able to command good wages. His surest prospect for raising money, is furnished by that much-honored instrument, the plough. He will receive for ploughing eight or ten dollars a month; out of this he must clothe himself very cheaply, for it is to be hoped he will postpone being a beau till he reaches college. How long will he be in raising the money? Must he enter a store when so many youths are crowding in, satisfied with board and clothing if they may escape the sun? The country-store of the period, the only one accessible to him, is almost always a suitable place for the retail of ardent spirits. You will tremble when he enters them for a moment, once or twice a week, in quest of the mail. Here he must sit down amidst cotton cloths and gin and whisky, to raise the money to take

him through college. The outlook is not encouraging. Oh ! but he may teach school. Well, in the olden times, the examples were not rare of young men who got ready for college by teaching, and then alternated, between going to college and teaching, till, at from twenty-four to twenty-eight, they came out well-educated, often, indeed, among the most solidly educated men of the country. It cannot be so. The examinations of the teachers of public schools presuppose a general culture and a knowledge of the art of teaching, which will not be exhibited by a youth of eighteen or twenty, of fair abilities, and it will be remembered that of such we are now speaking. If he gets a school, it will rarely be for more than five months in the year, and not often at a compensation of more than thirty dollars a month, out of which his board must be paid. If he can get through the year without any new made debt, he will deserve a medal for economy. These remarks sufficiently indicate the appalling barriers in the way of a young man working himself through college without aid. They constitute, I submit, an adequate argument in favor of beneficiary education.

The reader will observe that this address is unfinished. Dr. Brown never wrote out the last words of his addresses or sermons. He trusted to the inspiration of the occasion to furnish him with an appropriate ending.

Those who were fortunate enough to hear this address delivered at Danville, not very many years ago, may be able to recall its closing strains.

## CHAPTER IV.

## ENTERING THE HARVEST.

ABOUT the year 1848 Mr. Brown accepted the appointment of the State Mission Board to be its missionary, in Lewis County, then Virginia, now West Virginia.

Pioneer work is always difficult. It is the least attractive of all the various departments of evangelical labor: for the reason that it requires such an outlay of time and strength, and yields such tardy and unsatisfactory results. Other than men of strong faith and intrepid spirit are unfitted to undertake it. The peculiar difficulties of this field may be better understood when are taken into account the facts, that the country was rough and wild, the people living at long distances from each other, and in most cases, in houses bare of comforts. The Baptists here, were almost unknown, the Methodists and Presbyterians being the first to occupy the field. The preaching had to be done almost entirely in school-houses and private dwellings. Once when riding through the mountains to one of his appointments, he was

overtaken in a snow storm, and came near being frozen to death. The snow fell thick and fast, and was so blinding that he soon lost his way, and winding around the mountain passes for several hours, there seemed no hope to him for escape from death by freezing. But late in the afternoon, numb and chilled he rode up to a farmhouse—where the kindly attentions of the inmates finally restored him.

It is rather remarkable that a young man, an alumnus of the University, of strong talents and varied attainments should elect to take on himself a life of so much hardship. In striking contrast is the spirit of this age, that foists the new and inexperienced, upon the largest and most exacting of the churches, only to see the victim, at first elated at his sudden elevation, wither and shrink, and collapse amid the mortification of himself and friends.

The details of his work, as missionary have not been obtained. He seldom spoke of what he did. He thought himself among the least. He sometimes spoke of the advantages that such a state of discipline afforded him, as he would recall some pleasing memories of his missionary life.

It was his first initiation into the life that is useful and far-reaching, in proportion to the

extent of its burden-bearing. His life here was the garden that grew that Christian sympathy that went out from him to the young inexperienced ministers afterwards, on so many occasions.

One incident that comes to us, that must have been a source of joy to him—must be mentioned here. The lady with whom he boarded was a widow with several sons. When he applied for his bill, she said, “Mr. Brown you owe me nothing; your influence over my boys has been so helpful to them and so pleasing to me, that I feel that I am in debt to you.” And she could not be induced to receive any money for it.

It has been said that it is much easier to commence at the mouth of a great river and trace it back to its head, noting how different obstacles deflected it from its course, while tributary streams widened and deepened it, than to follow it out from its source.

Similarly, it is no difficult matter now to look back over the life of the one under review, and see what helped or hindered his growth. Notably his life of seclusion from society while a missionary, often riding alone the most of the day—afforded him time for much of that abstract thinking and mental rumination in which he delighted to indulge.

We must not suppose that metaphysical as he was, he was exempt from the ordinary weaknesses of mankind. Cupid had darts in his arrows for him, as for others. While teaching school, he had become engaged to a young lady, with whom he was frequently thrown. After going to his new field of labor, she accused him of indifference, and suggested a termination of the engagement. He expected to meet her again at a certain time, and failing to do so, he regarded it as the changing point in his life. He resigned himself very philosophically to his fate, but he was not destined to remain long outside the bars of female entanglements.

He received and accepted a call to some churches in Halifax and Pittsylvania Counties, in the year 1849. Among his earliest acquaintances, was that of Dr. A. M. Poindexter, a minister of accurate scholarship and high attainments—in certain directions the leader of denominational work in the State. It was not strange, that two minds with such similar tendencies, should be so companionable. They soon became fast friends, and were often in each others' society—each filled with admiration for the other. The wife of Dr. Poindexter, was born a Miss Wimbish. In their home Mr. Brown met for the first time a cousin of



Mrs. Poindexter, a Miss Sallie Wimbish, a fair maiden of 17 years, attractive and winning, who had been a successful student at Charlotte C. H., and Hollins Institute, the daughter of a wealthy merchant farmer, who lived near. Mr. Brown having had his attention called to her, by a Rev. Mr. Scott—became a victim to her charms, and often found it convenient to stop by on his preaching tours, at the elegant home of Mr. Wimbish. Mrs. Wimbish was a niece of Rev. Abner Clopton, and was converted by the reading of a letter from him to her, which appears in his Memoir, written by Dr. Jeter. Their home was a home for Baptist preachers—one of those typical homes, with which Virginia and the South so abounded, before the dark days of the War—when plenty and good cheer filled the homes of so many, and when the guest was ever welcome. Miss Wimbish had some hesitation in deciding to give up a home of wealth and luxury, to cast her lot with the ever changeful fortunes of a preacher. She surveyed the situation calmly, and youthful as she was, took on herself those vows, that made her the most faithful of wives. They were married in November, 1851, by the Rev. Samuel Mason; the bride being 18 and the groom 30 years of age.

At that time, Mr. Brown was pastor of Arbor, Mill Stone and Ellis Creek Churches, in Halifax and Pittsylvania. Those who had met him, and who had heard him preach, had some just estimate of his worth; but to the great mass of the people of the State he was unknown. Through the influence of such men as A. M. Poindexter and Rev. Wm. Tyree, his fame was extended, and after preaching for a few years in the country where he was much beloved, he accepted a Professorship in the Hollins Institute, where he remained two years.

It seems appropriate at this point, to introduce the following valuable contribution, to these memorial pages, from the pen of Prof. Chas. L. Cocke, LLD., who has been for more than a quarter of a century the President of one of the most distinguished Institutions in the South, for the higher education of women. It is due to this consecrated Baptist layman to say, that to him attaches the honor of first detecting the imperial gifts and ripening scholarship of Mr. Brown, and of utilizing them in the cause of female education. His subsequent career as a teacher abundantly vindicated the judgment of Prof. Cocke, in calling him into this honorable branch of service :

“My acquaintance with the late Rev. A. B. Brown commenced in the summer of 1854. At that time he accepted an invitation to conduct the departments of Moral Philosophy and French, in Hollins Institute, and entered upon his labors with us in September of that year. His connection with the Institute continued for several sessions, during which period he filled various positions, the most prominent being that of Professor of English Language and Literature. About the year 1857 he received and accepted a call to the pastorate of Hampton Baptist Church, and subsequently to that of Charlottesville. In 1861 he returned to the Institute and remained two sessions.

“Although Dr. Brown came to us from labors not altogether congenial with purely critical literary pursuits, he at once proved himself as ‘apt to teach’ from the professor’s chair, as from the sacred desk. Falling into the regular routine of school exercises, as though teaching had been his chosen and tried vocation, from the very outset, he gave assurance of ability and success. As the session progressed, all—pupils, teachers and Sabbath congregations—were impressed with the fact that they had in their midst a genius and a master; a man of eminent gifts and scholarship, of great originality and grasp of both thought and

expression, and of inexhaustible resources of apt and pointed illustration. He was, indeed, whether from his chair or from the pulpit, a teacher of no ordinary mould. In his wide reach of thought, soaring beyond the text and the conception of authors, he gave forth views of his own, often original, always elevated, and always sustained by sound logical deduction and brilliant illustration. To intelligent, aspiring pupils he was not only the safest of guides, lighting up the pathway before their inquiring minds, but a constant inspiration to broader visions from the higher eminences of thought.

“On the methods and mental habits of associate teachers, Dr. Brown’s influence was most marked and in a high degree suggestive and stimulating. He seemed to have a general knowledge of all departments of study, and in social converse, or in business meetings, when called out, his views were marked by an originality of conception and comprehensiveness peculiar to himself. His mind seemed to weary of the well-worn ruts and narrow channels of feebler intellects, and reached its conclusions by new and more elevated roads. By language, simple, forcible, and eloquent, he charmed the intelligent listener in the very process of lifting him to a higher realm. From

leadership in any sphere, however humble, his peculiarly sensitive nature caused him instinctively to shrink ; but whether in the social circle, in public assembly, or the lecture room, when this reserve was once broken and all restraint removed, words, thoughts, anecdotes, classic allusions, beauty and strength of illustration, flowed in smooth and rapid current, charming, edifying and impressing all so fortunate as to be his hearers.

“ Himself a man of the most tender and earnest sympathies, he constantly craved sympathy from others. Often in the secrecy of private intercourse has he expressed to me this earnest longing of his nature. In the lecture room, in the great congregation, in the common intercourse of life, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, his quick perception could detect the absence of this feeling on the part of his hearers, and it always affected him most powerfully ; so much so that on several occasions, in earlier years, he suddenly stopped and gave up wholly the exercise in which he was engaged. But when fully conscious of both sympathy and attention, he rose to the full measure of his vast powers—his countenance would light up, his movements become elastic and graceful, and, wholly forgetting himself, with profound thought and ‘logic set on fire,’ he would hold

spell-bound the vast multitudes, however intellectual and cultured.

“In the year 1870, as I remember, the General Association of Virginia met in the city of Petersburg, and was largely attended. When the subject of State Missions came up for consideration, the Corresponding Secretary had nothing favorable to report. The State was in no condition to respond liberally to appeals for mission work, and it seemed as though the whole machinery of organized evangelization was at a stand-still and likely to remain so. The prospect was gloomy, and the assembly of representative men was bereft of the buoyant spirit of enterprise. At this juncture Dr. Brown arose, and commenced a speech of a general character, apparently, directed to no particular point; certainly not to that of finances and church contributions. If it had a theme at all, it was Christian sympathy. He had uttered but a few sentences before the large congregation came to perfect quiet, and every eye was riveted on the speaker. As he proceeded, he became more and more animated. In tender tones and choice language, he referred to the changes and the trials which, in the providence of God, had come over the Baptist churches and the people of Virginia, the altered condition and relations of society, the

rich and cultured, unused to physical toil, brought to poverty, and the poor deprived of those sources of daily supplies which the demands of active capital had always afforded. And then, with a pathos, a beauty of language and an eloquence of both thought and expression I have never heard surpassed, he urged faith and trust in God and in each other,—a universal Christian sympathy and brotherhood, as the only source of comfort and support, amidst the general wreck of material interests and the utter subversion of all business relations.

“The speech was overwhelmingly powerful and equally appropriate—the effect was marvellous, the fountains of Christian sympathies were stirred to their utmost depths, tears flowed from eyes unused to weeping, faith and hope sprang up afresh in many a heart, and new resolves struggled into life. Although the speech made no allusion to money, for nothing was farther from the thoughts of the speaker, it was only necessary for a brother to arise and propose a subscription of five thousand dollars at once, to start the Boards again in their high mission. In a few moments five thousand four hundred dollars were pledged, and every cent of it paid at the appointed time, by a poverty-stricken people. On many other

occasions, Dr. Brown's speeches have produced impressions equally profound, and even more practically effective.

“Though Dr. Brown at different periods of his life filled the pastoral office in several widely separated fields and always left behind him profound impressions, on Christian character and intelligent minds outside of the church, yet he never held his true position in life. It is true that for want of means, his early educational advantages were not liberal, and even after he commenced his regular work as a minister, the struggle for the maintenance of himself and family, was so severe and unrelenting, that he found little opportunity for those elevated studies in which he so much delighted. But even under such conditions, had his gifts been recognized in early life, and had he been assigned to a professorship in some Theological Seminary, his career would, doubtless, have been far more brilliant and successful. Under his influence and guidance, many a young minister would have been impressed with an elevation and breadth of character, and inspired with a holy unquenchable ambition which might have carried him upward to the highest spheres of religious thought and pulpit power. But more than this, what he always desired most



to do, he would have produced text-books on Mental and Moral Science, Logic, &c., which would have given him enduring fame, and sent his influence down the ages. In personal character Dr. Brown was, I may say, almost a perfect model. With all his great powers he was as simple as a child—generous to a fault, pure in heart and in life, noble and aspiring, unpretentious and genial in his associations, even with the humblest. He was truly a most lovely character, and truly may it be said of him that the “bruised reed would he not break, and the smoking flax would he not quench,” when by so doing needless pain or sorrow would come to others.

“In our Israel has fallen a mighty Prince!

“CHAS. L. COCKE.”

Mr. Brown's life at Hollins Institute was an exceedingly pleasant one. The literary companionship here enjoyed as a member of the Faculty, was a life-long pleasure to him. He loved to allude to his life at Hollins, and he never made an address on female education that he did not have something to say about his distinguished friend and co-laborer, Chas. L. Cocke. He warmly championed a liberal education for females, and spent his best energies in furtherance of that object.

Those who were in his classes at Hollins, were warmly devoted to him. After his death, from many quarters letters of sympathy came to the stricken family, from those who were once his pupils there, testifying to their admiration and affection for him.

## THE PLACE OF ENGLISH IN THE COLLEGIATE COURSE.

---

If the Colleges of England and America had been asked thirty years ago what place has the study of English among you, the reply would have been unanimous, it has no place. Even now it has gained position in the curriculum of but a few, and in these few, that position is by no means uniformly the same. If I am required to state what is, and not what ought to be, the place of English in the Collegiate course, I can only say, it is new and unfixed. Yet much depends on this obvious statement. The English language till to-day has suffered the lack, and suffered from the lack of academic patronage. Its study has never been preserved according to the severe and scientific methods which have obtained in the higher schools of learning. It is almost universally regretted among scholars that rich and noble as our language is, its more distinctively English element has been to so great an extent overlaid and suppressed by foreign intrusion.

But this matter of regret is no matter of surprise. When our great writers and speakers were left to the guidance of chance in learning the peculiar riches of their native tongue, and thoroughly instructed in the Latin language, is it surprising that they impressed so much of the vocabulary and even of the Syntax of the language which they had carefully

studied, upon that which they can scarcely be said to have studied at all? Edward Gibbon and Samuel, writers of eminent ability, and in many respects of conspicuous excellence have been censured for the Latin cast of their styles. But their just censure is that where almost all sinned they were sinners above all others. And these great men were more sinned against than sinning, as their reprehensible commissions are justly to be charged in large measure to the omissions of the schools.

The formal treatises on English Grammar have suffered much from academic neglect. Ben Jonson, Bishop Lowth and Dr. George Campbell were all fine classical scholars. They had absorbed English as their vernacular. They had carefully read many of the best models of English prose and verse. They doubtless made honest efforts to develop by induction the laws of English Syntax, but being with all these advantages much greater proficient in Latin Grammar than in English, they did what might have been predicted, they translated what was really common to the two languages, which was well; they wrenched English into a forced correspondence with Latin, which was not well. They made some allowances for the absence or meagreness of inflection in English, in which they could not go amiss. And they turned over their valuable, but rather fragmentary, contributions to English Grammar. That compiler appeared in the person of Lindley Murray, a man certainly of no great erudition, but of a sagacity, judgment, taste and patience to which Dr. Webster has done scant justice. He built the

fragments, which were ready to his hands, into a skillful mosaic, so adroitly concealing the seams as to make the whole wonderfully resemble the work of a single organizing mind. If he made any contributions, they are not strikingly inferior to the work of his masters.

Since Murray's day, with some honorable exceptions in the last few years, no one seems to have made an honest effort to lift himself out of the old ruts. Roswell Smith in his dialogue with babies has put the final term to the old system. The failure of Smith was due neither to ignorance nor to weakness, for in another department of authorship, he has shown considerable ability.

He failed, from attempting to teach Grammar as a science to those who were incapable of learning it. He failed as much greater men have failed in similar circumstances. The rare powers, and the pre-eminent professional learning of Sir John Herschel, failed in an attempt to popularize astronomy, and only succeeded in producing a treatise midway between the demands of the scientific student and of the general reader. Too meagre and commonplace for the one, and too technical for the other. If the English language had been taught according to the severer methods, which could alone have found favor in a respectable college, there probably would have been no such book as Smith's for any class of students; it surely could never have been the only work on English Grammar, which many educated persons have examined; and then could no intelligent Virginia teacher say, Lavater may become obsolete, Newton and Laplace may be distanced

in the future; but woe to the man who attempts to alter Roswell C. Smith.

We can but think that the chief reason why the English language is in general so inaccurately spoken and written, is that its culture is still new to the Colleges and Universities of England and America. The French language receives, in its native landmarks, more academic attention than the English receives in this country. The fact is—may I not say—the result is, that the French vocabulary is much more precise in its use, and its grammar much more fixed and much more loyally obeyed. Yet enlightened Frenchmen complain of their countryman's neglect of study of their noble language. A distinguished French author recently said, with something of humorous exaggeration, "there are in Europe probably as many as a half-dozen men who tolerably well understand Latin. Those who understand French are much fewer." Such a man might, in a judgment of charity, give Grant White the unique place in English scholarship which Hegel gave a single student in the Hegelian philosophy, when he said, "there is only one living that understands me, and he does not understand me."

In saying that the English language, both in its words and constructions, is different from what it would have been with diligent academic cultivation, I wish not to be understood as cherishing or encouraging hostility to anything which has, happily or unhappily, become an element of the language. I am far from denying, that while much has been imported into English, which could have been better advantageously sub-

stituted, by the encouragement of home production, the importations on the whole have greatly enriched the language with necessities, with conveniences and with elegant and innocent luxuries. But be this, as it may, it is conclusive to add that every incoming word that has stood the challenge and gained footing, has the full rights of citizenship. I protest against any studied preference of the Anglo-Saxon element.

*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.* The two venerable dialects, whose confluence formed our noble speech, were kindred tongues. Their contributions are sometimes hard of distinction. The Romance is now and then, as short and bare as the Anglo-Saxon. The Anglo-Saxon is sometimes as stately and sonorous as the Romance. Let alone, they will make a fit and friendly division of labor between themselves. The Latin will be prominent in the higher walks of science and art, and in the more purely intellectual processes of the mind; but the Anglo-Saxon well expresses your anger, your love and your hate, your scorn and your smiles, and your laughter, your tears, your sighs and groans, your outcries and your wailings. It names our dearest friends, father and mother, brother and sister, son and daughter, husband and wife. It is the speech of the cradle and the play-ground, the fireside and the board, the shop and the market. But it rises and soars—

[It will be observed that this address is unfinished. Dr. Brown seldom wrote his closing sentences. He trusted to the inspiration of the occasion for them.]

## CHAPTER V.

## THE HAMPTON PASTOR.

IN January, 1857, Mr. Brown dissolved his first connection with Hollins Institute, with a view of assuming the pastoral care of the Baptist Church in Hampton, Va. Hampton at that time was one of the most cultivated and delightful towns in Virginia. Located near Fortress Monroe, in full view of Hampton Roads, and enjoying the delights of the sea breezes as well as the boundless productions of the ocean, it was the home of wealth, intelligence and refinement. The Baptist Church, while not large, had a stately house of worship, the larger proportion of the social and financial strength of the community in its membership. Just about the time that Mr. Brown's pastorate commenced, the Chesapeake Female College, situated near the town, began its brief but brilliant career, and added a new attraction to the Hampton pastorate. It was, therefore, under peculiarly auspicious conditions that he first entered on his work as a *town* pastor. It is universally conceded that his Hampton pastorate



was in the best sense an eminent success. The attachment between the pastor and the people was intimate and devoted. The church possessed an almost boundless admiration for its eloquent and scholarly pastor. Even to this day, wherever you find the remnants of that fine old church, you will find the enthusiastic admirers of the lamented Brown.

On his part, the devotion was none the less profound and enduring. He was wedded in heart to the Hamptonians. It was a notable fact in his subsequent life that whenever he came in reach of any of the old Hampton families, he made it a point to seek them out and kindle anew the fire of their olden love.

Of his life in Hampton, the reader will find in the subjoined paper a loving and suggestive sketch from the pen of Dr. Wm. R. Vaughan, then a citizen of Hampton, but now the accomplished President of the Chester Female College :

“It was early in the month of December, 1856, that the subject of this sketch first came to Hampton.

“Rev. David Shaver, DD., had been many years the ‘under shepherd’ of the flock. His sermons were not only admired because of their clearness

and point, but owing also to the fact that they were invariably delivered in a style peculiarly attractive, notwithstanding a physical trouble which much interfered with his otherwise faultless manner in the pulpit; nevertheless, his discourses were instructive, deep, profound. His appropriate, though not *studied*, gesture, fine personal appearance, and winning countenance, could not fail to make a good impression upon his hearers, of all denominations of Christians and all classes of people.

“Dr. Shaver preached his best sermons to his *own congregation*. His preparation appeared as thorough when he stood in the pulpit before *his* people, as at any other time or upon any other occasion.

“Dr. Brown succeeded the pastor, so briefly and imperfectly referred to, and entered upon his duties the first of January, 1857.

“His *visit* in *December*, 1856, was made under peculiar circumstances.

“Perhaps not a member of the church had ever seen him, and few of the members had heard of him. Endorsed, however, by that truly great and good man, known and loved by all Virginia Baptists—A. M. Poindexter—he received a cordial welcome.

“The weather was by no means propitious. The winter of 1856-57 was the coldest ever experienced in Virginia. The announcement that ‘*A brother Brown* would fill the pulpit on the Sabbath of ——,’ did not fail to bring together quite a large congregation, notwithstanding the cold day. He preached twice. His first sermon was good, the next better. Comparisons are inevitable. They are made under all circumstances. The ‘out-going’ and ‘in-coming pastors’ often receive their full share. The difference in the personal appearance of the two men referred to, as they walked the church aisles, or stood before the people, can be appreciated by all who have seen them. A more striking contrast is seldom found.

“You cannot, neither can the reader of these lines, fail to see that our brother experienced no little degree of nervousness, and was by no means at ease. What a trial it must be, when a minister of Christ has to pass through such an ordeal!

“From the moment he arose to open the exercises of the hour, to the close of his sermon, the greatest attention was given, by a congregation noted for closely following the preacher, from the announcement of his text to the close of his discourse.

“Upon him all eyes were turned. It did not

require a vivid imagination to read the thoughts of the old brethren, the middle aged, and the young—sisters included—when our brother preached his *first* sermon before the Hampton Baptist Church.

“I did not know it then, but a closer, more intimate acquaintance in after years, clearly proved to me the trying ordeal through which this humble man of God was passing.

“He felt keenly the situation, but proved himself equal to the occasion, as the subsequent action of the church showed, by extending to him a unanimous call to become Dr. Shaver’s successor.

“During this visit to Hampton, Dr. Brown was my guest. He met many of the brethren at their *homes*, and wherever he went, it seems, a warm feeling of friendship sprang up, lasting to the close of his pastorate, indeed to the close of life. Go where you will, in all that country, near Hampton, if any of the brethren or sisters who were then alive refer to their *former* pastor—A. B. Brown—or the children of those friends speak of him, you will hear expressions of love and affection seldom heard concerning any man, in any community. To know him was to admire him, to know him *well* was to *sincerely* love him.

“It was a cold, dark day, the first Sabbath in January, 1857, when Dr. Brown entered upon his

duties as pastor of the church, and, as *such*, preached his first sermon. Through the many changes which more than twenty-nine (29) long years have wrought, and hundreds of sermons listened to, in the mean time, as they came fresh from the lips of brethren of the Baptist ministry, the text and sermon of our brother have not been forgotten: 'For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified.'—1 Cor. 2d chap., 2d verse.

"From that day onward our brother had a warm place in the hearts of many brethren. A few, like *Thomas*, may have had '*doubts*.' Some weeks passed before he preached a sermon not equaled—surely not surpassed on the *same theme* by any minister—the '*Sin of Covetousness*.'

"For more than one hour he held the large congregation, as it were, 'spell-bound.' With force and power he told of this subtle sin, presenting it as never before unfolded to us. We did not ask, 'Lord, is it I?' but left the house feeling that the time had come for all to cry unto God for *forgiveness*!

"The winter of 1856–57 was the coldest ever experienced in Virginia. Icebergs formed in Hampton Roads. Great ships and steamers could not move because of the mass of ice in the Roads and

Chesapeake Bay. Two weeks passed before the people of Hampton had communication with friends in Norfolk. Several large immigrant ships, in the midst of the great storm, bound to New York, came into Hampton Roads. Much suffering occurred. Scores of these people landed at Old Point, and some made that vicinity their future home. Among the few persons who could communicate with these German immigrants, was the pastor of the Baptist Church, who, while not fluent in speech, yet such was his knowledge of the language, his remarkable quickness in acquiring anything to which he turned his extraordinary perceptive faculties, that, to the astonishment of the citizens and the delight of his brethren, he was often found conversing with, and interpreting for the Germans, as well as for the curious or interested Americans.

“During Dr. Brown’s pastorate, additions, from time to time, were made to the church. It was numerically and financially strong when he took charge of it. Perhaps with the exception of two or three Baptist churches in Virginia, the aggregate wealth of the one, at Hampton was not surpassed, when he resigned to accept a call to Charlottesville.

“His congregations, generally good, were fre-

quently *large*. He preached to a people who had been instructed by some of the first men in the Baptist denomination—pious and gifted ministers, who have never failed to make their mark wherever they have gone; hence his was an *appreciative* congregation. It is only necessary to make a brief reference to his eminent predecessors, to show that our brother—coming the *first time from country churches to a town*, not city, congregation—well sustained the high opinion entertained of him by Dr. Poindexter, who, as above indicated, recommended him to our brethren. Some now alive have not forgotten the grand sermons of that truly great preacher, John Goodall—*vide*, ‘Taylor’s Life of Virginia Ministers.’ He was succeeded by Joseph Walker, one of the best pastors in our land. Then came the now sainted Jacob R. Scott, who was called to the chaplaincy of The University of Virginia, and was the first minister of any denomination of Christians who was invited to remain *two* sessions. A young man who has since proved himself capable and worthy to fill any pulpit in this State, succeeded brother Scott—I refer to Rev. Jos. R. Garlick, D.D. His sermons and pastoral work have not been forgotten. Then came Dr. Shaver. Here is a line of pastors covering a period of nearly thirty years—men

whom the Baptists of Virginia and of other States have again and again honored.

“I have referred to these brethren, to show that a pastor following them, remotely or immediately, and yet *successful in his work*, must have been a minister of more than ordinary gifts. Yea, a *gifted man*.

“That he maintained a high position as a preacher and pastor, in a church noted for the superior attainments of his predecessors, I have endeavored to show. But there are men now living, so well known, who at different times were members of his congregation, and who will bear testimony to his superior attainments, that I feel constrained to mention their names: President Forey, Col. John B. Cary, and many of the cadets of his Military Academy; also Rev. Jas. C. Hyden, DD., and Rev. I. B. Lake, DD., both of whom were, at the time of which I write, professors in Chesapeake College.

“The families of teachers, intelligent farmers, merchants, physicians, and lawyers, sat under the preaching of Dr. Brown, and were taught, as few people are instructed from the pulpit, by this eminently pious man.

“Some of our friends who were present at the meeting of the General Association, June, 1858,



may have forgotten the names of those by whom they were entertained, whose hospitality they enjoyed. The grand introductory sermon of Dr. Poindexter may possibly have faded from their memories; the excellent addresses delivered by Burwell Snead and other laymen and preachers; but one scene, in which our brother was the chief actor and in which he bore the most conspicuous part, was the baptism of seven young people—gentlemen and ladies—this surely will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

“It was a beautiful afternoon early in June, the saline atmosphere was invigorating, the surface of the pretty river was rippled by a refreshing summer’s breeze. The place may be described as a semi-circle. Gradually rising from the water near by, were the inviting and attractive homes of the citizens of Hampton. More than 1000 people had there assembled. Representative men from Louisiana, South Carolina, North Carolina, Maryland and from all parts of Virginia, were there. Our brother—then the pastor of the First Baptist Church in Richmond—Rev. J. L. Burrows, DD., was present. As he took his position to address, in his clear ringing voice, the multitude; standing at the river’s edge, *not* noticing that the tide was flowing *inward*—as the *sailors say*—he finished

his eloquent address, during the delivery of which, the incoming tide had *buried his feet in water*. The porticoes, even the windows of the adjacent houses, were all filled with eager spectators of this lovely scene.

“No blind Bartimeus was there; but I saw in the top—perched upon the limb—not of a ‘Sycamore,’ but of a Mulberry tree, the *small* and *lithe* form *then*, of the *now* vigorous and *portly* Bishop, of the Church at Wilmington, N. C.

“Upon the evening breeze was wafted far away across the waters, the songs of the multitude. How appropriate then seemed the words of Judson:

‘Come, Holy Spirit, Dove Divine,  
On these baptismal waters shine,  
And teach our hearts in highest strain,  
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.’

And then Dr. Brown in his own peculiar, but impressive manner, ‘buried these young converts with Christ in baptism.’

“Who among that vast crowd were not reminded of the precious words?

“’Tis done; the great transaction’s done;  
I am my Lord’s and He is mine!’

While the eyes of scores of Christians were filled with tears of joy, a voice led off in a sweet song of

Zion, as the happy souls 'came up out of the water,' in which a grand choir of 500, or a thousand people joined. Truly, 'it was well to be there!' the sun was fast setting when the Christians parted, saying: 'Of all the pleasant hours and days spent during this meeting of the association, the past hour has crowned them all.'

"When it became known that brother Brown had determined to succeed Dr. John A. Broadus, as the pastor of the Church at Charlottesville, expressions of sincere regret were heard from all classes of our people. A prominent Methodist gentleman said: 'I have often parted with my pastors, but I feel more keenly the departure of the *Baptist* pastor than of any minister I have ever known.'

"As further evidence of the high esteem in which he was held, and the friendly relations existing between Dr. Brown and the people generally, the valued work—Olshausen's Commentary on the New Testament, translated into English for Clark's foreign theological library, and revised, etc., by Prof. A. C. Kendrick, of Rochester University—in *six large* volumes, was formally presented to him by a number of young gentlemen of the town, irrespective of religious affiliation.

"Soon after this I parted with my pastor, my

friend and, I may add, *my teacher*. Often did I ‘sit at his feet,’ and from him gather knowledge as from no other man. Another parting has been experienced, so unexpectedly, hence the more crushing the blow.

“You will indulge me—though this letter is longer than I intended it should be—in saying that I knew Dr. Brown *well*. Perhaps, his own family circle excepted, I was as well acquainted with him as any one; our friendship, close, cordial, and sincere, lasted nearly thirty years. Often did we confer not only upon church affairs, but upon subjects only mentioned among friends most intimate and enjoying the full confidence of each other. As his family physician, we were brought together under circumstances which draw men into a close communion and afford ample opportunities for looking into character.

“I love to think of Dr. Brown as a brave man! With unfeigned feelings of admiration, I contemplate his humility of spirit, kindness of heart, his sympathizing words in the dark hours of affliction and grief, his hospitality, but, more than all, his *eminent piety*. It is no vain panegyric to add, that Dr. A. B. Brown was one of the *most* pious men I have ever known. I think I know whereof I write.

“Some good people did not know enough of him

to form correct ideas of his character. By many the opinion has been entertained that he was 'austere' and not *easily* approached, that he did not quickly appreciate the troubles of others. Never! never was a greater mistake made in the character of a man!

"It was his *modesty* rather than *austerity* which caused those slightly, or not at all acquainted with him, to arrive at such a conclusion.

"Imperfectly, and pressed for time, have I performed the task assigned me, of giving my *recollections* of Dr. Brown while the pastor of the church at Hampton.

"I must be pardoned if while writing, I have occasionally turned from closely following my subject, to pay an humble tribute to the memory of our departed friend. Others will perform *this part* of the work far better than I can hope to do, and by them this pleasant duty will be well performed.

"WM. R. VAUGHAN."

It seems proper that the foregoing paper should be supplemented by another, furnished by one of Virginia's most devout and gifted sons. In some respects there was a striking resemblance in character and scholarship, as there was also an intimate friendship, between Dr. A. B. Brown and

Dr. J. C. Hiden. It is pleasant, therefore, to present Dr. Hiden's reminiscences of his deceased friend :

“My first acquaintance with Bro. Brown was formed at Hampton, Va., where he was then pastor. In the fall of 1857, I had been elected a professor in Chesapeake Female College. Bro. Brown was president of the Board of Trustees, and took the greatest interest in the work of the College. Our acquaintance soon ripened into a warm, intimate and life-long friendship. He was my pastor, and was a frequent visitor at the College, where he was always gladly received and warmly welcomed ; and I was, in turn, a frequent visitor at his house, and spent many a happy and profitable hour in the most intimate converse with him in his study.

“Though he was a very close student, and an omnivorous reader in general literature, he never showed the slightest sign of being interrupted by the frequent visits of a raw and inexperienced youth of twenty, who had seen little of the world, and from whose conversation little could have been learned. In more than one particular, Bro. Brown reminded me of John C. Calhoun, but especially was he like Mr. Calhoun in his great fondness for the society of young men.

“At this period I was not sufficiently trained to be able to appreciate, nor even to follow, the great preacher in his best pulpit work. He delved so deep, and soared so high that I was not unfrequently left behind. He had Lewis Minor Coleman’s “range,” but he often overshot mine. Still, I was not always out of range, and was frequently hit by a centre shot: and this happened often enough to convince me that the gun was one of powerful metal, and that the ammunition used was of the best.

“Now and then I was especially struck with his extraordinary capacity and skill in the use of Scripture quotations. He would bring them in at the most unexpected points, and would choose them from the most unexpected places. As an instance of this, I recall, after twenty-eight years, and I am confident almost *verbatim*, the language I heard him use in a most earnest and powerful exhortation to the unconverted: ‘Sinner, how know you but that even now the recording angel is writing down the last sin that shall fill up the black account of your rebellions against your Maker; and as he closes the book says, in the words of Pontius Pilate, ‘What I have written I have written!’”

“The child-like candor and simplicity of Bro.

Brown's nature was such as now and then to lead him to do or say what seemed to be rather eccentric things. As an instance of his uncommon candor: On a certain Sunday, just after taking his stand to preach, he said, 'I suspect that some of my hearers to-day will think, what I cannot but agree with them in thinking, that the discourse is not even up to my usual imperfect standard of preparation. My excuse is that I have been so engaged during the week that I have not given my usual amount of time to the preparation for my pulpit work to-day.' This sounded a little odd; but when, a few days after this, I was admitted behind the scenes and learned *how* he had 'been so engaged during the past week,' the whole thing appeared to be eminently characteristic. The truth was that Bro. Brown had just gotten possession of Randall's *Life of Jefferson*, and to a thorough-going States-rights Democrat, this was a bonanza which so took possession of his mind as to cheat him out of his time and steal away his attention; and then, when Sunday came, he felt so conscious of his lack of preparation, that he was constrained to make the apology recorded above. A day or two after this apology I was in his study, and, pointing to Randall's book, which was lying on his study table, he said: 'Hiden,



there is the fellow that robbed me of my time last week and sent me only half prepared into my pulpit Sunday.' If he had not taken the trouble to tell us that he was not prepared to preach, I have not the least idea that any one would have suspected it. Indeed, his mind was so full that its ordinary overflowings, like those of the Nile, were exceedingly fertilizing.

"After leaving Chesapeake College, I entered the University of Virginia, as a student, and for a year heard John A. Broadus, who was then pastor of our church in Charlottesville. At the close of that year Bro. Broadus resigned the pastorate to enter upon his work as a professor in our Theological Seminary; and A. B. Brown was called to succeed him in Charlottesville. Then Bro. Brown again became practically my pastor; and it puzzles me even now to tell whether the change from Broadus to Brown was a good thing for me. It would require a much more self-confident critic than I to say anything positively on such a question. It is as hard as to say which of the great English classic writers one enjoys most, or to settle the comparative merits of 'Bleak House' and the 'Caxtons.' I shall make no attempt to compare the two preachers; but I will say that each is the only one that I ever liked to hear follow

the other, unless Tiberius Jones could be got to do it.

“Soon after Bro. Brown took charge in Charlottesville, I happened to drop in at Prof. Lewis Minor Coleman’s Study. He had heard Bro. Brown for the first time in Charlottesville, and was enthusiastic in praising his preaching. He said, ‘Mr. Hiden, who is this man Brown? Where did he come from? I did not know that we had such a man among us;’ and from that time on, Brown ‘had Coleman’s range.’

“It has sometimes been said that only cultivated thinkers could follow Brown; that he was ‘too metaphysical’ for the common mind. There is some truth in this; but it is misleading nevertheless. It is no compliment to any man’s style to say that you can follow him ‘without thinking.’ It is the speaker’s business to make you think; and if you follow him without thinking, then you would do well to go elsewhere and hear another man.

“Bro. Brown once, while in Charlottesville, heard of some criticism of his ‘metaphysical’ preaching, and somewhat characteristically mentioned it from his pulpit. After stating the nature of the criticism, he said: ‘A large part of what people have *chosen to call* metaphysics

comes out of this book,' (laying his hand on the Bible.)

"About this time, I heard a plain, hard-headed mechanic, a member of Bro. Brown's church and an enthusiastic admirer of his preaching, say: 'I hear folks complain that they can't understand Brown; but I believe it is because they know so little about their Bibles.'

"However it may be explained, or whether explained at all, it is certainly true, that not a few people, who never read a book on metaphysics, and did not know the meaning of the term, did greatly enjoy, admire and profit by Bro. Brown's preaching.

"But Bro. Brown was not only a great preacher—he was a capital listener. Never shall I forget the help and comfort which, as a listener, he has frequently given me, notably within the last two summers, when I had the pleasure of preaching to him several times in Grace Street Church, Richmond, Va. To see his fixed and eager gaze, as he leaned forward to catch every word; to feel the warm grasp of his hand when the preaching was over, and to hear his words of sympathy and kindly appreciation—all this was truly inspiring. And thus he listened to every preacher who proclaimed honestly and in his own way, the great fundamental truths of the gospel of Christ. He

was a man with an open sense—indeed one of the most broad-minded men I have ever known. Never did I know any man who more fully embodied in his own character and conduct the aphorism of Terence: ‘I am a man, and think nothing human foreign to me.’

“J. C. HIDDEN.”

Lexington, Ky.

#### FIRST SERMON DELIVERED IN HAMPTON.

---

“I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.”—1 Cor. xi. 2.

This was the resolution which governed the apostle in the proclamation of the gospel. And this well deserves to be the model of the guiding purpose of every herald of the cross.

The apostle says, “I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified,” but there seems to be no emphasis on the word *you*, in this connection, to show that the apostle felt it important to use special reserve in his ministrations among this people. The meaning is not that he would not preach anything but Christ Crucified especially among them; but that he would not preach anything else—even among them. Their attachment to philosophical speculations should not influence him to attempt an adjust-

ment of the gospel to Grecian systems, nor to apologize for its want of harmony with them, as though it needed the patronage of human science. The Greeks maintained the most admired schools of rhetoric, and delighted in eloquence. Doubtless the apostle might have conciliated some popularity to his system, by couching it, in the enticing words of man's wisdom. But he was too honest, too manly, too prudent, to gain a temporary advantage for his doctrines, by diluting them with human wisdom, or masking them with human eloquence. If men gave in their adhesion to his system, it should be to the plain, unmitigated, offensive gospel. It should be to the gospel, the whole gospel, and nothing but the gospel.

The cross was the central test truth of the system. It was the shibboleth of the new faith, and no minced shibboleth would answer its purpose. Paul had seen, not what Constantine is reputed to have seen 300 years afterwards, the sign of the cross in the heavens; but he had seen the crucified one himself; he had had the doctrine of the cross revealed to him, and had in effect, heard what Constantine is fabled to have heard; "Conquer by This."

No one might say, "There is nothing strange or supernatural in the spread of this gospel. Paul is a great genius. He has convinced men by an ingenuity and speciousness of reasoning, which might have made them accept any absurdity; he has overwhelmed them, with a torrent of oratory which would have given charms, to any cunningly devised fable." No, the excellency should be of God and not of him. The faith of his followers should depend upon the demonstra-

tion of the Spirit and of power. For these reasons Paul determined not to know anything among the Corinthians save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.

But how shall we understand, his not determining to know anything else? Could he purposely forget, the instructions of Gamaliel, his distinguished master in Jewish learning? Could he by an act of will, annihilate his knowledge of Grecian philosophy? Could he erase from his memory every record of experience, and every impress of observation, except the very essence of the gospel? Certainly not. But he could, and did of set purpose, forbear to avail himself of any aid, he might find in them to lessen the offence of the gospel. Though he might be all things to all men in the manner of his preaching, and in the illustration of his great theme, his subject and his doctrine, he would draw only from Calvary. Whatever else he might know, he did not know officially, as an ambassador of heaven. Our minister at the Court of St. James may be thoroughly acquainted with political and other affairs in our country, but as the representative of his country, at that court, he will properly restrict himself to knowing only, what is found in his letter of instructions.

And Paul as an ambassador for Christ, praying men in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God, would know only Him who knowing no sin, was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. This renunciation of all other knowledge for the knowledge of Jesus, must have cost Paul an effort of self-denial. Had he known nought else in any sense, it would not have been necessary to

determine to know nothing else. But he had spent his youth in the study of the Jews' religion, and profited above many his equals.

He would seem to have had some acquaintance, with Grecian learning. Now to have been willing to withdraw himself from fields, in which his mind had long loved to expatiate, must have required an effort, and his piety must have been ardent beyond modern example, if this effort did not amount to a struggle. But, to be willing in the midst of a highly polished people, to be accounted rude and ignorant from *failure* in disposition to exhibit his knowledge, displayed a moral heroism of the highest order. I have said that Paul appears to have had some acquaintance with Grecian learning, but there is no proof of his eminent proficiency in it, which some claim for him. He was brought up, in a Grecian city, of no mean reputation, but how many reared in Grecian or American cities, fail to attain the polish, for which these cities are distinguished. He was brought up in Jerusalem at the feet of Gamaliel; but we have no right to interpolate into Gamaliel's course of instruction, anything not authorized by the record. Now, Gamaliel was a teacher of the Jewish law, and so far as we know, a teacher of Jewish law only. But Paul quotes in his writings from Grecian authors. These quotations amount in all his speeches and epistles to three. But it would be as illegitimate to infer from these, extensive acquaintance with Grecian literature, as to infer from the same number of quotations from Shakspeare, Addison and Scott, an intimate knowledge of the English classics.

Besides, the apostle's style is, confessedly, not pure classic Greek; but the Holy Spirit whilst guiding the mind into all truth, and securing a faithful expression of his (right) meaning, seems throughout the entire canon of the Scriptures, to have left the sacred writers, to their natural and habitual style. Such then was Paul's customary style, and the fact is inconsistent with his being an elegant Greek scholar. Evidently, Paul had considerable learning which might have secured him respect among the Greeks, if in singleness of heart he had not determined to know nothing among them save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.

Having considered the temptations which the apostle had to corrupt the gospel; let us now direct our attention, to that doctrine which he resolved at all hazards to proclaim. He would know before them the character which Jesus Christ displayed in His personal history. An intimate personal acquaintance with the Messiah, so as to be brought under the transforming influence of His heavenly example, was thought to be so important to an apostle, that when Peter set before the 120 disciples, who prayerfully awaited the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the qualifications of an apostle to succeed Judas, he insisted that he should be one who had companied with the disciples all the time, from the baptism of John to the ascension of Jesus. But Paul, who seems never to have seen the face of Jesus Christ till he saw Him in His transfigured glory, on the journey to Damascus, had the whole character and history of Jesus so fully impressed on his mind, by special revelations that, when after a lapse of years spent



in preaching, he conferred with Peter, James and John, on the doctrine which he had preached, these pillars in the church, who might well seem to be somewhat, added nothing to him in conference. Paul kept in view the character of Jesus as a man, but with all the strength of Jewish attachments, which could make him willing to be accursed from God for their sake, he knew not as a Jew; "yea," says he, "though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him no more." Let us study the character of Jesus to find a precedent, for our own conduct in every imaginable circumstance. We have not a master who binds for our shoulders burdens grievous to be borne, which He Himself will not touch with one of His fingers; but one who shows the practicableness of His commandments, by assuming a nature which brought Him under law, and magnifying law and making it honorable.

Paul knew only Christ as his Lawgiver. True, the heathen who knew not the law was a law unto himself. The light of nature was his only guide; but Christ legislated on every subject, on which nature had given law. When the Sun of righteousness arose with healing in his wings, the starlight of nature was not left to throw its glimmer on one tract of duty, while the brighter luminary dispensed his beams on another. The latter swallowed up the former on every field. The minute philosopher might, if he could, adjust the proportion between them, as the minute astronomer may amuse his leisure, by inquiring how much the twinkling of the dogstar helps out the solar blaze. The earnest and practical Paul would know only the all-absorbinglight.

Moses was a Divine teacher, and he is now a Divine teacher of great value; but Moses was, and is, but a school-master to bring us to Christ; he is but the pedagogue that leads on to the great Teacher and King. All the enactments of the old dispensation which are now binding, are condensed and consolidated in this revised code, though the student of Divine law, like the student of municipal law, may find great aid in interpreting the condensed code, by traveling through the previous enactments. The forms and ceremonies of the old dispensation, the shadows of good things to come, and not the very image of those things, taught like a pictorial primer what is more clearly taught, without the aid of shadows in the new dispensation. All of the cumbrous ceremonies of the law, which constituted a yoke intolerable, were substituted by simple ordinances—baptism and the Lord's supper—expressly commanded by the King in Zion. Everything in the Church of Christ, is fixed by His own commandment. Christ has given it no legislative power; it can interpret and execute His laws—it can go no farther. The outer organization of the Christian Church, given in all its details by its Head, may not be so important as its inner spirit; but God who has given man a body suited to his soul, has given the Church a body suited to its spirit, and no man may alter it in anything. The apostle knew Christ, as his perfect example; he knew Him as his absolute prince; he knew Him as crucified for the sins of the world. It was this last truth, that constituted the burden of the apostle's preaching—Christ Crucified.

The carnal enmity of men was called out in special fierceness

against this distinguishing and essential doctrine of the Gospel. The Jews anxiously longed for the advent of a prince possessed of every title to earthly honor, who should break in pieces the rod of the Roman oppressor; and this personage who, as they had trusted, was to redeem Israel, had been nailed to the shameful cross. Such a Christ was naturally a stone of stumbling and rock of offence to the Jews. The Greeks felt a lordly contempt, for the reputed Divinity, who had ended his days on the cross. Their whole philosophy, most of it pervaded by materialism, revolted at the resurrection of the dead, as contradicted by experience and abhorrent to reason. But this very doctrine was the only one in which Paul would glory. Christ was a martyr for truth.

Whilst the common people heard Him gladly, His doctrine was too pure to excite great sympathy, in the mass of men of any generation; and his unsparing exposures and denunciations of spiritual weakness in high places, brought upon him the inexorable hate of the ruling classes. These cloaked their hellish purposes from others, and perhaps from themselves, under the guise of patriotic concern for the perpetuity of their place and nation, and loyalty to the government of Cæsar; but Pilate knew that for envy, they had delivered Him. Christ, said of Himself, that He came forth to bear witness of the truth, and He truly sealed His testimony with His blood. But Paul saw in the crucifixion a higher truth than this.

The first principle in his summary of the Christian faith is, "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures." This precious, fundamental truth, is again and again set forth in

concise and naked grandeur. Paul does not invite the tears of hearers or readers, by theatrical representations of a Saviour treading in Gethsemane the winepress of the wrath of God alone. He alludes not to the traitorous kiss, and the uplifted heel of the familiar friend. He paints not the dark scowl of the midnight inquisitors, ravening for blood. He excites no indignation against the fickle multitude that greeted the Messiah with hosannas to-day, and were set on to cry, "Away with Him," to-morrow. He forbears to scourge with a scorpion lash, the time-serving politician who acknowledged, and as far as he might quietly, contended that Jesus was guiltless, and was still willing to content the fiendish appetite of the populace with innocent blood. He does not detain our attention on the gory cross, the rude spikes, the crown of thorns, the intolerable thirst and all the horrible details of that grand tragedy, which might have held angels and devils in breathless attention. No, he did not ask sinners to weep over the sufferings of the man of sorrows; over which many sinners have wept at the prompting of natural sympathy, whilst they were still in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity; and whilst they would not have the man Christ Jesus to reign over them. No, it was the sacrificial character of the Saviour's death, that was its important feature in the eyes of the apostle. To collate all the texts in the epistles of Paul, which directly assert or clearly imply the vicarious nature of a Saviour's death, would be to transcribe a large portion of these writings. And well may it occupy so much space, for it supports and involves every other truth in the gospel. Did

Christ lead an irreproachable life—it was that He might die a lamb without spot or blemish. Is Christ our king—His title-deed rests not simply on a natural and easy inheritance. His revolted empire was to be redeemed from mortgage to the law of God, demanding the eternal death of every one of His subjects. He hath bought us with His own blood, shed on Calvary. The doctrine of Christ Crucified, involves the original and total depravity of the human race. The offering of Christ on Calvary had been a grand, but empty pageant, if man had been an innocent being. Well might it be asked on this supposition, whence all this waste? Starting from the doctrine of inherent sin, the mind is shut up in hopeless despair, till the rainbow of promise, inscribed Christ Crucified, spans the dark cloud of divine wrath. Well may the Unitarian and the Universalist, who have healed slightly the disease of their people, because they have never probed its depths, deny the divinity of Christ, and the vicariousness of His suffering. But he whose conscience has responded to the dark picture of both Jews and Gentiles, drawn by Paul in the first part of the epistle to the Romans, will feel that he needs in God, manifest in the flesh, a Saviour able to save to the uttermost, all who come to God by him. The doctrine of Christ crucified for sin, is the truth which the Holy Spirit uses in the conversion, and sanctification of our natures. Thus, to preach Christ, is to preach the necessity of regeneration; it is to exhibit the only name, given under heaven among men, whereby we can be saved. It is to hold up Christ as commanding every duty, whether moral or ceremonial, to urge as

the great motive to obedience, the love of Christ, which constraineth us; then to preach Christ Crucified, is to preach the entire gospel. The text might seem to be designed as a directory to the minister of the gospel—and you may naturally inquire, why make it the basis of a sermon? I reply, that in the first place, it afforded me as good an opportunity as I could find, to proclaim that gospel which the text binds me to declare. Secondly, it is proper that I should indicate on the authority of the Scriptures, the principles which ought to guide me in my ministrations among you. So that the Church, the highest ecclesiastical authority, may be the better prepared to hold me to a strict accountability for the proper discharge of my office. But lastly and chiefly, I shall be the better prepared to preach the gospel, when the Church is determined to countenance and sustain the pure gospel.

It is almost incalculable to what extent pastor and people mutually affect each other. We are all creatures of sympathy. We feel an instinctive and almost irresistible disposition to adapt ourselves to the views and tastes of those, with whom we associate. We do it unconsciously. The people will find it difficult to resist the continual droppings of heresy or formalism from the pulpit. The preacher, when he finds that the simple gospel is not acceptable to his people, will be tempted to begin, before he knows it, to preach to them another gospel. I am the more solicitous to impress this truth, because I fear that with all the outward prosperity of the church and with all the improvement in the machinery of her benevolent operations,

the gospel is losing its hold upon the hearts of the people. Men will hear the gospel now, if it is done up in a way to suit their fastidious tastes. If, at the suggestion of a new order of medical practitioners, you administer very small, infinitesimal doses of the gospel, mixed with other inert and often neutralizing elements, they will hear it. Brethren, that is no healthy, moral, religious appetite that cannot relish plain food without the admixture of tempting condiments. Men may love able discourses, eloquent discourses, splendid declamations; but if we come before them, with the plain, robust gospel of the apostle, they will not receive it. Let Jesus come to His own in His gospel and His own receive Him not; these are the wounds which He receives in the house of His friends. Men think they need something more practical than the doctrinal preaching of Christ Crucified. Never was there a greater mistake. The New Testament is full of practical duties, but all connected with the Cross,—all utilized by this head and this heart, and to preach them apart from it, is as absurd as to dis sever the running-gear of a machine from the motive power. We may have a beautiful, well-articulated system of morals, but we might as well attempt to move the machinery of a steam engine with the smith's bellows, as attempt to animate them without motives drawn from the spirit-world. The doctrine of Christ Crucified is really adapted to the wants of saints and of sinners. What convinces one of sin, is what abases the other still more in humility. What encourages the one to trust for the first time, is what builds up the other, in his most holy faith. Witness the result in well conducted protracted meet-

ings, where the gospel is preached, as perhaps it ought to be on other occasions. Do Christians ever seem to grow more in the divine life, than under appliances specially designed for the unconverted? But finally, to preach Christ Crucified, would necessitate sameness and monotony in our discourses. Perhaps it may in the estimation of the natural man, who discerneth not the things, of the Spirit. To the necessary limitation of our scope, we would, however, cheerfully submit. Still our theme is rich. Angels desire to look into the great mystery of godliness. Saints in heaven will find unceasing themes in the length and breadth and depth of redeeming love.

A few colors present all the various tints of the landscape. A few elements in their protean forms of combination make up the almost infinite variety of separate existence. A few truths animated all the varied epistles of Paul: a few sentiments the multiform Psalms of David. Besides, we must continue to study this subject. No teacher will interest his pupils, who is not prosecuting inquiries in the branch in which he teaches. Even Paul is constantly extending his knowledge. He tells us in his epistles that he counted not himself to have attained. There were untrodden heights which he was eager to scale. He was laboring to know Christ, and the power of His resurrection.

With similar zeal I hope to do something to interest you.



## CHAPTER VI.

## HIS WORK IN CHARLOTTESVILLE.

THE political agitation that culminated in the war between the States, was preceded in Virginia by an era of unusual mental activity—and this was the legitimate outcome of the marked prosperity of the country. Next to liberty, education was considered the highest boon of an American citizen. Primary schools, and Academies and Institutes were springing up all over the country. Richmond, Hampden—Sydney, William and Mary, Washington, and Randolph,—Macon, Colleges, took on new equipments, and yearly poured into the State University, scores of gifted young men.

Not only from Virginia, but from almost every State in the Union, came students to this noble Institution of learning. At that time it was in the fulness of its glory. Its matriculates numbered over six hundred annually. No other University South, competed with it, in patronage or scholarship. Its Commencements, on the 29th of June, drew together great crowds of the friends

of learning from this, and other states as well. One of the finest addresses to which the writer ever listened—in point of impassioned eloquence and of popular power—was delivered 29th of June, 1860, by Hon. Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana, who was then the orator of the Literary Societies.

Charlottesville, the seat of the University, was then appropriately styled the Athens of America, if any town, outside of Boston, could justly wear such a title. The very atmosphere of the place was literary. Society, politics, and religion received the intellectual stamp. Besides several prosperous preparatory schools, there were two large Institutes in the town, in flourishing condition: the Episcopal and the Baptist. The latter established mainly by such liberal hearted Baptists of the town, as Wm. P. Farish, A. P. Abell, the Randolphs, the Bibbs, and others. The Principal of the Institute was Prof. John Hart, who had graduated from the University, with the degree of M. A. with distinguished honors. He aimed to make it as far as possible, for females, what the University was for the males. The members of his Faculty, were nearly all M. A.'s of the University, and the subjects taught and text books used in many of the schools, were the same. The grade of scholarship, and extent of its curriculum was

not excelled by any female institution, in the land. In the year 1859 the Charlottesville Church called Mr. Brown to be its pastor; coupled with the call was an invitation from Prof. Hart, to fill the chair of Moral Philosophy in his Institute. He accepted, and entered on his work in November, of that year.

The following, is Prof. Hart's estimate of his pastor and co-laborer:

"In undertaking to furnish some reminiscences of A. B. Brown's pastorate at Charlottesville, I undertake, rather a difficult task. My relations with him, were very cordial and intimate—and to me, perhaps, as much as to any, he revealed his inner self. But the interest of such recollections depends very greatly, on striking, personal incidents. Such incidents either were few, or in collision with subsequent agitations, they have been worn from remembrance. Hence, some are entirely lost—others so indistinctly remembered, that to attempt reproduction, was a peril to truth.

"Dr. Brown assumed the pastoral office in Charlottesville in November, 1859. In that office he succeeded Dr. John A. Broadus, who had taken a chair, in the newly established Seminary at Greenville. To succeed Broadus was no light thing, and Brown fully appreciated the difficulty.

Really he exaggerated it. He feared that the marked difference between his modes of thought, and his modes of presenting thought, and those of his predecessor, would make him fail to engage the interest of the congregation. He did not sufficiently consider that that very difference, was a factor in his favor. And so he began his work with some trepidation. For a time, he was not enough at his ease to do himself justice.

“But when the feeling of constraint wore away—when he knew that he had the ear and the sympathy of the thinking part of his audience, the abounding riches of his intellectual and spiritual nature poured themselves forth in a series of sermons, many of which yet live in my memory as unmatched. Hardly a year has passed since, without witness to my debt to him. When I have tried to set forth with some completeness of discussion, an important doctrine of Christianity, I have been surprised to see, with what distinctness the struggle of thought brings up what I at once recognize as a residuum of the teaching of A. B. Brown. And when the struggle has so issued, I have felt that I was nearing the inner truth of the matter—that I had fallen into the path of one whose thinking went to the marrow of things.

“At that time I was at the head of the Albemarle Female Institute. In this school for years I had the aid of first-rate men, of whom all that now live have won distinction in their chosen pursuits. Bronaugh and Thompson, fell in battle; Louthan died of consumption; Toy, Harris, Holladay, Johnson, Hiden and Semple still live, and the world knows them. It does not become me to say what, but for the ruin wrought by war, might have been the place of that school in the work of the real education of women, nor to point out in the ideas and methods now dominant in many of our best schools the evident traces of its brief career. I may, I hope, without suspicion of vanity, record a fact. For the second session, with the assistance of Dr. Toy, I organized a well digested course of study in the English language, in which should be applied to our own tongue, the latest and best methods and results of linguistic science. When I say that C. H. Toy managed the course of study for that session the well informed reader, can give a guess as to the quality of the work. The ‘School of English,’ thus organized was, so far as I know, the beginning in this direction. Now such a ‘school’ is found in almost every college in the country. And if many of them—as there is reason to fear—are but

sorry schools of Saxon, rather than good schools of English, the fault is not with the pioneers of the movement, but with teachers who do not understand their business.

“Dr. Brown taught the Moral Philosophy course in the Institute during the session of 1860–61. Every capable man who knew him recognized his remarkable fitness for just this work. Metaphysics was his mind’s native element. Women are usually thought to be disinclined to the severe logical process, pertinent to this subject. But Dr. Brown’s class caught his own enthusiasm. My own engagements hardly ever allowed me to be present at the recitations, but I remember very clearly how often the teachings in that class, became the subject of eager and intelligent discussion among its members, during their intervals of leisure. I have said that Brown’s mind was metaphysical. He delighted in speculative thought. In this, he stands in marked contrast with another of noble powers and of noble life—one who was long the recognized leader of the Baptists of Virginia. Dr. Jeter was singularly free from all tendency to speculative thought; and while it would be unsafe to say that such an intellect as his, lacked that power, the power was held in perpetual abeyance.

“Not many months after Dr. Brown’s coming to

Charlottesville, were the beginnings of the agitation that culminated in secession and war. To the exciting questions of that time, he carried his characteristic thinking. He was not an 'original secessionist.' The impassioned and scholarly oratory of Holcombe, while it yielded him intense artistic delight, did not convince his judgment; not until the actual secession of the State did he let go his allegiance to Federal authority. And then to do so cost him a struggle. His early political views, combined with deep reverence for the teachings of inspiration concerning obedience 'to powers that be,' made him question if it were not sin to throw off authority, that he had held as paramount. He carefully reviewed the whole question of the relations between the State and the Federal Government, and reached a conclusion. The result was a sermon from the words: 'Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which be Cæsar's,' in which, with a keenness of logic that would not have discredited a Calhoun, he showed that the immediate Cæsar of the people of Virginia, is the State of Virginia, and that the conscientious Christian may follow her voice even if it does not concur with the voice from Washington. And this, so far as I remember, was the only sermon from him, even in those distracting times, that with

color of reason could be called political. In another, soon after the first battles were fought, he sketched a battle field during the progress of the fight, and after the carnage was over. It was only a rapid sketch, but in vividness and in realistic power, neither voice nor pen has given me anything finer.

“I have said that Brown soon won the attention and full sympathy of the cultured and thinking people who heard him. But a very large number of the Church and congregation never so far attained his level as to walk with him on it with pleasure and profit. Hence his pastorate in Charlottesville was not what would be called in modern parlance, ‘a success.’ It ended by his resignation near the end of 1861.

“Allusion has been made to the barrenness of entertaining personal incidents, at least in my recollection. Such as I do remember were mainly connected with what was sometimes called his nervous irritability—a peculiarity which no man lamented more than himself as a serious obstacle in the path to usefulness. I do not believe it was nervous irritability. It was old-fashioned, downright anger—anger which for a moment swept everything before it—to be followed soon by the keenest regret. The locomotive, were it a being of intel-



lect and feeling, would doubtless exult as it speeds along carrying its ponderous and precious freight; but it would quiver with indignant wrath, if some malapert engineer should suddenly pull the reversing bar. So with Brown. The rude current of the tide of thought, driving from the field of his mind its busy occupants, made him quiver with an indignation that at once spent itself on the obvious arresting cause. And this I think was substantially his own view of the matter, for he once told me that his outbursts were not confined to public occasions. Sometimes, in the quiet of his study, when his whole being was intent on an absorbing train of thought, the casual entrance of any one, with an innocent question about dinner, wrought the same stormy reaction. This was a weakness in Dr. Brown, but a weakness that was a token of strength. So, sometimes, a splendid physical nature so fights against disease that its ravages are hardly discernible, until the disease becomes victor and the man falls suddenly dead. The suddenness and completeness of the collapse testify the strenuousness of resistance. In his later years Dr. Brown had, I think, become the master. When his election to the chair of English in the College was announced, I felt but one apprehension. His admirable qualifications in all re-

spects as to scholarship and teaching power—and withal his sensible views as to what teaching English is—I well knew. But I did fear that a college class might re-instate his old tyrant. That it did not is proof that he had become master.

“In the various notices of Dr. Brown, much has been said about the qualities of his mind. Nobody, so far as I have noticed, has emphasized his most striking gift. This was imagination. I do not mean the decorative fancy that makes forays into other people’s gardens to gather the few flowers that may serve to disguise the poverty at home. I mean imagination in its highest function—the personifying function. His mind was a battle-field. Ideas were living things—warriors in panoply, that charged and recoiled and charged again, until at last the false were driven in rout from the field. No one who has heard him often, no one who has read attentively what he wrote, can fail, I think, to recognize this power. Many a time he has reminded me of Milton, and more nearly than any other whom I have personally known he approached Milton in imaginative power.

“In person, A. B. Brown was not handsome. Tall, lean, limber, and singularly given to acute angles in gesticulation, he was yet a remarkable consistency. The ponderous, rugged, and stimulating

thoughts he was wont to throw out, could never have suited a pulpit Chesterfield. Very soon his hearers felt the subtle harmony that bound up the man, the manner of the man, and his thoughts into one unique whole—to the integrity of which one part then seemed as essential as another. But a stranger was surely pardonable, whose attention was mainly attracted for a time, to the sensible rather than the intellectual.

“It may be doubted, whether Dr. Brown’s critical powers, were up to the measure of his general ability. A Butler may tell of plenty of wit with excessive shyness in using it. The two things are not usually together. But if Dr. Brown had the critical gift, he was very shy in using it, at least in the censorious way. I doubt if any man ever heard him make a harsh comment on the sermon of a brother preacher. Occasionally, when some one else occupied his pulpit, he was ever a patient and interested listener, and very commonly almost enthusiastic in commendation—and this, sometimes, when I was obliged to confess that I had been bored. Either his amiability led him to repress any tendency to severity of stricture, or his idea of the purpose of preaching made him think well of any sermon that put before the people, the real doctrines of the Gospel, however

defective it was in logical and literary merit. I know that his deep kindness of feeling, made him a most lenient judge of the work of a friend.

“A very noble man is lost. Within a certain narrow circle, the loss cannot be supplied. But on the wide field of general activity, no single man is an absolute necessity. The best and noblest fall, and the vacant places cannot, we think, be filled. But others are called forth who take up the fallen mantles and carry forward well and worthily, the interrupted work. In that narrow, inner circle, the loss is irreparable. There the sympathy of surviving friends counts for much. The true consolation, is the patient and thoughtful waiting for the time of reunion.

“JOHN HART.”

The following extract is from “A Pupil’s Tribute,” by the author, that appeared in the *Biblical Recorder*, of Raleigh, N. C., a few days after his death :

“In the years of ’60 and ’61 I sat under his teaching in the class of Moral Philosophy in the Albemarle Female Institute, Va. At that time he was pastor of the church at Charlottesville. Those who sat under his ministry there, will bear

me out in saying that his sermons were marked by extraordinary power. The subjects treated were frequently on the line of those studied in the class. Professors of the University and the more thoughtful of the students came often to hear him. There was much in the appreciation and responsiveness of his audience to stimulate him.

“It was then that Prof. John Hart, the distinguished educator, was at the head of a Faculty composed of that bright galaxy of Virginia alumnae of the University, as Prof. H. H. Harris, C. H. Toy, Wm. P. Louthan, Walter Holliday, Wm. Bronaugh, Thompson, and J. C. Hiden. But for the desolations of war, the broad reaching plans of its Principal would have made long ere this the Albemarle Institute, the foremost female college of the South. I doubt whether any chair was ever more ably filled in this country, than was the one filled by Dr. Brown. He was in the full vigor of his manhood. Philosophy was his favorite study. His restless mind roved rampant over the fields of thought, culling flowers at every turn. He read, he compiled, he condensed, that he might give to his pupils the benefit of his own research. It was only a class of girls he taught, but he did not think them unworthy of his best

efforts. One of that number, our own loved Lottie Moon, is a missionary to China, and others have become distinguished teachers.

“ When he appeared before the class, and began to lecture, he became fired with his subject and unconsciously communicated the magnetic thrill to his students. It was impossible not to feel the contagious power of his intellect. The subjects studied might be metaphysical and difficult, but his mind illumined them with the brilliancy of his own setting, till they glowed and sparkled with ineffable beauty. He so loved the truth and ‘the search after the truth,’ that whether in a Jouffroy, a Cousin, or a Sir William Hamilton, or any other, he so led on his students by the magic power of his own enthusiasm, as to excite a hungering and thirsting after knowledge that was undying. He knew what it was to teach, and magnified his office by the love of it.”

## A PORTION OF A SERMON DELIVERED IN CHARLOTTESVILLE.

---

“Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, for your sakes, He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be made rich.”—2 Corinth. viii. 9.

THE contemplation of the grace of God in Christ, is calculated to cultivate in those who have been renewed by the Spirit, two eminent Christian graces, gratitude to God, and benevolence to men. Thankfulness, is excited by a consideration of the gift to ourselves, and benevolence, by reflection on the example of the giver. On last Sunday, in a discourse on the text, “We love Him, because He first loved us,” we appealed to the first of these affections; but you will see from the connection, that the doctrine of our present text was presented in an appeal to the latter. The Apostle John makes a similar appeal when he exclaims, “Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.”

Without laboring on this occasion to point the moral of the text, I shall endeavor to unfold the proposition, from which the apostle deduces it as an inference. I think that I shall show the meaning of this proposition by substituting for it

these three propositions, which taken together are equivalent to it: 1st, Jesus was in one period of His life, rich; 2d, Strange to say, at a subsequent period He became poor; 3d, The object of this voluntary assumption of poverty was, that His people might be rich. These propositions, I shall discuss in the order in which I have announced them.

The first proposition considered in connection with the New Testament history, clearly involves the superhuman character of Jesus Christ. For His state of richness must, according to the history, have been antecedent to His assumption of humanity. In no period of Christ's earthly career was He rich. If the Unitarian alleges that the Messiah's riches, consisted in His power of working miracles, which power He laid on the cross, we deny that He ever thus impoverished Himself. Had He not the power of miraculously saving His life from His crucifiers? He declares Himself, "No man taketh My life from Me, I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." He could have summoned twelve legions of angels to crush His murderers. The Redeemer did not on the cross, about the close of His career, alter the principles which had before regulated His working of miracles. Did He refuse to amuse Herod, by the exercise of His supernatural power? He had always refused to degrade His glorious endowment, by doing wonders for the gratification of sightseers. Whenever, from curiosity, an evil generation sought after a sign, He determined that no sign should be given it. Did Jesus refuse to do anything to save Himself from the cross? It is a most interesting, and most



characteristic feature in His history, that He never wrought any miracle for Himself. He fed five thousand with a few loaves and fishes, but though He fasted forty days, He would not at the suggestion of Satan, save Himself from pinching hunger, by commanding a stone to become bread. He would enable Peter to walk to Him on the water, but He would not cast Himself down from a pinnacle of the Temple, that the angels might give themselves charge concerning Him. I repeat, that Jesus made no change in relation to miracles on the cross. The riches of Christ here alluded to, must have been, what He possessed before He came into the world. He was rich, before He came into the world. He was above the angels. Yea, He created the highest archangels, for without Him, was not anything made that was made. This explains that He Himself, was not created. He possessed excellencies to which nothing could be added, for in His superhuman character, He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Now, this involves His inferiority to men and angels, if He is less than infinite, for both men and angels have, according to the Scriptures, the power of indefinite progression, and would ultimately surpass Him. But nothing more is necessary for our present purpose, than the fact, that He was in the beginning with God, and that He was God.

If then God is rich, Jesus Christ the express image of His Father's person, full of truth and grace, was also rich. We may not assume to take an inventory of the riches of God. The riches of God are infinite, and the finite cannot fathom the infinite. All conceivable riches, riches of power, riches

of wisdom, riches of holiness, riches of glory, riches of happiness are His forever, and in unbounded fulness.

The highest efforts of our power, are put forth on matter and mind, which we can neither create nor destroy. By the word of His power, He called out of utter nothing, all the forms of matter and all the gradations of intellectual and sentient existence. We act by availing ourselves of the laws of nature, by making ourselves the obedient servants of His law. He made all the laws of matter and of mind. We are stewards and tenants at will, of our so called possessions. He is the absolute owner. Our wealth is but a prospective supply for the wants of the body. The all pervading and illimitable spirit, intimately present in all things, knows no want, feels no desire. We are often worn down by the cares, and perplexed by the multiplicity of the engagements which wealth imposes; and kings harassed to torture by exhausting anxieties, cry out in anguish of spirit, "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown." But the real and ultimate owner of all wealth, the monarch of an infinite empire, in whose audience chamber, innumerable waiting angels receive their commissions and render their reports, now manages all the vast and divine plans, all the minute and amazingly complex details of His boundless system, with all the freshness and vigor which characterized His administration, when first the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for glory. He is rich in powers. His voice created matter; His breath created spirit.

The ocean that swallows in its greed, the fleets of merchant

princes, and the navies of kings, dares not push a ripple beyond His appointed bounds. Revelling winds ravaging whole provinces in their mad spirit, crouch like chidden spaniels at His feet. And mad comets in all their seeming eccentricity of movement, move like well appointed trains across the tracks of revolving worlds without venturing a collision.

He is rich in wisdom. Let all architects admire the skill of Hiram, the chief under whose superintendence the materials of Solomon's temple—came from the quarries and the forests of Lebanon, so squared and so fitted, that on that beautiful building no hammer might sound. But let a Universe admire the skill, of the great architect, so working in darkness, the quarry of nonentity, brought forth every atom without mark and without label, and fixed it instantly in the symmetrical fabric of universal nature. No whispered treason, can escape Him; no open rebellion can surprise Him; He makes the wrath of man and the wrath of devils to praise Him.

Devils rebelled. He had foreseen it, and had determined to make it the occasion, on which many angels should feel, and all angels should see the majesty of justice. He had foreknown it, and had purposed to thwart the fiend, by showing Himself on this occasion, in the otherwise impossible attitude of a God, whose mercy endureth forever. We must cease to gaze upon the effulgence of that Being who dwells in light unapproachable, and to whom still the darkness shineth as the light—whose unfailing memory is the perfect record from which shall be judged the secrets of all hearts in a

coming day, and before whose all-seeing eye the future of every being looms up in infinite perspective.

He is rich in glory. Our wealth may secure us a little honor, and much show of respect where thrift may follow fawning. But He is rich in the freewill homage of all pure beings, and richer still, in His sufficiency for Himself. He needs not the worship of man, nor of angels, to add to His glory. What must have been the conceptions of that glory, which Christ had with Him before the world was?

He is rich in holiness. The devout astronomer, like Newton, whilst gazing on the sublimity of nature, will exclaim, "Marvellous are Thy works Lord God Almighty." The saint contemplating the scheme of redemption is induced to exalt the riches of the grace of God. But the unfallen beings of the upper world regard the holiness of God, as the Kohinoor diamond in His crown. "Cherubim and Seraphim continually sing Holy, Holy Lord God of Sabaoth. Heaven and earth, are full of the majesty of thy glory." God is infinitely happy. When the whole creation, passed in review before Him, He pronounced it very good. There was happiness, in this approbation, of His works. He has made all nature, beauty to the eye and music to the ear. Shall He that formed the eye not see this beauty? Shall he that made the ear, not hear this music? or is He fated to be the only intelligent being who shall see and hear without delight. Away with the thought. The Centre and Source of all happiness must be infinitely happy. If it is more blessed to give than to receive, what must be the happiness of that Being whose benefactions, like the rays of the sun,

are continually going forth, never to return but in the clouds of incense which they raise.

This great almoner of the skies, whom giving could not impoverish, was ever opening His hand, and supplying the wants of every living thing, was ever enjoying the true luxury of wealth, the luxury of doing good. When we consider the riches of this Great Being, well may we say to Him, in the language of David, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou didst visit him, yet for our sakes He became poor."

II. We do not learn from the Scriptures that Jesus Christ abased all His glories, and parted with all His riches when He was manifested in the flesh. We learn in fact the direct contrary. Jesus Christ as the second person in the Trinity, exercised in the universe; all the powers of Deity, all the processes of nature, moved on during His incarnation, as they had from the beginning, yea, even on this battle-field.

The Captain of our Salvation, travailed in the greatness of His strength. The winds and the waves He spoke, as before, into instant stillness. At His rebuke, the fig tree was scathed as by the lightning of heaven. No malady baffled the skill of the all-healing physician. No lunacy resisted the charm of Him, that loved to minister to the mind diseased. All conquering death, released at His command, putrefying victims, and routed devils slunk to hell from His presence. Jesus was in some sense still rich. He did not relinquish or forfeit that holiness, which challenges on Galilean plains, the worship of a whole multitude of the heavenly host; and most

certainly He did not, when He came forth to seek and to save the lost, relinquish the riches of His grace. He did abate the lustre of His glory. He did become poor in His condition and in His humiliation.

Whilst Jesus Christ was in the flesh—it is legitimate to infer, that He confined the range of His seen and recognized action, within the sphere of His bodily presence. He performed no deed on earth, of which He received the honor, save where His body was. What an immeasurable abatement of His glory. The light lighted every man that came into the world, but amidst the clouds of ignorance and prejudice, the world saw not whence came the light, and glorified it not. The light shone in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not. Whether during the hour of the Messiah's humiliation, the throne of the second person in the Trinity was shrouded so that the majesty of glory shone not out to the heavenly inhabitants, we may not know now. But we do know that His glory was not fully appreciated, by His own few followers, till after His resurrection from the dead. The intimate union of the Divine and human natures in the person of Christ, so that there might be a close sympathy between them, and so that our great High Priest might be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, was an amazing stoop of condescension. Think of the degradation, that would result to your spirit, by encasing it in the body of a reptile. Think of the humiliation of that, spirit by intimate union and communion, with whatever of spirit the reptile might possess. And then appreciate if you can, the humiliation which the

great Creator sustained, when He was found in fashion as a man. But in the Saviour's infinite descent from the court of heaven, He did not stop at the upper strata of human society, He did not content Himself with stooping to the poor condition of man, but He farther descended to the condition of a poor man. And oh, how poor! Many a queen had desired to be His nursing mother. But He reclines His infant head upon the bosom of a Galilean peasant woman. The roar of one hundred and one guns, and the acclamations of all Paris, hailed the birth of the son of Napoleon. Jesus made His unhonored advent, among the beasts of the stall (quotation here from the infant's hymn, "Soft and easy is the cradle.") The wealthy of His day, made their costly offerings for their first born. Mary, more grateful than any other mother, could only offer a couple of pigeons or turtle doves. Whilst He prosecuted His ministry, He lived by the charity of His followers, generally themselves poor. He had not a penny on earth with which to pay even the temple taxes. A roving missionary of the cross, would indeed be in a pitiable condition if he had no place which he could call his own, and in which he might talk undisturbed with his anxious inquirers; but when one of Jesus' hearers attracted by the sweetness and purity of His doctrine, affirmed that he would follow Him whithersoever He went, the Saviour replied, "The foxes have their holes, the birds of the air have their nests, but the Son of man hath not where to rest his head." When on the cross His heart filled with the great concern of human redemption, was for a moment saddened by the condition of His bereaved

and needy mother, He could fix on her no annuity, no pension. He made His will, but in it He could only lay under contribution the affection of His most faithful and attached disciple, establishing a new and sacred union between them by saying, "John, let my mother be your mother! Mother, let my friend be your son." Yea, His body could be buried in no ancestral vault, it rested in the new tomb of Joseph of Arimathea—honored be His name! Not only was He poor, but treated with great contempt and indignity, throughout all His recorded life. He was contemptuously expelled from the synagogues as unworthy of a place among His people; if one who had been healed by Him, dared to plead that it was strange, that if Jesus was a sinner He could have opened the eyes of the blind, he was roughly rebuked for his presumption, and summarily excommunicated. He never enjoyed the advantages of extended human learning for His human spirit, and those who attended His ministry were generally among the poor and the despised. Judge my hearers, if a professed minister of Jesus Christ, could heap ridicule on the head of Dr. Carey, the missionary to Hindoostan, as a consecrated cobbler, what must have been the scorn of haughty Rabbis and Pharisees, for Him who taught a doctrine not learned in the schools? Why, it was of such that Jesus says Himself, "They called the master of the house Beelzebub." How poor and despised the man who can have no peace and no respect in his own family. Yet Jesus was treated as a madman by His own brethren according to the flesh. Respectable men like Nicodemus, it would seem, did not dare to visit in the day-



time, but visited Him as men would now, a despised fortune-teller, at night. If on one occasion His followers would honor Him with a triumphal procession into Jerusalem, His appearance was so humble, the procession so lowly, as well might excite the derision of the proud. So ruined seemed the fortunes of Jesus that one of His most cherished followers felt so much ashamed of Him, that he swore bitterly that he knew nothing of Him; especially during His last hours. How deep was His humiliation. He was publicly scourged. He was crowned with a hastily made mock-crown, clothed with the mock habiliments of royalty, and made to sway, for the amusement of the bystanders, a reed for His sceptre. He was taunted, amidst His agonies by priests wagging their heads and saying, "He saved others, Himself He cannot save." He was reviled by thieves. My hearers, the hour of death, an hour of deep sympathy, the hour of public execution is an hour of silent pity for the meanest. I hesitate not to say that if a murderer in our land, were treated on the gallows with a tithe of the insult heaped on Jesus, the man who dared to do it, would be torn in pieces by the honest indignation of the mob. (An effective allusion was here made in Charlottesville, to the kind treatment of John Brown in his trial.) Yet, men of like passions with you and me, so treated my Lord and your Lord. Well might angels have exclaimed on this sad humiliation, "How is the mighty fallen."

Jesus in His humiliation was also deeply sorrowful. The word of God represents Him as a man of sorrows. I know the sorrows of His heart have never been written. He came

to wipe away the tears of others, not to ask their sympathy. The daughters of Jerusalem mourned, but Jesus said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me." He breathed His sorrows at night into the ear of Heaven. Once we overhear Him in Gethsemane, utter a whole volume of sorrow in the exclamation, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death."

III. But why this poverty? He became poor that we might be rich; rich in the graces which He never laid aside, rich in the glories which He did lay aside for us. He impoverished Himself to pay our debts, and to end with an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Yea, to give in the earnest of the Spirit a foretaste of heaven. Well may the saints exclaim, when considering His inheritance, "How vast the treasures we possess:"

"How vast the treasures we possess,  
How rich Thy bounty, king of grace,  
This world is ours, and worlds to come,  
Earth is our lodge and heaven our home."

[As usual, the manuscript of this sermon is imperfect. It does not contain the discussion of his third proposition. Such as it is, I venture to give it as a sample of his earlier sermons.]

The personal reminiscences of Dr. J. B. Taylor, the scholarly pastor of Lexington, Va., published below, refer to his life in Charlottesville, and will come in appropriately here:

“Among the pleasant memories of my father’s house, are those of the visits of good men and women who were entertained there. What a treat and a blessing to us children, was the coming of these saints. Among these was A. B. Brown, and I remember his kindly interest in us young people. I learned to know him well, and to love him very tenderly, during my last year, as a student at the University of Virginia. It was his first year as pastor of the Charlottesville Baptist Church, of which I was a member. He often came out to the University, and was frequently a visitor at my room. It was my privilege to be much in his company, at his own pleasant home. What a treat it was to hear him talk! His judgment of books, men and measures, was so simple, wise and common-sense. His conversation, as also his preaching, was always suggestive and stimulating. You could not listen to his discourse in public or private, without hearing that which was to be remembered, and which would be almost unconsciously assimilated as a part of your own mental furniture.

“During the year referred to, the Charlottesville Church called for my ordination along with that of three well known and gifted young men who were expecting to go to the foreign field. I

was not ready to enter upon the work of the pastorate, and expected to go the next session to our Theological Seminary. Bro. Brown, appreciating the difficulty a young man naturally felt in deciding such a matter, took much interest in it, and an own brother could not have been more lovingly helpful, as he suggested peculiar reasons why the ordination should take place. I enclose an account of it, written at the time by Dr. Brown himself and published in a Charlottesville paper. For various reasons it may be of interest :

#### ORDINATION.

“ At the joint call of the Charlottesville and Mechanicsville Baptist Churches, Elders J. B. Taylor, D. D., A. M. Poin-dexter, Charles Quarles, T. G. Jones, John A. Broadus, D.D., James Fife, Wm. P. Farish and A. B. Brown, assembled in Charlottesville, on the 9th of June, 1860, to examine with a view to ordination, brethren C. H. Toy, J. L. Johnson, J. B. Taylor, Jr., of the former church, and J. W. Jones, of the latter. This presbytery organized itself by calling J. B. Taylor, Sr., to the chair, and appointing A. B. Brown Secretary, and, after inviting to its aid a committee from the Mechanicsville Church and all the ministering and private brethren who were present, proceeded to examine the candidates with respect to their conversion, call to the ministry and doctrinal views. The result of the examination being highly satisfactory, it was resolved that the ordination of all the can-

didates be proceeded with on the morrow (Sunday) after the sermon. Elder A. B. Cabaniss had been requested to take part in the public services of the ordination, and those services were distributed among the members of the presbytery, as will hereafter appear.

“At 11 o'clock on the Sunday morning, the spacious Baptist Church was densely thronged with an audience embracing an unusually large element of high intelligence and culture, called out by the distinguished reputation of the preacher and by a commendable interest in the youth, the blameless lives, the sound and thorough scholarship, and especially the self-devotion of the candidates for ordination, three of whom have offered for the untried mission among the Japanese. The congregation listened for an hour and a quarter with unflagging interest to the noble discourse of Rev. T. G. Jones, on the text, ‘Preach the Word.’ This was one of the best efforts of its admired author, whose subtlety and logical power few of the ministers of Virginia can surpass, whose width of mental range scarcely one can equal, and whose richness of imagination, and splendor and beauty of diction are absolutely unrivalled.

“It is still more gratifying to say that many who once feared that this bold thinker would project himself beyond the limits of orthodoxy, or lift himself into the regions of coldly correct speculation, and who have prayed, as Fuller prayed for Hall, ‘the Lord keep that young man,’ are witnessing in his productions from year to year an increase of spirituality and pathos. At the close of the sermon, Elder J. B. Taylor prayed most devoutly and earnestly for the young brethren, and in the mean time the hands of the presbytery were laid

on the heads of the candidates. By this time the crowd had received considerable accessions from the other worshipping assemblies just dismissed in the town, and when it was announced that Dr. Broadus would deliver the charge to the ordained, the standing throng around the doors pressed far down the aisles, preserving, however, a breathless silence. The address was replete with mature wisdom, and pervaded by a tenderness befitting the close relations between the speaker and the young men. In a word, it brought out as well as the limits of time and theme would allow, the very high and full-orbed talent, the broad and thorough culture, the deep-toned piety, and the genial sympathies of him to whom this part of the service happily fell. Some difficult discussions would have been necessary to call forth his rare powers of clear analysis, luminous statement, and forcible argumentation. Any occasion, however, exhibits in him a completeness of view that excludes all half truths, an inimitable precision and fulness of expression that makes his utterances almost *ungainsayable*, and a style which combines the Saxon simplicity of Bunyan with the elegance of Hall. After the charge, our ardent, sagacious, practical and devoted missionary to China, Rev. A. B. Cabaniss, presented, on behalf of the presbytery, a Bible to each of the new ministers. Rev. Dr. Quarles gave them the right hand of fellowship. Some of us then expected a rare treat from A. M. Poindexter, but he had the singular good sense not to detain the audience, contenting himself with affectionately commending the dear young brethren to the prayers and sympathies of the pious.

A. B. BROWN.

“Occasionally on a Sunday night, our brother would press one of the ministerial students into service, myself among the rest. Notwithstanding his great ability, it was not a trial to preach in his presence. He was such a kind appreciative listener, that his presence rather helped and stimulated than depressed or embarrassed.

“After leaving the University, I saw little of him for years. I went to the Seminary at Greenville—then the war came on. During all this time the memory of his purity, unselfishness, gentleness and consecration was often an inspiration.

“In the year 1871, I was riding in a carriage with Dr. Brown and the late Dr. A. M. Poindexter. We were talking of the future life, and I used the expression, ‘If we get to Heaven,’ etc. Dr. P. promptly said in substance, ‘you should not speak thus; we are the children of God, through faith in Jesus Christ, and there can be no doubt that we shall reach the heavenly home’. I remember how Dr. Brown seemed impressed, and he told me not long since, that he frequently thought of the incident and that it had been a great blessing to him. He was, as you know, a great friend and admirer of Dr. Poindexter, at whose house in his young manhood he spent much time. He was the

author of the admirable sketch of that gifted man which appeared in Cathcart's Encyclopedia. One of the most impressive things I ever read from his pen was a tribute to Mrs. P., in which occurs the following beautiful passage, in which there is an incidental reference to his own early life :

“Farewell to thee, my sister ! Farewell, perhaps for ever, to Poplar Avenue, my much cherished resort ! Thy tall trees are decaying, thy halls are deserted, most of thy former tenants are mouldering to dust ; and the living are tearing themselves away from a residence amid the tombs. Happy hours have I spent around thy hearthstone, to which memory shall flee for refuge, in the dark days of the future. Bright figures have I seen within thy walls ; but the presence which furnished their most favorable and attractive light is gone forever !

“The last time we met was in Richmond, at our General Association. I can never forget the tender loving words which he spoke to me. I shall always be thankful not only that I knew him, but that he was my friend and gave me a warm place in his heart. A nobler, purer or more gracious soul I never knew.

“ ‘Pure was his life ; its peaceful close  
Hath placed him with the souls of light,  
Among the noble host of those  
Who labored in the cause of right.’

“J. B. TAYLOR.”



The following recollections of Dr. Brown, from the genial and accomplished Professor Holmes, of the University of Virginia, will be read with interest :

“UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

“*18th January, 1886.*

“It was my good fortune to become somewhat intimately acquainted with the late Dr. Brown, when he was settled in Charlottesville, in charge of the Baptist Church. I was strongly attached to him by his earnestness, simplicity, and intelligence. I was favored by him, with as cordial an intercourse, as our constant occupations, difference of duties, and diversity of habits permitted. I frequently attended the services at his church, for the instruction, direction, and consolation derived from his sermons. These were always full of matter, well-considered and suggestive; and were both a guide and a cardiac. The thoughts were abundant, strong, and closely concatenated. There was a novelty, as well as a straightforwardness, in their presentation, which aroused interest, and secured acceptance, after careful examination. Unquestionably, his discourses were too compact and abstruse, to be fully apprehended by an inattentive or unsympathizing audience. Their delivery was awkward, and at times grotesque.

This impaired their effect on a promiscuous congregation. But the negligence of manner, and the disregard of form, drew attention to the substance of what was said, and won upon the regards of those who discerned the value of the gem, without caring for the setting.

“Dr. Brown was eager and single-minded in all he undertook. There was a child’s unconsciousness and self-oblivion in his performance of the work which his hands found to do. He was a diligent and truth-hunting student. What he acquired with meditative toil, he set before his hearers, in the aspect presented to himself, as the imperative fulfilment of his ‘high vocation.’ He had naturally a mind of wide compass and of tenacious grasp. It was a task for any intellectual capacity to master, weigh and adapt to the furniture of the mind, the grave and compressed conclusions which he propounded in ordinary conversation. Even a slight acquaintance sufficed to give assurance that he was a man, mentally and morally, rounded and complete—lord of himself and of the knowledge which he had won from deep mines.

“Others, who knew him well in the seclusion of private life, can speak, as I had no right to speak, of the beauty and purity of his character, of his

gentleness and amiability concealed beneath the outward covering, and of the candor and warmth of his whole nature.

“It is a refreshment to recall the memory of Dr. Brown, after the long interval of years: and the regret for his loss, in the midst of his usefulness is a lasting grief.

“The remembrance of such men is an inheritance.

“Such is the impression stamped upon my memory by Dr. Brown. The lines are still sharp and undefaced, after a quarter of a century.

“GEO. FRED’K HOLMES.”

There are some people who entertain entirely mistaken views, as to the character of Dr. Brown. They see him, even now, only through the lens of exaggerated statement. While gifted and cultured beyond his companions, he was not perfect. He had a weakness that, for a time, seemed almost to paralyze his best efforts, the notoriety of which dimmed his ministerial reputation. Some called it nervousness. Prof. Hart has termed it anger. Whatever it was, no one deplored its presence more than he did.

The writer remembers only one occasion, in which he showed irritation, in a public assembly.

He was preaching to a crowded house in Char-

lottesville, and was discussing a metaphysical subject, that required the most subtle elaboration. The whole power of his being, seemed concentrated in the effort of eliminating the truth. Just at the critical moment, two young men got up from their seats in the gallery near the pulpit, and stalked all the way down the aisle. When they got near to the stairway, he stopped in his sermon, his self-command forsook him, and, pointing his finger to them, as his face blazed with fiery indignation, said : “ Young men, if I were a lawyer at the bar, I would resent such conduct.” The effect on the audience, as on himself, was painful. Good people wept, and strangers stared and wondered. His sermon had vanished—his strength was exhausted. After a feeble attempt to rally, he dismissed the audience, and went away to his home, mortified and distressed.

The next time the church met in prayer-meeting, he appeared before them in tears, apologizing for his conduct, and begging them to pray that he might have grace to overcome his great temptation. He used to say, in speaking of the habit some church-goers have of bowing their heads during preaching, that after having spent a week of preparation for his sermon, he could not bear to preach to the tops of the heads of the people.

At this period of his life he did some of his hardest work as a student. Ignoring his obligations to build up his physical organism, he was constantly employed expanding his mental forces. Coming from his study, his mind all aglow with burning truth that he had to deliver, it was not a difficult matter for him to transfer his emotions from the subject under discussion, to the offender who dared put any obstacle in his way.

Sometimes his wife would say to him, just before going into the pulpit: "Now don't, please don't, notice any disturbance," when he would reply, "You need not tell me that, you know that I wouldn't, if I could help it."

And yet he did finally slay the tyrant. By the force of his will, and by the grace of God, he became in his latter days, one of the most self-possessed of spirits. Those who knew him in middle life, could hardly believe that such a change could have taken place. In the class room, filled with merry rollicking boys, he was the genial, humorous magnetic teacher, and not the irritable, nervous old man that some predicted he would be.

It is not certainly known where the following admirable address was delivered :

CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION.

---

CHRISTIANITY is a system, or rather a complex of truths revealed from heaven to men—truths which the human mind could not discover, but which it can understand and embrace. Civilization, considered apart from Christianity, is the sum of all the truths and institutions which men have without direct divine aid, developed from their intuitions and experience. We are to consider to day, in part the ideal, but chiefly the historical relations of these to each other. We must first slightly modify our definition of Christianity. It is indeed, a revelation to man and not a production of man. But it proceeds upon certain convictions about God and duty, which itself declares to be native to the human mind, but which it unfolds with a new clearness, and sanctions with a higher authority. It is not to be supposed for a moment, that if the heathen by the light of nature, knew enough of God and duty to be without excuse, the advent of Christianity has quenched this native light, or rendered it obsolete and useless. Christianity and civilization therefore, exercise common jurisdiction over the domains of natural theology and of ethics. Here, and here alone, can there—if they understand themselves and each other—be any direct conflict between them. Christianity resents the interference of civilization in the sphere of pure

revelation, and scrupulously avoids intrusion into the peculiar department of her sister. Any legitimate, mutual influence that they can exert, must be wholly indirect. And in fact, their interaction has chiefly been of this character.

The first to be noticed of the indirect influences of Christianity upon civilization, was exercised in the preservation of the Hebrew and Greek, and Roman literature. The most authoritative records of Christian facts and doctrines, are contained in the Greek and Hebrew languages. These records cannot be understood apart from the history and general literature of those nations. So Christianity has been compelled to preserve and interpret them, in order to understand herself. That modern civilization is so grounded on antiquity, is so conservative in its character, has drawn from the past so much of the rich material of institutions, and so many pregnant suggestions for its self-development, is due more to Christianity, than to the inherent vitality of the noblest of the ancient literatures. Let those who love to recognize, and even to exaggerate our obligations to Greece, remember that but for the church, Greece would have been living Greece no more.

Nor is there abatement of this immense debt to Christianity in the alleged fact, that Christianity, while preserving ancient literatures, destroyed ancient institutions. For this is not a fact; Grecian civilization was dying before the advent of Christianity. Its literature was suffocating under the throttling grip of despotism. Its philosophy which once knew, or thought it knew, could now only argue, and doubt and

deny. Its religion had become the secret scoff of the priest and the educated classes, and reigned more in the tastes than in the convictions of the populace. Christianity attacked and destroyed only the religions of the Greeks and Romans. If this religion had been the vital element, or the cement of the civilization, of course its removal would have caused the whole structure to crumble. But such it was not. The Greeks themselves generally believed with us, that their religion was not a revelation, but a human production. And more, they did not consider it the root of their civilization, but a graft infixed by priests, at the instance of crafty statesmen. Surely the destruction of a thing so accidental could have hardly resulted in the death, though it might have led to the modification, of a system of which it formed part. We think, then, that Christianity is fairly to be credited with preservation of ancient literatures, without being debted with the ruin of ancient institutions.

I have said that legitimate influence of Christianity and civilization upon each, outside of natural theology and ethics, must be wholly indirect. You will admit that if there is to be any mutual influence, this is true. But you will ask, must they have relations? Beyond all doubt, Christianity and civilization come together for consideration in the same human soul. They cannot be entertained at the same time, unless they appear to be demonstrably consistent, or to say the least, not obviously inconsistent. A man first stands face to face with Christianity, having in his mind, memories of personal experience, scientific views, political



theories and prejudices, and what not. These things are in his mind, indeed in some sense are his mind. Must they not fix the extent and mode of his conception of Christianity? Must he not renounce some of the views which are clearly irreconcilable with it, or will he not modify his views of Christianity? He will not deliberately renounce them. Objective Christianity he knows to be uncompromising. He will not deliberately sacrifice anything of its form, or spirit, to an enforced harmony of doctrines and institutions, which he has already received. But he will be very happy if, with so many points of contact between, he does not warp his Christianity—his ideas of Christianity—to an accommodation with existing systems and institutions. Notice two important respects in which this has been done. Christianity consists of facts and doctrines. But its facts are not arranged into perfectly regular history. Its doctrines are a beautiful miscellany of principles. Now, we may denounce, or sneer at dogma and systematical theology as much as we please; but the human mind must, and will reduce the truths which it accepts, to order and logical dependence. Now, Christianity has no system of philosophy, no formal logic. How shall it get itself systematized and codified? The Greeks are at hand, offering their philosophy, and especially their rigid logic, as the convenient mould into which might be run the new Christianity. Men were pressing into the Church fresh from the schools of Antioch and Athens, bringing much method into an institution wherein there was little or none. They did a little excellent work. They defined some Christian doctrines,

notably that of the Trinity, with an acuteness and precision, which have never been surpassed in connection with this, or any other subject. But they could hardly fail at times to distort or mutilate Christianity, in adjustment to their Procrustean bed. Christianity had no system of internal government; at most it had only a few definitely fixed regulations for the management of local bodies, called churches, everything else being left flexible or adjustable to circumstances. Unfortunately, there was soon substituted for the Scriptural idea of an invisible Spiritual, general church, ruled by Christ in heaven, the idea of a great visible organized empire with a human head. Where shall be found the model of this empire? Christianity itself knows nothing of statesmanship and administration. These belong to the domain of what we have called civilization in one of its departments. Many Christians who were recent importations from the sphere of politics, were ready to point models for its organization. Some hints they got from the synagogues, more from the Sanhedrim. But the Roman government was a rich treasury of suggestions, with its imperial head, and its descending ranks of dependence and responsibility. Hence the idea of an imperial government for the Church. But a head is lacking to make the system complete. The Christian emperor undertakes himself to supply the deficiency, and an unspiritual, temporal monarchy debauches and then dominates this new external Church. Hence the union of Church and State. But ambitious church dignitaries think it unseemly to have a temporal head for a spiritual body. Hence a pope. As there is now a union of

Church and State, and two heads, one must be actually sovereign.

For a while the pope and his official body are the dependents and supporters, often indeed the grumbling, reluctant dependents and supporters of temporal power. Then sovereign over the temporal power again, relapsing into dependence on, and support of imperial and kingly government. And the papacy, the result of the influence of one department of the old civilization, has either exercised or supported absolute government. I think it but just to say that the old undying Christian spirit, silently working in much of the membership and even the priesthood of the Catholic Church, has often exerted a very different influence.

I have spoken so far, chiefly of the influence of civilization on Christianity. I must hereafter speak of Christianity on civilization. I have said that this is mainly indirect—it does not immediately touch any mundane thing. It quickens, purifies, ennobles the individual soul. It feeds the mind on high thoughts of God and Christ. It substitutes for Plato's pleasing thoughts and fond desire, the confident hope of immortality. It exalts the imagination with views of heaven, or rather, it excites an effort to construct a heaven which never can be fully imagined. Above all, it pierces the conscience with more than the sharpness of a two-edged sword; and mightily taxes and trains the intellect in a grapple with innumerable questions in detail of right and duty, and tones up the will to control without mutilating or destroying the body. In a word, it elevates the man, and

must elevate society in elevating individuals. The revelation from heaven, is light beaming its calorific rays to beautify the social system, light shedding its warming rays to vitalize it, light beaming its chemical and mechanical rays, slowly to change the whole molecular structure of society. Here is something then better than the philosopher's stone; something that changes wood, hay, and stubble into silver and gold, and precious gems. It affects forms of government very much, perhaps even more, than the furnisher of building material affects architecture. Christianity, apart from doing anything to affect forms of government in giving society better men for rulers, for subjects and for citizens, has conferred an inestimable blessing on mankind. I think it does something for modes of government, but in a very quiet and indirect way. It suggests and authorizes no systems. I would not say a word in favor of democracy here to-day, or on any day. I might be allowed to say that I should not feel hurt at being called a democrat; but I should be really grieved to hear my Master called a democrat. He is no democrat. He is no aristocrat, and though king of kings, He is no monarchist. Yet, Christianity tends, slowly tends to develop or change governments into more liberal forms. Many great thinkers have said, notably Dr. Wayland, that free government cannot be maintained among men of a low intellectual and moral grade. They will be, they must be governed by the strong hand. As men become wiser and better, they largely control themselves. The bonds of government will insensibly be relaxed; and administration will spontaneously adjust itself

to the changed conditions, though the tough manacles of inveterate despotism, have sometimes to be dissolved even in Christian nations, amid throes and convulsions. The Puritans of England in contending for some portions of the British Constitution, did violently subvert other portions. This resulted, I am confident, from that union of Church and State, which Protestantism had inherited from the papacy, and had not discarded. Religion and political rights were attacked together, and defended. But where freedom of belief and worship is conceded, civil rights among Christians will generally be sought by constitutional remedies, with little or nothing of violent revolution.

When we come to consider the laws of Christian countries, apart from modes of administration, we find them not so much pervaded by the Christian spirit, as founded on Christianity itself. Ethics belongs, as I said at the beginning, theoretically, to the domains both of Christianity and general civilization. Practically, they have been abandoned, deferred to the patronage of Christianity. And the gospel as it is understood, if not pure ideal gospel, has fashioned the moral ideas of Christendom, and the laws have been founded on them.

The judicial machinery is of human origin. The construction of the jury may be borrowed from ancient Germany; but the substance of the instruction of the judge is drawn from the Jewish and the Christian law-givers.

Christianity originated, and has generally controlled the higher education of the Christian nations. It must have its

teachers, its clergy, taught in the Bible, and in the languages in which it is contained and in the literature of those languages; and for the purpose of systematizing, defending and expounding its doctrines, it must have its ministers educated in philosophy, logic, rhetoric and general literature. It could not safely leave this instruction to aliens and enemies. It must have its own schools. There was no where, but in Church or in State, sufficient organizing power to get up, endow and equip great schools. So the Church, and afterwards Church and State united, but even then chiefly the Church element in the State established all the higher schools; and drew to them instruction in law, in medicine, in the liberal arts so-called, and in a word, all higher education. In very modern times, disintegration has set in law and medicine, set up for themselves. The State parting company with the Church established high-schools, and we are coming to have all sorts of special schools; many of them, unfortunately, without anything of general culturing discipline. We have polytechnic schools, agricultural, art schools, book-keeping schools, and what not. But Christianity, in the Christian denominations, still has the chief control of the higher education; it is the breakwater against innovation, the champion of instruction in the ancient languages, the keystone of its whole educational system. If the unwise demand for the so-called practical, the immediately useful, prevail, the keystone will be knocked out. The system will fall to pieces; and every youth will go with his untrained mind to an apprenticeship in his chosen trade or profession. But to return. Christianity once

did everything; still does almost everything for the higher education. What a mighty influence she has exerted in this way on civilization, goes without saying.

Let us notice some things that it has done. It must teach a high ethics, theoretical and practical. It must give prominence to psychology, the study of the human soul; for with the Christian the maxim, "know thyself" is much more than a beautiful aphorism. Then the higher philosophy, the philosophy of the infinite and the absolute, of cause and effects, touches the very vitals of Christianity, the existence of God. With natural philosophy Christianity would seem to have little to do. Yet it must intervene there to keep in check the spirit of materialism, which seems so native to that department of knowledge. But this is not all. The practical and benevolent interest which modern experimental philosophy takes, in the humble abilities of life, is altogether Christian. There was no chemistry in Plato's day, and almost no mechanical philosophy; and none was desired. Proud ancient philosophy looked with sovereign contempt on the work of sailors, tanners, dyers and builders, and scavengers and washers, and cooks. But Christian philosophy is not proud; she walks with her beautiful robes unsoiled through filthy alleys, and amid pots and ovens, tubs and suds; cheering, lessening, sweetening, guiding, dignifying labor.

Christianity has developed into a science "The laws of nations;" the name and some germs of the thing, existed among the ancients. The Romans talked much and practiced little of "*Jus Gentium*." Virgil expresses Rome's practical con-

ception when he apostrophizes his people in the exclamation : "Do thou, Roman rule the world!" Christianity conceives the sisterhood of the nations; develops the equity, humanity and courtesy, which should govern their intercourse. And though she has not turned the fury of battle she has done much "to smooth the wrinkled brow of grim-visaged war." Then, what blessed institutions of benevolence she has introduced; institutions wholly unknown outside of Christendom. In the asylums which she has organized or suggested, she has kindly nursed the victim, and sternly exorcised the demon of madness. She has made the lame to walk and leap, and praise God. She has been eyes to the blind and ears to the deaf; and she is beginning to teach the dumb literally to speak. She has hovered in the rear of battle with an escort of ministering angels, in the form of blessed Christian women, to nurse its wounded and soothe its dying.

Ah, here I am reminded of an almost unpardonable omission in the body of this address. But how could I have done justice to what Christianity has done by "woman and for woman." I should have utterly failed to represent the sweet and heavenly influence of the Christian mother, or sister or wife. And the most graceful thing which I could have done, would have been to imitate the artist, who despaired of his ability to paint the features of his ideal woman, and simply drew a veil over her face.



## CHAPTER VII.

## THE DAYS OF WAR.

IN a former chapter, Prof. Hart tells us that Dr. Brown was not an original secessionist. He was not in sympathy with the extreme Southern men in their attempt to disrupt the Federal Union. He was, however, a believer in the doctrine of States rights, and felt that his allegiance to Virginia was supreme. When, therefore, Virginia, passed the ordinance of secession, Dr. Brown linked his political fortunes with her. It was not possible for one of his ardent temperament and burning enthusiasm, to remain an indifferent spectator, in the midst of the stirring scenes of war. His soul caught the warlike spirit of the times, and he watched the deepening conflict with inexpressible solicitude. He had neither health nor taste, for the rough life of the soldier, and during the early months of the war, he stood at his post in Hollins Institute. As, however, the war went on, and the religious necessities of the soldiers became more apparent, he felt that he could no longer stand aloof—his place was in the

camp,—not to handle the carnal weapons of an earthly warfare, but to carry the bread of life to the Southern soldiery. So strongly did this conviction possess him, that he resigned his Professorship, sent his family to their home in Pittsylvania county, and entered the camp as a missionary of the cross. It is fortunate for the reader that Dr. J. Wm. Jones, an old army chaplain, who was associated with Dr. Brown at this point in his history, has furnished for this volume an interesting sketch of his work among the soldiers. His gifted pen presents a vivid portraiture of the Christian minister in camp.

“Rarely, if ever, since apostolic times, has the world witnessed more precious revivals than those with which the Army of Northern Virginia was blessed. At the very first there was in the ranks of that army, a very large proportion of the efficient male members of all of the evangelical churches of the South, and the religious interest grew until in the autumn and winter of 62–63 there began a revival which grew in interest, which the bloody campaign of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg did not check, but which in August, '63, culminated in the “great awakening,” which made every camp vocal with the praises of

God, and went graciously on until over *fifteen thousand* soldiers in Lee's army had professed faith in Jesus.

"No organization was more efficient in laboring in the camps and hospitals of the army, than the Virginia Baptist 'Sunday School and Publication Board,' of which Rev. A. E. Dickinson was then the able and efficient Superintendent. At the meeting of the General Association, in June, 1861, the Board was instructed to continue the policy already inaugurated, and to confine their labors chiefly to a vigorous pushing of *army colportage*.

"At the meeting in 1862, the Superintendent reported that the Board had collected \$24,000, published 40 tracts, distributed 6,187,000 pages of tracts, 13,845 copies of 'Camp Hymns, (published by the Board,) besides a large number of Bibles, Testaments, and religious books; the next year they reported \$60,027.34 collected, 80 colporteurs and evangelists among the soldiers, 24,000,000 pages of tracts published and circulated, 25,000 Bibles and Testaments distributed, and many thousand copies of religious papers sent weekly to the camps and hospitals; and for the next two years the Board reported an even larger work performed. Among the most efficient laborers of

this Board, was our honored and gifted brother, *Dr. A. B. Brown*.

“When the war broke out, he was pastor in Charlottesville, and took the most active interest in the religious welfare of the numbers of sick and wounded soldiers congregated in the large hospitals located there. I have no means of knowing the extent and results of these labors, but I distinctly remember that I not unfrequently heard soldiers on their return from these hospitals, speak enthusiastically of Dr. Brown and his work.

“On the march from the Valley to First Fredericksburg, in the latter part of November or first of December, 1862, I was riding one day with that accomplished scholar, brilliant artillerist, and high-toned Christian gentleman, Col. Lewis Minor Coleman (then Professor at the University of Virginia,) who was so soon to yield up his noble life for the land and cause he loved so well, and we got to talking about the religious welfare of the army and the necessity of having our best men to preach in the camps. Col. Coleman, in a strain of eloquent talk, which he only could command, was very emphatic in expressing the opinion that our ablest pastors ought to spend at least a few months each in army work, and in that connection spoke of his pastor, Dr. Brown, in the strongest

terms of affectionate admiration, and said that he should write and beg him to come. It was in this connection that he said: 'Dr. Brown has *my exact range*; he hits me every time.' [I remember that when I once repeated this to Dr. Brown, he seemed touched by the compliment of his distinguished and lamented friend, but added with his usual modesty, 'Ah! but I fear that when I had *Lewis Minor Coleman's* 'range' that I was shooting *over the heads* of everybody else.']

"I do not know whether Col. Coleman was able to fulfill his purpose, (for two weeks later he fell at Fredericksburg, and lingered for several weeks to show how a Christian soldier could die,) but I do know that Dr. Brown was anxious to come to the army to preach, and that in the autumn of 1863 or winter of 1863-64 he accepted an appointment from the Colportage Board, and was attached to Carter's Artillery Battallion (of which Col. Thos. H. Carter was Colonel, and Lieut. Colonel Carter Braxton was second in command,) as Missionary Chaplain. I very much regret that I cannot now find certain material which would give me some details of Dr. Brown's army work. But I have a very distinct impression of the earnest zeal with which he threw himself into the work, the ability and power with which he preached, and the gentle

self-sacrificing spirit with which he labored among the sick and wounded. I had the privilege of hearing him preach a few times, and I remember being surprised and delighted to find that he added to the great ability which always characterized his sermons a tender pathos, an unction, and a *popular* power which seemed to move and thrill all who heard him. He 'had the range' of the most intelligent and scholarly men who heard him, (and there were many of them in Lee's army, especially in the Artillery,) but he also 'hit every time' the humblest and most illiterate of his auditors. With a stump for his pulpit, the blue canopy of heaven for his 'sounding board,' and for his auditors bronzed veterans of an hundred fights, ready soon, perhaps, to fight their last battle, his very soul seemed stirred within him, and if eloquence is 'logic set on fire,' then he was eloquent above almost any man I ever heard.

"I remember hearing him on the text, 'Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who though He was rich yet for your sakes became poor that ye through His poverty might be rich,' and I have often wished that I had been able to make a verbatim report of his portrayal to those ragged, barefooted 'boys in gray,' of *the riches and the poverty of Jesus, and the result to us*. Such a report would, I

am sure, have taken rank among the great sermons of the ages.

“I recall with mournful pleasure now, a week or ten days I spent with him near Frederick’s Hall Depot, Louisa County, in the latter part of February, 1864. We were preaching several times every day in the Artillery of Ewell’s corps, which was in winter quarters near by, and were being entertained with old Virginia Christian hospitality by those noble Baptist women, the Misses Garland, and rarely did I ever enjoy a greater intellectual and spiritual treat than in my intercourse with this intellectual giant, this humble, devout Christian. He was certainly one of the ‘fullest’ men I ever met, and I said of him one day, after we had been discoursing certain military plans, ‘he ought to have been a general.’ It was during this visit that the celebrated Dahlgren raid occurred, and Dahlgren dashed up within several hundred yards of the artillery, which he might have captured had he not been frightened off by the false report that there was a heavy infantry support there. I remember some very ludicrous experiences which Dr. Brown and myself had in tramping around in the rain and mud, acting as guides, carrying our muskets, etc., and I shall never forget the alacrity with which he availed himself of every opportu-

nity to speak a word for Christ to individual soldiers, and to preach to the gathered congregation of brave fellows.

“He spoke to me enthusiastically of his work among the soldiers, and I have frequently heard him since speak very earnestly of the pleasure his labors among them gave him.

“I have no means at hand of ascertaining the number of professions of conversion in connection with his labors, but I know there were many; I am sure that many of God’s people were strengthened and built up by the ‘strong meat’ he gave them, and I doubt not that he won in this field many ‘jewels, bright jewels,’ for his Saviour’s diadem—many ‘stars’ that now glitter in his own ‘crown of rejoicing.’

“J. WM. JONES.”



A SERMON ON SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

---

“And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.”—Romans viii. 28.

WE accept, and intend to maintain this proposition in its obvious, that is its utmost breadth. It manifestly has this extent of meaning, that all the machinery of dead, and all the organisms of living nature, all the simultaneous, and all the successive actions of men, angels and devils, as well as the immediate activities of God Himself, are embraced in a system of unqualified beneficence to Christians. Certain features of the system may be singly harsh, but they are adjusted with infinite skill, as foils, to the benignity of its entire countenance. Some object to the all embracing comprehension, which we give our passage, on the ground that only the afflictions of the saints are alluded to, in the context, as digested into a system of grim-visaged mercy. The afflictions of the saints are indeed in the context, but they are there as the occasions, and not as the grounds of the statement which furnishes our topic. Now, while conclusions cannot legitimately go beyond their premises, nothing is more usual or more allowable than that principles, are pushed beyond the occasions of their announcement. Human tribunals often formally

propose doctrines affecting the most important legal controversies in deciding cases directly involving only a few dimes. And a similar extension of principles, so as to out-reach the circumstances in which they are imbedded, is characteristic of Divine revelation. Even if there were (as there is not) anything in the original text justifying the rendering "*all these things*" instead of "*all things*," the unlimited proposition would still be necessarily implied, though not expressly stated. If sufferings are planned upon a method of disciplinary mercy, they can only form a part of a still more comprehensive system. For otherwise, events wearing a friendly aspect, or hoisting neutral colors, would ever be thwarting the stern and frowning method. Gleams of sunshine would disturb the salutary effect of clouds freighted with blessings; and the smile of our Father would interfere with the well-weighed effect of the graver countenance of His love; it is then as repugnant to reason, as it is revolting to our religious intuitions to affirm that God's frowns are systematic, and His smiles desultory, and occasional. If then, there is any system of merciful providence over Christians, that system is necessarily all-embracing. But you ask why consume time on so clear a matter? And I pass from the statement to the discussion of our proposition.

It is indispensable to a proper decision on the conclusiveness of the arguments, to be submitted, that the basis on which we rest the doctrine be clearly understood. We establish our proposition simply by the authority of Scripture, we confirm it by its beautiful correspondence with what reason teaches of

the infinitely active beneficence of God towards those who are at peace with Him, and we vindicate it from the charge of being in irreconcilable conflict with the testimony of experience and philosophy, to the prevalence of inflexible law in the Divine government.

We are sure of commending it to the hearty acceptance of our hearers, when we show that it is a deliverance of the well-attested word of God, and that it is not a square and necessary contradiction of any demonstrated truth. We do not base the minute providence over the Christian, for which we contend, on the experience of individuals, or on history, the experience of the race. Reason may conceive that opposing events, like streamlets gushing from opposite sides of a hill, may be tributaries to the same stream of beneficence, and that all the bewildering maze of forces that seems to revel so capriciously around the Christian, is marshaled with exactest method, by the Captain of His salvation.

But what reason can conceive as possible, experience cannot assert as actual. History maintains with, we believe, a justified confidence that, when masses of men and centuries of time are considered, the course of events is, on the whole, favorable to virtue. It is, however, utterly unable to assert that outward prosperity is, with any approach to uniformity, meted out to individuals according to merit.

If modern novelists, wish to make nature their standard, their closing award of exposure and frustration to the wicked, and of vindication and happiness to their favorites, temporarily hindered of good, is a justice altogether *too poetical*. The

grand old Greek dramatists, orphaned of God and of hope, were scarcely on a greater extreme when they arrayed their highest conceptions of human excellence in unequal contest, with unjust gods and inexorable fate. So dark was their picture of human life that tragedy, the name of their more serious drama, has become the current word for an act that curdles the blood, and catastrophe, its close, is the usual designation of a startling explosion of horrors. History presents innumerable facts, hardly less sombre than their melancholy fiction.

The pioneers of human progress, have generally led the van through dreary deserts, and have often died uncheered by even a sight of the promised land. Miltons have lived in blindness, and died in poverty and neglect, while blaspheming triflers and libertines were surfeiting on exactions wrung from the toiling million. Antichrist fattens on human blood, and the souls of the martyrs cry from under the altar, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?"

How indifferent would God seem to be to the interests of His church. Infidels at eighty, with natural force unabated, belch forth their horid ribaldry, when men like Dr. Bagby fall just as their lives are beginning to yield the full fruitage of a half-century's skillful and diligent culture. It is not surprising that those who read only the surface of facts, should misconceive God's attitude toward the struggles of truth. No wonder that Epicurus thought God took no side in the conflicts of life, and that Napoleon thought He took the side of the heaviest artillery!

It would argue a causeless jealousy in the irreligious to accuse the Almighty of partiality to Christians simply as such, from the marked character of His external favors. Temperance, and the prudent management of the body, generally lead the worldling and the Christian alike to health. The skill, industry, and economy of each, equally conduces to wealth. Not only, does not the unskilful Christian prosper in business beyond the sagacious man of the world, but the obedience of the one to the laws of accumulation seems as likely as that of the other to be rewarded with the good that lies in that line; and extraordinary events to favor or to thwart the attainment of material good, appear about equally to befall each. We must then have better proof of the truth of our text than the facility with which we can show that the fertilizing showers, are singularly partial to the fields of the saints, and that the destructive thunderbolt is manifestly signaled away from churches and aimed with special frequency at brothels and gaming saloons.

Yet there is nothing in all this to show that the Christian is not in the midst of a system whose minutest details are regulated mercies. A chaos of events is apparently beating upon his soul. But this event brings spiritual food—this is a merciful blister for his fevered passions—this is cautery—this is soothing lotion—all is graciously timed and graduated. This seeming jumble of influences that address the soul, is a well-ordered succession of types charged to make a most gracious, but invisible, imprint for eternity.

Christian, you have not for this the evidence of sense, but

you have the clear and abundant testimony of Scripture. "Your shoes shall be iron and brass, and as your day so shall your strength be." "Thine eyes did see my substance yet being imperfect, and, in Thy book, all my members were written which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there were none of them." "The hairs of your heads are all numbered." "Our light afflictions which are but for a moment work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Not to multiply passages, we cite only in addition the clear and explicit text of the present discourse.

Who will affirm on the mere negative testimony of sense, that God has not arranged the universe of matter and of mind, in whole and in detail, with most beneficent regard to each saint and to the whole church? Is the material creation too vast and complicated—is matter too sullenly inert to become, even at the fiat of omnipotence, instinct with order and animation to this end? Will any one deny to Him who holds the keys of the bottomless pit, the power and the purpose to more than defeat the schemes of devils and lead them forth a scowling chain-gang to work on the highway that leads the saints to glory?

We have said that our proposition established by Scripture, is corroborated by our strongest and holiest religious institutions. It is the great problem in the moral government of God, for which we are probably no better prepared than a child is to comprehend capital punishment in the administration of a ruler of acknowledged benevolence, that such sternness is threatened against God's persistent enemies. But this

very difficulty commits our heart and intellect still more to the indubitable persuasion of His abounding grace to his friends. Shall we put any limits to His overflowing grace to the good, when we find it so hard to realize His severity towards the wicked?

Men are puzzled at God's rigor to Satan. Still they cannot know that everything in His original nature, the whole material universe, if it then existed, and all the angels of heaven did not, unite in one solid friendly remonstrance against His first conception of sin. Shall we puzzle too, over the assertion that the resistance of the unfallen angels to His temptation, strengthened and developed their holiness, enriching Heaven with all, or even more than all that was lost in Hell? Surely the fall of Adam has worked good to those who called, according to the Divine purpose, have obeyed the overtures to repentance and reconciliation. It has revealed God in the otherwise impossible attitude of mercy, it has furnished the conditions of the cross. It has been the occasion of the mission of the Holy Ghost, and of securing to the Christian, an impregnable position in having his life hid with Christ in God.

Will you fix your eye on the system of peril through which so much mercy has been dispensed, and not consider distinctly the grace, which in the reign of a God of love *must* be its counterpart. Even the peril in the case of the lost, you are too prone to construe into an inevitable doom to destruction. When you transport yourselves to the beginning of the present order of things, and attempt to look through the perspective

glass of the Divine foreknowledge, you illude yourselves with hideous unrealities; you seem to see men and devils gravitating down the slopes of necessary thought, and running the channels of fateful habit, and dizzying along in the boiling waves of passion, and finally shooting the rapids of irresistible temptation. Oh, sirs, use the more manageable glasses of memory and conscience. Look at some slighter cascade of temptation, which you have recently leaped, and see if conscience does not testify you might have resisted, and if reason does not affirm, that you might not only have repulsed evil, but conquered it and enriched yourselves with its spoils. It may be, that the power of resisted trial to lift the victor to a higher plane of excellence, fully vindicates God's stern probation of moral agents in locating, on the brink of a precipice, the spring-board on which they train for glory. Risks, so rich in the possibilities of virtue and honor, are even blessings to those whose wilfulness or neglect, converts them into curses. And to complain of them, may, for aught we know, be as absurd, as for a son to complain of his father for giving him an opportunity to cultivate his mechanical ingenuity, by putting into his hands the pocket-knife, with which he might carelessly cut his fingers.

Sinners, you are still in the region of undecided risks; the Lord has not settled upon you your rich endowment of talents by fixed entail; you are not hampered in freely putting the Lord's money to the exchangers.

In the exercise of your freedom, commit your treasure to the Redeemer, and exchange peril for absolute safety. You are



offended by probation; forfeited, you are puzzled by probations, pending your best conceptions of God, then unite with Scripture in pointing to a people abiding in full security, and on whom the whole scheme of providence bends a direct and benignant gaze. Sinner, come to the place of safety. Your soul is in peril; forces now in motion are converging by the shortest lines for your investment; the great king holds them. The heralds come forward with terms of peace, and seek with steadfast importunity, to fix your eyes on white-winged mercy, hovering over you a moment in breathless interest before she weighs her pinions for her eternal flight. Come to where all things work together for good—where Divine providence envelops you in an atmosphere of life and light, and fragrance, and sits to you all around as a girdle of strength, and a garment of beauty. But upon you, Christian, that dwell under the shadow of the wing of the Almighty, and upon you only this precarious truth, sheds its full light and warmth. It assures you that all the material and all the spiritual forces, that have been in motion since first, “the sons of God shouted for joy,” converge in lines of mercy on your present position. And whether you are flooded with the radiance which beamed on the Mount of Transfiguration, or buried in the darkness which shrouded the three disciples in Gethsemane, it is good to be here, and here you should raise your Ebenezer. It reveals most beneficent stings in the thistles that luxuriate around you. It warrants that the fields which you are now sowing in tears, shall yield richer fruits and rarer flowers, than Eden bore.

We come now to consider objections to this doctrine; and here we explicitly insist on what has been suggested, that simple difficulties in realizing all the applications of the doctrine, by no means explode it. If difficulties should justify a reflection of statements about God we could safely divest Him of each of His attributes, and even deny to Him existence. Difficulties that legitimate even a doubt of the well avouched teachings of inspiration, must be demonstrated impossibilities or contradictions.

We confidently deny this character to the difficulties which men of science find in our doctrine. The doubts of philosophers will be found impotent not to disprove, while their positive and certain truths, go far to demonstrate. Philosophers love to proclaim that "all things work together." They find then that God works on a most comprehensive plan. We contend, on the authority of Scripture, that God marshals everything that affects the Christian according to a most exact method. They are the champions of the principle that, "Order is Heaven's first law."

Having created a presumption in favor of its widest extent, will they abandon it just where it affects our most important interests? We think the man of science goes far towards establishing our position. We are right sure that he is utterly unable to overthrow it. "All things work together," he admits. Then farewell to atheism! For what think you of whole codes of natural law, self-enacted, and innumerable bodies self-moved, each adjusted to each, with exactest symmetry, each performing its appropriate work, and furnishing

collateral employment to every other. Some creeping like the shadow of the dial, some winged with lightning, yet each delivering to each, its prescribed task at the appointed time? What an exaggerated compliment to the movements of armies, and the intricate organization of states, to compare them to clock work; but what halting justice to the mechanism of God! Here is the great organizing mind. "All things work together." The atmosphere draws upon the oceans in favor of the failing fountains, and the parched fields. The rivers roll back the surplus. "All its rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full." What exquisite adjustment.

While scores of illustrations, equally striking, solicit mention, let us for brevity, restrict ourselves to one more, and that too, connected with the air. Every animal is inhaling oxygen, and breathing out carbonic acid. Every vegetable is absorbing carbonic acid, emitting oxygen. A very slight increase of oxygen would be to men as intoxicating as brandy, and fire their brains into frenzy, while a little deficiency would lull them into lethargy. Now, so admirable are the countless tribes of vegetable creation, balanced against the varied hosts of the animal kingdom, that the atmosphere is preserved without appreciable change. So precise is the balance, that it would seem, neither a sparrow could fall to the ground on this side, nor a blade of grass be cast into the oven on that side, without its disturbance. The tests of scientific men in this case, rather suggest than refute, the specialty of providence for which we contend. Where they find some departures from a method which delights the sense, they,

themselves demonstrate a still higher method which satisfies the mind. Discovering some irregularities in the motions of the heavenly bodies, and alarmed lest remorseless, law should dash together the revolving worlds, they make intricate calculations, and find these disturbances consistent with, yea, even necessary to the stability of the system. They meet everywhere in nature, arrangements like the governor of a steam engine, tending to make the very acceleration of motion reduce the moving force.

Everywhere in nature they point us to certain superior limits, above which its elements cannot rise; and certain inferior limits below which they cannot fall. All the movements of science are in the direction of the doctrine that everything is especially calculated in the Divine plan. But, in the interests of the laws of nature which she worships, science recoils from the doctrine which she has almost demonstrated. We deny that there is any necessary conflict between the widest and most rigorous reign of natural law and the most specific provision for every event in the life of the Christian. The sparkling satire which Mr. Pope hurls at the doctrine of special providence, totally misrepresents it as requiring the suspension or reversal of law. Hear him :

“Think we, like some weak prince, the Eternal Cause,  
Prone for His favorites, to reverse His laws;  
Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage requires,  
Forget to thunder and recall her fires;  
On air or sea new motions be impressed,  
Oh, blameless *Bethel*, to relieve thy breast?  
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,  
Shall gravitation cease if you go by?”

Certainly not. But is it quite impossible that God should provide against our passing at so dangerous a moment, unless we can thus die at the ripest time for our good and His glory? We admire the fixedness of Heaven's laws as much as Mr. Pope. We COULD NOT live a moment in a world of chance, and a world of continued miracle would be entirely unadapted to our mental economy. But we demand the proof that the minutest end of Divine tenderness requires the slightest suspension of the order of nature.

Dr. M'Cosh, we think it is, who first suggested the fruitful idea of the accomplishment of special ends, by the exquisite adjustment of bodies and of laws. Let us embody his hint in a conception somewhat different from his own. Conceive, then, the material universe as consisting of an indefinite number of moving forces, or rather moved atoms. What hinders that any particle or collection of particles should have been created at such a moment of infinite duration, and impelled from such spot in infinite space in such direction and with such energy of movement as to reach any chosen point at any given time; and that any number of particles, or collective bodies, should have been so moved as at any required moment to maintain any desired mutual relation, and to assume as a whole any desired aspect? One body may be moving in a bee-line to the destruction of another; a third, charged with the orders of the Ancient of days, may so wing its measured flight as to cross the track of the assailant and lift away the victim in the very crisis of its fate! Several forces may meet at a required angle and change their rigid lines of motion

into graceful curves, or any number of them may assemble as relays at appointed stations, and, like steeds of varying strength and speed, wheel the Lord's artillery or the Lord's cars, freighted with mercy, in labyrinths that mock the Calculus. But our conception is too simple. All action, mechanical, chemical, or physiological, produces, indeed, or destroys motion ; and, however numerous the impacts on a single body, there is only a single resultant movement. But the bodies in nature are diverse, each order having many-sided and peculiar relations to every other. Some brought into new proximities, develop sympathies or antipathies that have slumbered from eternity. There will, therefore, be not only the innumerable original projections, of which we have spoken, but the immensely more numerous perturbations due to the action of body on body. The question is not whether it is *hard to imagine* how God keeps all things in motion without any natural collision, except such as suit a definite purpose towards all, and towards each ; but is it *impossible to conceive* that with absolute command of time, and space, and degree of motion, God can execute a definite purpose in regard to every particle of matter. It is hard for some to imagine their heads pointing without inconvenience in all directions which the rotation of the earth demands. It is harder still to picture a nail in a cart-felloe as never going backwards in absolute space, while the wheel revolves. It is extremely hard to imagine the moon as passing in every revolution directly between the earth and the sun, and its orbit still, as always, concave to both these bodies ; yet all these things so hard to imagine are demonstrably true.

It is certainly unphilosophical to deny a well authenticated statement, which cannot be disproved, because a faculty, so easily bewildered in trying to follow the track of demonstration, cannot realize it.

Philosophers assure us that the perturbations of the planets conduce to the stability of the solar system. Can they assure that these disturbing actions of substance on substance have not been planned with a view to flexibility? The man of science tells us "the Lord's steps are all ordered and they are all steady and strong." "Yes," says the man of faith, "and they are likewise all graceful and lithe." His flexible hand guides the blind atoms through their mazy gropings to their predetermined station in the body of the forest oak. His delicate strokes have fashioned the light armor of the electric warriors, and His voice summons by name the picked aerial squadrons that hurl on the devoted tree their resistless charge. You are to-day constituted of innumerable atoms that since the dawn of time have been on their march to their present rendezvous in your bodies; and notwithstanding their apparent revelry of motion, every step has been taken under the eye of the commander and with more than military precision. This, you say, is assertion. But it is assertion, founded on the Word of God, and within the limits of the conceivable. Can it be shown against us that God has not numbered the hairs of the heads of His people? that He has not guided to its place each droplet of moisture which lends to their gloss, and each molecule of light which contributes to their color? Is it too much for God to have moved by general laws every minutest

thing to its present altitude in the face of nature, and to have given to the whole face and each most delicate feature an aspect of benignity to the Christian?

There might be supposed still greater difficulty in admitting that, the minute plans of Divine mercy to the saints, are not in danger of being disconcerted by the action of rational beings. Shall they not in misguided affection, or in the malignity, or caprice of their wills, thwart the details of the Divine scheme? Discarding all subtleties about fate and free will, let us take the testimony of analogy on this question. You foresee the movements of great masses of men (quite as well as you do those of great masses of matter). You predict the actions of individuals even more confidently than you do the courses of the winds. And shall not God adjust His plans with reference to the conduct of intelligent beings? You can count upon the actions of men, quite as confidently as upon the operations of those parts of nature, with which you come immediately into contact. General Lee, who with such wonderful prescience, anticipated for so long all the movements of his enemy, doubtless understood General Grant better than he did the weather. A skilful player, not only foresees, but compels the moves of his antagonist. In the light of these illustrations, where is the difficulty of conceiving God as controlling, without direct coercion some steps of enemies, and defeating others? Whether then, God brings wicked men and devils under close investment, or allows them the largest liberty of the field, there is no reason to doubt that He will weave their narrow and



malignant wills into the web of His comprehensive and gracious designs.

It is delightful to think how God works in our own wills towards inditing our petitions. You will probably pray to-night. God we think, will not absolutely and irresistibly, coerce your wills to certain petitions. Yet, He will so flood your mind with light, so quicken your desires, so distinctly present to you what you need, and ply you with such gentle importunate, almost imperious persuasion, that you will say we could scarcely help praying. Certainly if you are to pray; He knows your petition in advance. He has understood your thought afar off. The trains have already been long on the way loaded, with the presents which God's children are yet to ask for. And my Lord will not delay His coming!

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE COUNTRY PASTOR.

THE older reader will readily recall the collapsed and desolate condition in which Virginia was left by the Civil War. For four years her fields had been trampled by contending armies, and her air had trembled with the roar of continuous battle. Her towns had been transformed into barracks and hospitals. Not only had there been the great battles in which vast armies struggled for the mastery, but the raider, the barn-burner and the deserter, had penetrated in almost every nook and corner of the State, carrying waste and wreck everywhere they went. The Southern soldiers, scattered over every part of the State, bleeding with wounds, famishing for bread, and sometimes reckless in their necessities, had joined with the invader in consuming the substance of the old Dominion. When the end came, it was a tragedy; the star of Southern hope went down in blackest night. The days which followed were so full of bitterness and despair, that many of the older people, stripped of strength and fortune, sank

broken-hearted to their graves. In almost every family grave-yard, there was a soldier's grave; sometimes it was the father, sometimes the brother, sometimes the son, and sometimes the husband. Many sat down amid the ruins of the Lost Cause, penniless and dejected, and felt that there could be no future for them.

The country home, as if in sympathy with the destructiveness of the times, had sunken to decay. The farms were fenceless and overrun with briars, and reluctant to yield to the touch of its owner, just returned from the war. Slavery was gone, the State was without government or resources; the people were reduced to penury; the barns, if not in ashes, were emptied; the conquered soldier was not permitted to bring home his sword that he might transform it into an implement of husbandry. It is enough to melt one to pity and tears, even now, to recall the discouragements under which our men undertook in the late spring of 1865, without suitable utensils or stock, to break up their grounds and set their crops. It is due to them to say, that with heroic alacrity, many of them promptly accepted the situation, went to work, and by indomitable energy, wooed prosperity back to their homes and fields. Those who sulked in despondency and cherished bitter

memories, lost their chance, sank out of sight and left Virginia as an open field to her nobler sons.

It has already been mentioned that A. B. Brown married in Pittsylvania County. At the time of this event, the father of his wife, was according to the estimate of those times, quite a wealthy gentleman. In a partial division of his property, Mr. Wimbish, the father of Mrs. Brown, in accordance with her own choice, gave her portion in money, which was deposited in a Richmond bank; ten thousand dollars of which, were subject to her husband's order. Sharing the hopefulness of the times, they allowed this money to remain in the bank, and it was lost in the general ruin which came at last. Mr. Brown entered the army in 1863, and continued in the camp until the autumn of 1864, when he was summoned home by the illness of Mr. Wimbish. He did not return to the army; but remained quietly with his family till the end of the struggle.

His home was situated on the border line of Pittsylvania and Halifax counties, and as his social and pastoral relations connected him with both counties, he usually spoke of the two together as equally his home.

For, generations these counties have ranked among the most prosperous and influential in the

State, and have been distinguished for the respectability and intelligence of their citizens. They form an important part of that wonderfully fertile tobacco garden, so widely celebrated for producing the yellow leaf tobacco.

Owing to their location on the southern border of the State, these counties were not so utterly wasted by the war, as were many other sections. In Mr. Brown's absence, his farm had been cultivated by his servants; and at the end of the war, he had supplies sufficient for the opening year. His slaves, although liberated in April, 1865, remained with him till the end of the year, and, by their help, he was enabled to refill his storehouses in part at least. To this he added something by teaching a small school. The next year brought upon him severe trials. His former servants, naturally enough, grew weary of their confinement, and went forth to taste the sweets of their new liberty. This left him in an awkward dependency. He was not accustomed to the work of the farm. On account of his fragile constitution, he was poorly fitted for enduring the hardships of the plantation, and all of his habits and tastes allured him in another direction.

As best he could, and largely without help, he undertook the care of the farm. To those who

knew him, there would be something incongruous and ludicrous, if there was not so much that was manly and pathetic in the picture of A. B. Brown turning away from his companionship with Plato, Hamilton, and his Greek Testament, that he might make bread, by the sweat of his face, for his family. It will bring a pensive smile even yet to the cheeks of many readers, to think of him as he followed the plow, dropped the corn, planted the tobacco, sowed the oats, fed his stock, watched the weather, and communed with his more practical neighbors about the knotty problems of the plantation. We doubt not that many of the old farmers chuckled in quiet glee at his awkwardness and blunders in his new avocation. They mistook greatly if they imagined that he did not understand the agricultural art. He knew the science of agriculture with a thoroughness that was extraordinary, and while he shrank from the details of a farmer's life, his native wit, enriched by ample culture, formed in his character the basis for success in agricultural life.

His temporary divorce from books was like the enforced absence of a lover from the chosen of his heart. He practiced many a pious fraud upon his agricultural enthusiasm by whipping out his Greek

Testament at the end of the furrow, and taking a sip at the fountain of truth.

His old passion for teaching speedily revived, and young men whose education had been belated by the war, flocked to his house and sat at his feet. The impress which he put upon those youths abides even yet, and is plainly seen in their noble characters and commanding influence. The grade of intelligence in his old community is higher to-day because of the fact that many of its citizens had A. B. Brown for their teacher in their boyhood.

But above his love of teaching, was his devotion to the pulpit. Few men ever possessed such sublime views of the Gospel of Christ as he had. He walked the mountain heights. It was not long before the Baptist churches in his reach began to call him from his retreat, and he was not unmindful of their summons.

A lack of space forbids anything like historical sketches of the various churches in his two counties, (for he claimed them both,) which from time to time he served. Their names, at least, deserved to be embalmed in this humble tribute to their now glorified pastor. They were, Mill Stone, Arbor, Ellis Creek, Greenfield, Shockoe and Catawba, County Line, and possibly others.

It may surprise some that a man of such sur-

passing abilities and almost immeasurable learning, as was A. B. Brown, should be called to minister to country churches.

In that respect he was a favored man. He had in the citizens which constituted his congregations, a higher type of thoughtfulness and spiritual maturity, than is usually found in a metropolitan pastorate. Country people do not see so much as do the town people, but they read, and think, and talk together, far more. They extract more from one ripened sermon in a month, than many clattering and noisy townsmen pick up from the elaborate and stilted services, which are tri-weekly rendered in many great city churches. There is in the country people, a candor, and freedom, and responsiveness, which constitute the preacher's noblest earthly inspiration.

Beside, in consenting to be a country pastor, Mr. Brown only followed in the wake of many of the most gifted and illustrious Baptist ministers, who have advanced the standard and enriched the record of our people. Time would fail to bring out even to momentary view our Baptist chiefs, who, in the past—as indeed, many are doing in the present—have eschewed the fastidious and exacting pastorates of the city, and devoted their whole lives to a well-contented service as country



pastors. There was the Elder Andrew Broaddus, who, in the majesty of his person, greatly surpassed, as in his graceful and thrilling eloquence, he stood a rival of Robert Hall. He was a country pastor, and is it not pardonable to say, that if his son, Rev. Andrew Broaddus, DD., of Caroline County, Virginia, falls below the eagle sweep of his father's eloquence, he is his equal in purity of character, and his superior in biblical learning, perspicuity of speech, and heavenly power to win men from sin to God. He, too, is a country pastor. There was Robert Semple—the counsellor, the organizer, and the historian. And later, in the same region of Virginia, arose Dr. Richard Hugh Bagby—the man of rugged face, but rich in scriptural knowledge, and one of the wisest pastors that the Baptists of Virginia ever had. There was Barnett Grimsley, the Patrick Henry of the Virginia pulpit, with a voice of melody, a soul of love, and a tongue touched with seraphic speech; no earthly inducement could ever allure him from his Piedmont home and his country churches, to the trying scenes of the city.

There was Reuben Jones, just translated from beneath the juniper tree, where he often wept, to the shade of the Tree of Life; a Chesterfield in bearing, a poet in sentiment, with a soul full of

genial humor, and a man of might with men and with God. For the bulk of his long career he was a country pastor.

But the forms of brethren now gone, and of those who still live, swarm before my fancy an innumerable host. There they are—the Hernonds, the Witts, the Leftwiches, the Allens, the Harrises, the Rices, the Tyrees, the Dickinsons, the Sydnors, the Masons, the Lees, and many, many more not to be mentioned here, whose names are in the Book of Life.

I may anticipate what is to follow later on, to the extent of saying, that the years spent by A. B. Brown, in his country pastorate, were the most growthful part of his life. While he kept himself abreast of the times in social and political movements; while he was genial and neighborly, and won the trustful affection of his people, his kingdom was in his study, and his King met him day by day in his closet. Occasionally, he sprang forth to public view, and whenever he spoke, his brethren heard him gladly. With each rolling year, his public utterances betokened the breadth of his research, and the freshness of his thoughts.

As he grew subjectively, he grew in true and righteous fame. The people who had been afraid of him, took his measure anew, and saw that he

was great. Soon after the war, Richmond College, acknowledged his ability and worth, by conferring upon him, the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Perhaps it will be a friendly relief to the curiosity of the reader to say, that the degree of LL.D., was given him by the University of Tennessee, in 1884.

When he was offered the Professorship of English, in our College, his churches were smitten with distress. They lamented his loss and yet, their devotion to him speedily adopted the generous suggestion, that their loss would be for his good. Every summer when his college work was done, he closed his home in Richmond, and hied away to his country home in Pittsylvania. His annual returns were hailed with joyful acclamation, and his successors, in the pastorate, vied with each other in kindly rivalry to bring him to the pulpits, and have him preach for his old charges. So well content was he to linger during the sultry days, in his beloved Pittsylvania, that it was hard to tempt him away for any purpose, except to plead the cause of Christian education.

But we come now to the time when he preached his farewell sermons to his bereaved churches, and set out for that post at which, so lately, so suddenly, and so gloriously he fell. This chapter

must not be closed, until some of those who were closely associated with him during his country pastorate, have borne their tender tribute to his worth.

First in the voices of grief and admiration, which come to us, from the neighborhood of his country home, it seems that, that of his beloved friend and associate in ministerial work, should appear at this point. This is what Rev. Wm. Slate, a man of God has to say :

“It will be my purpose to write something in regard to his worth and labors since I first knew him. I am glad it has been my privilege to know him for twenty-five years. I have been associated with a good many ministers in that time—I have never known a purer, more unselfish man. He was exceedingly liberal for his means ; in fact, I thought him too much so. I have been with him in meetings when different objects would come up, and I knew his condition well enough, to know, he was not able to give anything ; but after some eloquent appeal he would empty his pockets of the last cent. I remember on one occasion at a District Association at Black Walnut (directly after the war) ; his noble wife gave him money to purchase a vest, and after a stirring appeal by Dr. A. M. Poindexter,

in behalf of Foreign Missions, he got up and said: 'Here is money my wife gave me when I left home to purchase me a vest, but the vest may go, and I will do without it—and Foreign Missions can have it.' At another time, in the General Association, when an urgent appeal was made for Richmond College, he gave his bond for more than he could afford to do—I told him so at the time—I was fearful it would trouble him to pay it; and when the note fell due he was unable to meet it, and owing to the condition of the horses, he found it necessary to walk twelve or fifteen miles to look up one of his deacons, more highly favored than himself, for the purpose of getting that deacon to meet his note, and hold it up until his meagre salary was paid in, so that he could refund. Thus, you see he was one of the most earnest and devoted friends of Richmond College. He not only graced the Professor's chair, but everywhere he went, he worked for the college; and long years before he was made Professor, he gave his money and labor for its upbuilding. The general sentiment of the Baptists of this section is, that Richmond College never did a wiser thing than when they associated him with the Faculty.

“Dr. Brown was not like a good many that could

see the mote in his brother's eye, and not see the beam in his own eye. He saw his own faults and would admit them and try to rectify them. He was naturally an exceedingly kind-hearted man, and tried hard to help everybody, or give them some word of encouragement. I remember distinctly the first time I ever saw him. I was a poor orphan boy in Meadville, at school; going to school awhile, and teaching and doing the best I could to obtain my education. Some one told him my condition; how hard I was working to get an education, and that I wanted to be a minister; and he came round to me and placed his hand on my head, and gave me such words of encouragement as I shall never forget. The night the sad news reached me that Dr. A. B. Brown was no more, I could not sleep, for thinking about him and the noble ones that had gone before me—and several times that night I felt like I could feel the pressure of that hand on my head; and hear the words of encouragement he repeated to me then.

“Brother Brown lived some fifteen or twenty years in Pittsylvania, near his wife's father. We labored together a good deal, have been pastors of the same churches. Shockoe, Greenfield, County Line, Republican Grove, were his churches for some time. In all of these his members were devoted

to him ; and I hear some of them express themselves now—they say, truly, a mighty man has fallen—and they say that they feel almost as if one of their own household was gone. It was pleasant to work with Brother Brown, he was always so humble. No matter how much his speeches were complimented, or his sermons, it never seemed to puff him—and he was the same Brown—and would often say, ‘you may think what I said was so good, but I don’t think it much.’ But the great and good man has fallen. May we all meet in that better land, where parting is no more.

“WM. SLATE.”

In all the papers that will appear in this volume, this is the only one that comes from the pen of a woman. It is pleasant to introduce Mrs. Mary B. Lacy, the accomplished and consecrated Principal of South Boston Female Institute :

“I first met Rev. A. B. Brown in the fall of 1874. He was then pastor of Greenfield Church, and it was in that neighborhood that I made his acquaintance. I had the opportunity, long desired, of hearing him preach. His subject, was the Prodigal Son ; his audience an average country congregation. His treatment of his subject was all that

could be asked even of him. I could not restrain my tears, and there were few there who could. In the family circle, at the house of one of his members, he showed himself the kind, pleasant, sympathizing pastor. It was evident from the affection of this family for him, that he knew how to win the hearts of his flock. Afterwards, my husband removed to Halifax, and we had the pleasure of an occasional visit from Dr. Brown. His name was a household word throughout that part of the county with which I was acquainted, and but one opinion prevailed—that his talents and learning demanded a wider field, but that ‘old Halifax’ would sorely miss him, all of which proved true. One would suppose that as a preacher he would not be understood by the mass of the people, and, doubtless, in some of his most exalted moments, when the grand reaches of his imagination could scarcely find words even in his vast range of speech, he could not be followed by the majority of his hearers; but even then, there was always an abundance of thought which could be appropriated by minds of every capacity. So even the plainest of his hearers was pleased and taught, and all knew and valued his worth. I have heard plain practical farmers, with no school culture, say that they would rather talk to Dr. Brown and hear



him talk than any other man they knew. He seemed at home on every subject, and he learned from any one who knew more than he did, whether the topic was one of literature, or agriculture, or mechanics. Last summer, at the Roanoke Association, the writer heard him at night discussing the different modes of flue-curing tobacco, he evidently knowing all the theories, and desiring to prove which was the best, from the practical experience of the farmers with whom he was talking.

“In conducting family worship, he was often very happy in his remarks on the passage read. I recall now a pleasant scene, his erect figure, his noble head, the kindly glance of his eye, the reverential tones of his voice, as he read the account of Cornelius’ vision. How full of encouragement to our hearts did he show the passage to be. ‘We must not limit God’s power by time and circumstance. No heart that truly cries to him is turned away.’ ‘Thy prayer is heard, and thine alms are had in remembrance in the sight of God.’ Doubtless in many a home in Pittsylvania and Halifax, these seasons of social conversation and worship are remembered with sad joy. Dear, noble, faithful minister of God, thou art endeared to us not by the splendor of thy intellect, nor the treasures of thy learning, but by thy sincere, un-

ostentatious piety, and thy kindly interest in all that concern the true welfare of others.

“One element of Dr. Brown’s influence over others, was the respect he testified towards them. He was courteous, and friendly. He had a ‘hearty’ manner always, and a willing ear even to the plainest, and never seemed conscious that he had a claim to superior attention or respect. Thus he was ‘at home’ in the humblest cottage and in the richest mansion. His kindly heart showed itself in his tenderness toward children. The writer has seen him more than once go out of his way to salute most courteously a timid little child, when grown up folks were waiting and pressing to shake his hand. Thank God that such men have lived, and have shown the ‘beauty of the Lord’ to us. How delightful the thought that in Heaven we shall have their society, that we plainer folk shall also be glorified, and that we shall be ‘like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.’

“MARY B. LACY.”

Dr. Brown was a conscientious and outspoken Baptist. His convictions were the result of scholarly and prayerful investigation. There was no touch of the temporizing spirit in him. He

was always ready to utter his opinions, and to fight for them. But he possessed a singularly enlarged spirit of brotherhood and charity. He could speak the truth in love, and toward those who differed from him he bore himself with a courtesy that was real and magnetic. Men who could not agree with him, could not withhold their respect for his honesty and courage. His relations with Christians of other names, were always cordial and fraternal. As a result, he was greatly beloved by Christian people of other denominations. While he lived in Richmond, his pastor, who was slow to ask him to preach, lest he might do so to his bodily injury, sometimes playfully upbraided him with being more ready to preach for the Methodists and the Presbyterians, than he was for his own church. To this he would reply, "I can afford to deny you, but the other brethren might misunderstand my refusal." Since his death, many beyond the Baptist lines have come forward to honor his memory. I gladly give place to the subjoined paper, so chaste and beautiful, from a Presbyterian gentleman in South Boston :

"A few weeks ago, when the sad intelligence came, announcing that that good and gifted man, Rev. A. B. Brown, DD., had passed from his

labors on earth, to the rest and reward of heaven, a memorial meeting to his memory, was held at the Baptist Church here, at which time it was the writer's privilege to add his feeble tribute to the worth of his departed friend and Christian brother. I consider it a great privilege that I enjoyed the acquaintance and friendship of such a man. Although in the past sixteen years that I have known him we did not meet very frequently, and then only for short periods, from the freedom and cordiality of our intercourse, I think I can claim him for a friend.

“I have heard him in the pulpit, as with incisive logic and matchless eloquence he has declared the love of Christ for sinners, and pleaded with them to accept Him as their Saviour; I have heard him in the Association advocating the various departments of the church's work; and on all these theatres of his usefulness he was a grand man. Whenever he preached or spoke, he at once commanded the attention of all, and there were none but delighted auditors. But to me it seemed his genius shone out with brightest lustre, and his soul poured out its highest aspirations, in the social family circle. It may be because here I saw him most, here I knew him best, and here he touched the tender chords of my heart that

responded with love and admiration. Thus, whenever opportunity presented, have I sought him there, and listened for hours as the rich storehouse of his mind poured out its choicest fruits in words of purest English. As a conversationalist, Dr. Brown had few superiors. There was nothing superficial about him, and he at once impressed upon you that when he took up a subject he never stopped, until he had entirely mastered it, for he would begin with its inception and carry you logically through all its different stages of development to its highest results.

“His ripe scholarship was seen in the fluency of his diction, and appropriate choice of words for the expression of his ideas, and by his wonderful powers of illustration. In the discussion of the most profound subjects he could so simplify that the most ordinary minds could comprehend. While he indulged in no lightness or levity, he could tell a good anecdote with so much point and force that all could appreciate its humor.

“His death, at the period of his greatest usefulness, is a loss to the Christian Church; for the influence of a man of his great heart and broad intellect cannot be confined within denominational limits.

“May his life be an inspiration to others,

that we may follow him even as he followed Christ.

“Soldier of Christ, well done!  
Praise be thy new employ;  
And while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.’

“JOSEPH STEBBINS.”

SOUTH BOSTON, Va., Dec. 16, 1885.

To the foregoing papers, must be added yet another. It comes from the pen of Rev. S. G. Mason, an aged Baptist minister of Mecklenburg County, Va. It is, indeed, a gentle and graceful tribute, and cannot be read without emotion :

“I first met Dr. Brown at the General Association, held in Hampton, in the year 1849, and was introduced to him by the late A. M. Poindexter. Bro. P. said to me privately, ‘He is a promising young man, and I have secured his appointment as missionary for the Dan River Association.’

“It was during this period, that I was called upon to marry him, to the dear young sister who became his companion to the end of his life. We were much together on many important occasions, but particularly at the house of Bro. Poindexter, who was our theological instructor for a number of years. It had been my privilege for more than

ten years to be under his training, and now my young brother Brown became associated with me, and he, as well as myself, was greatly indebted to this prince of theologians and preachers, for the instruction which he received, and the liberal hospitality and friendship of Bro. Poindexter and his family.

“While he was at Hollins we were much together also, both at the Institute and in other places. In 1856, during the vacation, I obtained his services to assist me in a meeting at Black Walnut, Halifax. The meeting continued for seventeen days, and was the second best meeting, all things considered, I ever saw. About forty-five of the most valuable and influential people of the community professed conversion, and nearly every one of them has proven, by the fruits of their lives, that their profession was honest and true. Bro. Brown did all the preaching—two, sermons each day,—and they were certainly the finest series of sermons I have ever heard. This was the expressed opinion also of all the people—of all classes and all denominations. We were together all through the meeting, day and night, and never have I known one more in the true spirit of preaching than he was all the time. His sermons, while so grand and powerful, were still so

plain that the truths of salvation took hold of all classes, young as well as old, unlearned as well as learned. I think he never preached better. He himself enjoyed the meeting greatly.

“In 1876 we were together at the meeting of the Dan River Association, held with the Winns Creek Church. I was pastor of the church, and, as usual, it devolved on me and the deacons to arrange for the religious services. For the second day we decided that Dr. Curry and Dr. Brown should preach to the crowd at the stand. Brown and myself were together the night before, and during the morning hours of the second day, and I knew he was preparing to preach on some general subject. Dr. Curry had just preached one of his most eloquent sermons, and we were all at the stand, waiting for Brown to come on and preach the second sermon. After some delay, I saw him coming up, stepping nervously, and when he reached the stand he said to me, trembling with excitement, ‘Sing a song, and give me some time to collect my thoughts. They have torn me all to pieces.’ The Association had just passed a resolution requesting him to deliver a memorial address, at that hour, upon the life and character of A. M. Poindexter, and he had just been informed of the resolution. I felt the deepest sympathy for my friend, as he



was so suddenly called on, without time to prepare, and to follow such a powerful discourse as was Dr. Curry's. I was really afraid he would fail. But he had not proceeded far before all my fears were allayed. Well, I will not say that he excelled Dr. Curry in power and eloquence. But certainly he did not fall below him. I refer to this circumstance to illustrate the quickness and power of his intellect when roused by an emergency.

“I suppose, as the result of our long and intimate associations, I knew him better than any living man, (if we except, perhaps, Charles L. Cocke,) and I desire to say some things about him. First—as a friend: The man was favored, indeed, who had secured his special friendship; modest and kind, just and true, communicative and confiding, and unchanging. Second—As a gentleman: I have but seldom met with his equal, and certainly never with his superior. Third—as a Christian: so humble and modest, so spiritual and holy, and yet so cheerful and hopeful; such a lover of Christ and the brethren, such a lover of truth and righteousness,—so self-denying and cross-bearing. Fourth—But, if I had time and ability, it is of him as a preacher that I would like to speak. I have often said, and still think, that he was the strongest and most talented preacher we had in

the State, next to A. M. Poindexter, and probably his equal. His sermons abounded in the most extensive and accurate learning, the clearest and soundest logic, the most polished rhetoric, and sometimes the most powerful eloquence; while the subject-matter was always the purest theology, and the soundest orthodoxy. In the figures and illustrations of his sermons he certainly excelled all that I have ever heard: always brief, but as clear as light: no redundancy, and no lack. The view of his hearer was always held to the thought, while the figure and illustration were unnoticed. As when looking on an object through a perfectly clear glass, the object is seen in all its proportions, while the glass is not noticed.

“S. G. MASON.”

FEMALE EDUCATION.

---

The most appropriate topic for the occasion is unfortunately very trite. It has often been discussed with great keenness of analysis, with the widest comprehensiveness, with the utmost minuteness, and with the amplest wealth, and beauty of illustration.

My experience in practical education might have been much greater without giving me any special qualification to discuss these topics. The farmer's business makes him very familiar with corn, yet he knows very little better than any other what corn is, and hardly at all better what it is intrinsically worth. The physician has precious little advantage over any other man in defining health, or in exhibiting its value. He would have no eminent fitness to deliver an oration on the blessings of health, though he might in his quiet way do much to preserve, promote or restore health, to remove or mitigate pain.

The teacher maintains a similar attitude towards education, and has no special adaptation to explain, or urge, or indicate education. I shall not try to escape the triteness of the subject, by limiting myself to the consideration of female education. Indeed I know not, whether there is any other female education, than the application of a common sexless education to females. The Romans had no word that named an individual,—

gender. It is the nature which underlies the use of this word, that is the object, or, if you prefer, the subject of education.

What if it were true that man's relative stature or weight any individual of the human race,—a word of the common is the ratio of his intelligence to that of woman? It no more follows from this, that he should have another education, than that he should have another diet. What if it is true, that the average male intellect is more characterized by strength, and the female more by grace and beauty, though I incline to think this is not true to the extent those would insist who hastily make the physical form the type or the exponent of the mind. There is much poetry, there is doubtless some truth, in the position, that the mind of woman is in some vague sense the complement of that of the man. It is not true, that either has a faculty, that the other wholly lacks. Their ultimate faculties, absolutely the same, therefore male aptitudes may be, probably are, slightly varied, so as not only beautifully to blend, their different contributions in the drawing-room, but to render their interaction at the fireside an almost indispensable utility and not a mere luxury.

But whatever differences may exist, will assert, and the more healthily manifest themselves, when these so closely kindred minds are nourished by the same generous pabulum. I confess I never could see the differences, that some seem to find, between the mental organizations of the sexes.

It may be owing to a mental defect which I have to lament, a want of equal capacity, or even equal inclination, to read the broad label of a class. Take a favorite distinction between

man, as a logician and a woman as an instructionalist. If it existed to any great extent, then, indeed the development of a logical power is one of the great designs of education—there would be the less need, and the less hope of female culture. Woman, it is maintained, seizes a truth by intuition, or an indefinable instinct—does not get by logic, and cannot logically explain it. Man sets out to his object on the logical road, goes often grandly, gloriously wrong. He takes note of his error, tries again in the same highly respectable manner, often exhausts all the possibilities of mistakes, and at least marches regularly, proudly to the truth. The woman is less certain to get there at all. If she anticipates him, as is not unlikely, she reaches the point by a happy guess or divination, if she clearly apprehends it as absolutely true. Now there is precious little truth in all this.

Ladies, intelligent by reading, observation and experience, have seldom the training, in the statement and elaboration of their processes of thought, of highly educated men.

But in this they do not materially differ from sagacious, practical men. It was not a woman, it was Andrew Jackson, that said to a friend, "I always knew I was right, but till you explained it, I could never see how." It was not to a woman, but to a strong-minded English squire, that Lord Mansfield said, appointing him to a magistracy, "Pronounce your opinion with confidence, it will most probably be right; forbear its development and vindication, which will almost certainly be wrong." If there is any essential difference in the reasoning powers of the sexes, if with equal discipline they do not reason

and elaborate reason with nearly equal patience, dexterity and success, I have not made the discovery. The slight diversities in the operations of their respective faculties render it more difficult to apply a common measure, and decide upon their equality or equivalence. Thus much may, I think, very safely be said. It is too early to affirm very confidently, that there never will be a female Bacon, till there has been, and been for some considerable time, a female Oxford.

Woman has achieved great success in almost every walk of genius. The first great lyric that history records, was the improvisation on the banks of the Red Sea, of stern, high-souled Miriam—honored name afterwards, softened and sweetened into loved and blessed memory. And Sappho, desperate from unrequited love, ending a sad life at the “Lovers Leap” in Epirus. She was, with the enthusiastic Greeks, the first muse. A great Poet pronounced her more golden than gold. About forty lines left here, are assigned to the brightest page in the *Onthologies*.

For eloquence, most strictly, woman has had no sphere. Though the daughter of Hortensius, pronounced before Tyrannicus an oration, which Quintilian says, “was long read, and not read as a compliment to the sex.” The mother of the Gracchi asserted for women, that superiority in letter-writing, which she has ever maintained; and she contributed much to the eloquence of her sons. And a similar account might be given of much missing female oratory.

Woman, in generous self-oblivion, has ever been contributing much to the eloquence of her sons. In statesman-

ship, a woman is nothing, unless she is a queen; and there have been truly great queens. To say nothing of Semiramie and others, about whom there may be, I know not how much of the fabulous. Think of that unlettered peasant girl, afterwards Catharine of Russia, who greatly helped in the conception, development and the criticism of the schemes of the Czar, and long survived him for their successful execution.

Think of that great queen who sat on the British throne at the meridian of British enterprise and literature. It has been thought one of the highest gifts of a Washington and a Jackson, that they knew how to form and how to rule a Cabinet. Who has more skilfully constructed, or more sovereignly controlled a Cabinet than Elizabeth. I may not pause, to select a few from the roll of female names that have shone with conspicuous brightness, not in the lighter literature only, but in those more exacting walks of science. It may suffice to say that the time has gone by, when on the appearance of some great work produced by a lady, the remark was made, "She writes very well for a woman."

But whatever the diversity of gifts and aptitudes, there may be in the sexes, you need never fear educating any true womankind by giving the girl, the very same education in extent and vigor, which you give to the boy. Not more surely will she appropriate the same atmosphere, the same water, and the same food in the structure of her own beautiful form, than she will assimilate her spiritual element in harmony and into harmony with her feminine nature. The little girl will be guarded and cautioned with a sedulous, sometimes

with a too sedulous care against tom-boyism. And as she grows up into society, her tastes, her interests, her whole nature, are a constant and generally sufficient protest against the simulation—it could be but the simulation of a masculine coarseness. But by all means let us avoid the starving of the female mind into a feeble and sickly beauty. Health is not the cause, but the condition of the highest beauty (changed the final word). This is all I deem it fit to say on the matter of sex in education (Interposed 1st, my experience in teaching; 2d, female —.)

What is education?—I exclude the consideration of physical education—it is the orderly development of the powers of the mind by presenting it to an indefinite extent, with the systematized objects of thought, and fixing in it those objects of thought. You cannot evoke power, without furnishing thought, you cannot exercise power without improving the arrangement and increasing the extent of your knowledge. I fear that certain definitions and descriptions tend to disparage the importance of gaining and retaining the truth. It would appear that everything is to be evolved from within. This view drawn wholly from the etymology, not from the use of a Latin word—is not even, with certainty, suggested by the etymology. A difference of the inflection of the words for educate and educe, though it does not necessarily infer, yet strongly hints a difference of radical meaning; and a very respectable lexicographer does not hesitate to assign to educate, a distinct obsolete root.

The two words are sometimes employed interchangeably,



and notably, by one author, not of the highest rank, for the rearing of the young; but neither of them for what we call education in its highest sense. It was stated, not in the form of a personal opinion, but in that of a maxim: "*The nurse educates, the pedagogue institutes, the master teaches.*" Perhaps, however, those who remind us of this etymology mean only, that the literal meaning of the word might happily express the true functions of education. Now I shall admit, and even contend, that the chief end of education, is more to develop, than to store the mind. That it is intended to render the mind more like a fountain of living waters, than a reservoir; made more like an all-producing factory, than an all containing warehouse. Indeed, there is a sense, in which those who make least of the discipline of powers, and insist most on the communications of facts, and facts as individuals, as they can well be conceived, must admit, that the powers of the mind in whatever development they have for the time reached, must alone be addressed; and information, strictly speaking, cannot be imparted at all. The simplest fact, the signs of which you present by the living voice, must be constructed for itself, by the mind addressed. Even the library, which, with sufficient correctness, we term rich in thought, is in vigorous language, rich only in the symbols of thought, which cannot be decanted, but must be reproduced and interpreted by each intellect for itself. The memory which plays so indispensable a part in the slightest and most spontaneous advance from first principles, which cannot be forgotten, and constitutes so much of the mind at rest, and scarcely less of

the mind in motion, must indeed be cultivated. But the training of the memory bears no necessary ratio to the intrinsic value of the things committed to it. The mother-goose melodies, are in themselves as valueless, as any that can be imagined; may afford better training for the young memory than a volume of equal bulk, stored with most valuable bitter training for the young memory; than a volume of equal bulk, stored with most valuable recipes for housekeepers and farmers.

Much of the discipline of the schools, is wisely adapted to stopping the leaks of the memory, and to enlarging rather than filling of its capacity. Yet it would be most unjust to educators, to say that their instructions are mere whet-stones of thought and memory; the difficult trifles of the Greeks and Romans, the sharpening riddles of the puzzlers' realm of the newspapers. Far, far from it. They have among them mapped the whole sphere of present knowledge; they have traced the lines of growth; they are putting the youth of the country upon all, or nearly all, the great roads into its departments; they are training them to rapid and swift-footed movement; they are preparing them for the widest outlook over all, and the minutest inspection into any. But we are vexed, that their instructions are not more directly available. Now, it is hard to say, what is the most useful and available form of a large and diversified provision. I suspect that none of us, are inclined to complain, that all the minerals of the earth are not on the surface, all the fertilizers, in the form of products, and all the products of nature and of human skill,

are not in readiness for immediate use. Education gives us fundamental truths, the skill in reaching which, prepares for their various applications: Compact, portable, general truths, each of which can rally its cohorts of obedient followers. The epitome of truth which it furnishes, necessarily meagre in some directions, in the aptitudes which it trains, and in the readiness with which it can be expanded, is of far more value in the acquisition and skilful use, than a much larger amount of miscellaneous knowledge gained with less vigorous and systematic exertions.

The mathematics occupy, and justly, a high position in the general system of education. The vitality of their lowest branches has never been questioned; their vitality is even much greater as a vigorous drill, in practical logic; available wherever severe and systematic thinking is to be done, and as furnishing the surest clue for threading the labyrinth of nature.

The physical sciences, like the mathematics, besides evoking a high discipline of the faculties, bestow invaluable knowledge, by no means magic in amount, and among the most certain of all in kind. The very best work of the schools, both as a discipline and an instruction, is in introducing mind to a better acquaintance with itself. Mind cannot be vigorously exercised in any direction apparently most objective, without throwing important reflex light on itself. But the best discipline, the best knowledge, is acquired when mind is the direct object of the study of mind. Pope has said, with universal approval, that the proper study of mankind is man. The old oracle

fixed the very centre of Pope's circle, when it uttered the brief apothegm, "Know thyself." Well, that aphorism is the text of true teachers, however seemingly remote, his department, from the domain of mind. It is especially the text of the metaphysician and the linguist. And I may add, that the knowledge of mind, sagacity in reading mind, is the highest degree of common sense. Yet how often is it lamentingly or sneeringly said, that the educated man lacks common sense. He may lack special education in many common things, and in many phases of human character, as he will lack many other special trainings. But, if with all the instructions of the class-room, all the associations of the mess-hall, and all the encounters of the campus and debating society, he is really wanting in common sense, he has carried to college a sad feebleness, or a sad eccentricity of endowment. But the complaint is really of a piece with the derision of the city boy's ignorance of many things common in the country, and of the country youth's greenness and awkwardness in town. The schools put the mind on the analysis of itself, and its own products; the only analysis which is not dissection, the only decomposition that is not death, but more vigorous life. They bid it study the only agent which can busily work and leisurely survey its own work; the only one who can patiently and profoundly feel and at the same time calmly criticize and record its own emotions. They send it forth acquainted with its powers, the better prepared for all its explorations, but to find, save its greater Creator, greater, nobler, than itself. Him it finds everywhere, but not fully

witnessed and imagined in the organ of thought. The study of language, scarcely inferior to mental science as a revealer of the general attributes of mind, is far superior to that, and to everything else, as exhibitor of the details of mind itself and the delicate and subtle processes of thought. Language, considered as to its contents, is all science and all literature, except the literature, if such it might strikingly be called, that is built into monuments, carved from marble, or cast in bronze, or inscribed on canvas, or evoked from tubes and strings. It cannot be studied apart from all contents, and is generally studied in connection with one of the most precious of them. But language itself is the most precious product of human thought, its richest element, the indispensable instrument of all its highest achievements, its fitting dress and ornament, the almost exclusive channel of its communication. It is strong enough to weigh the most weighty (and the most heavy) speculations of the philosopher, light enough for the most airy imaginings of the poet, as flexible as human caprice, as harsh as the thunders of indignation, as gentle as the tones of love. And what of all human creatures can compare for grandeur and beauty with the word-buildings of the most admired of the historians, and essayists, and poets, and orators? Language, that suffices for all human revelation, is the channel of God's revelation to men. This is the true Prometheus that has brought down the true fire from Heaven. We are not surprised that nominalists were betrayed into a sort of idolatry of the human mind as God. Who but feels the value of language as an acquisition, and who that has paid

any attention to the action of his own mind, but highly values the discipline which the acquisition furnishes and implies?

My limits preclude further reference to the value of the branches of the commonly received systems of education. I must briefly consider the value of the systems as a whole. A practical view of this value will be gotten by comparing the chances for success—true success—in the life of the man who, thoroughly trained in this system, supplements it, of course, by a special school, an apprenticeship, or an immediate entrance on the practice of a vocation, and the youth who goes with little or none of this general drill to the special school, the apprenticeship, or the trade, or profession. It will not be denied that there are educational influences outside of the school, but to all of these the academically disciplined are even more open than to others. Business does not educate dexterities, but evolves mind in all its capacities. But will it do the best? Let us make a freer comparison. Do not compare the boy that goes with enthusiasm into the work of the factory, the counting room, or the farm, and the boy who, feeble or perverse in mind, hearing, a thousand times, that the time spent in school is, for all practical purposes, time wasted, is dragged through a course cursing the day of Cæsar's birth, disgusted with Euclid, and all the mathematicians, nauseating all poetry and all science. Of course the boy in business will get immeasurably the best training, mental and moral. Let it be admitted that the average youth, full of mental activity, does not accept the restraints of a business with the highest alacrity, yet, encouraged by its more obvious utilities, he will

more heartily prosecute the work of the shop than of the classroom. Oh, if the love of science were as easily developed as the love of gain, if the professor had altogether as docile a pupil as the merchant, what might not our schools accomplish?

Sometimes, indeed, there will be awakened a literary ambition, intense above all other passions. But though the average student takes less kindly to his work than the young specialist or apprentice, we may well abide by the results of a comparison between them. At first the recipient of the practical education, so-called, has the advantage. The girl who has been reared to industry in the household, will right off surpass her who has passed three or four years in the seminary, in every branch of housekeeping. The young farmer of fifteen or eighteen will distance his brother, fresh from college, in all practical matters, from the harnessing of a buggy horse to the pitching of a crop. The young clerk will easily outstrip the young algebraist in adding a column, in calculating interest, in stating an account. Many a lad, with scarcely one hundredth part of your graduate's knowledge of mathematics, will bring him to blush in his first efforts in surveying and civil engineering. Only wait a little, and the graduate will manifest his decided superiority. If the business or profession be of any considerable extent, he will have completed his general education, his professional training and gained practical skill before his rival has much less successfully accomplished the two last. And his knowledge will be more comprehensive and accurate, and, moving less in the ruts of formula and tradition, he will adapt himself more readily to

the changes now occurring more rapidly than ever, in the business of life. He will triumph, in the purely professional contest. And he will do, with less danger of filing himself down, to a narrow and sharp instrument. His skill in his specialty, will be a necessary but small part of a full and systematical development, as a citizen and man. We are not unwilling, to compare the scholastically educated man with the so-called self-made men. We might question the justice of the application of the term. The man who uses books and professors to fashion himself, is as well entitled to use names as he who forms himself by any other means. Better, certainly, than he who is drifted by the waves of faction into some especial prominence, or than he who is moved by social currents and ground like a river rock into shape by social collisions. But there are many truly great men, who are nothing to the colleges. And America is the paradise of such self-made men ; with its atmosphere exciting universal aspiration, its institutions offering impartially unrestricted opportunities, its primary schools, its pulpit, its bar, its hustings, its newspapers, its travel, all kindling and cultivating mind.

Now, much the larger amount of original talent must be receiving the extra academic discipline. Almost all the treasures of human wisdom are accessible to the self-taught in English ; I may not say plain English, for our half-Latin language is not specially plain. Is it not a convincing evidence of the superiority of the college discipline, that so much larger a proportion of the collegially trained, have successfully appropriated and utilized these treasures. Make the most of



the number of wrecked and sunken collegians. Survey for a moment, it can be but for a moment, the multitudinous habits of the self-making. Then count, for you can count the rare few of the self-made whose heads are still above the waters of oblivion. And when you find the really great self-made man, does he so tower, as it is sometimes claimed, above all rivalry? Political life, is the most favorable arena of the self-made man. Here he has some advantages. He is the recognized leader, or rather, representative of the masses. He is what so many men would have been if only fortune had smiled. While it cost almost any body an effort of reflection, to repress a feeling of contempt for the simply average college-bred senator; so many would have outstripped him, if they had had his opportunities. But getting more easily into positions of trust, does he fill them more to his country's good and his own honor? In ordinary times where statesmanship is more a routine, he is less acquainted with precedent, and more a slave of what he does know. In times of revelation and new departures, this original man is less original, and less a master of the situation. It is then that the regularly educated, the Jeffersons and the Madisons, compare most favorably with the most favorable specimens of the self-made—the Shermans and the Franklins. As our industrial, professional and political life, becomes more and more highly organized, highly educated mind is coming more and more to the point.

Education mainly develops powers, and trains to their facile employment; so far as it communicates truths they are truths of wide generality. If the acquisitions of the schools

barely lived in the mind, till it took hold on the practical employments of life; after five years of commercial, agricultural or professional life, nothing remained but the vigor once acquired, and most applied to different objects, and the better facilities for interpreting other minds, living and departed, the education they impart would be of very great value. It is to be feared, that many quite well educated men content themselves with this simple benefit. Men of great powers immersed in business, suffer even their professional knowledge to lose its roundness and philosophic arrangement, and keep themselves bright in the facts and doctrines of which they have frequent need. The scholar finds it at first, less easy than when he left school, to read his Horace; after a while, too great a labor, to make the reading other than an irksome task, and at last an impossibility, without the renewal of elementary training for which he has no patience, and conceives he has no time. *This ought not to be.* One's education, strictly so-called, ought ever to abide for the needful renewal and completion of his youthful drill. The educated man can no more safely, make the employments of his vocation, or a miscellaneous reading, a substitute for his old curriculum, than the soldier can substitute the battle, or the duties of the encampment and the sentry—for the manual of the cadet and the camp of instruction.

This course renewed frequently, returned to, does more fully for the mind, what the Grecian Gymnasium and fine games did for the body, than anything else. I believe that it is an evidence of increasing success in our current education, that

the graduates of the period return with increasing ease and relish to their earlier studies ; and especially to the classics. As more time is given for the vocabulary to imbed themselves in the memories, and to be as permanent there as the forms and the philosophy of the languages—the return will be more pleasant and profitable.

What we have once thoroughly learned, if not too long neglected, we rapidly renew, easily retain or easily recover. The second reaping will be scarcely less developing labor than the first, and the aftermath will often be the best crop. Something very like an ideal of what a scholar should have in view, in the preservation and extension of his academic life, is exhibited in the person of Lord Macaulay. After he had long held rank among the ablest debaters and the most brilliant orators of the British House of Commons ; after he had achieved a position above all rivalry, in the foremost literary review of the world ; after he had digested the chaos of Anglo-Hindoo law into a code, which in other merits, and specially in luminousness of method and precision of statement, is said to compare favorably with the code of Livingston or the code of Napoleon ; whilst oppressed with the government of 100,000,000 of India, and under the enervating influence of that climate ; he seizes as a period of only comparative leisure, and reads from cover to cover, Homer, Herodotus, Xenophon, Plato, Thucydides, all the extant Greek poets ; the voluminous writings of Cicero, and all of chief excellence in Roman literature ; much of this he reads again and again. He jots down his impressions at each read-

ing—pronounces his matured judgments, always original and independent, generally brilliant, though not so studiously splendid in his finished composition. Of what incalculable value was an education that made such review possible, and how must the review itself have repaired, polished and tightened up all the machinery of this mighty mind. Compare the course of the same man, in another branch of study. He early took up, and cultivated a disgust for mathematics; he would write to his mother sprightly invectives against a study that would dry up his imagination and convert his mind into an algebraic formula.

Of course, at Cambridge, he must have learned a good deal of mathematics, and with a good deal of disciplining on his mind. But he failed of the highest honors of Cambridge, to the deep wounding of his noble and affectionate father, who felt that the failure was solely due to a foolish whim. In middle life, Macaulay reverts to the matter. "I would not," said he, "turn upon my heel for the honor of being senior wrangler, but I would give a great deal for some of the mental habits which the gaining of the honor would have established." Why did he not go back to mathematics and get these habits?

Why do we not all do the things which we know we ought to do, but which would now require a great labor, and which we have contracted a habit of neglecting and disliking? The relations between education and religion are very intimate, more so than that between education and any other great practical interest. If we were a mercantile association, or a

state grange of farmers, we should feel that general education concerned us, but concerned us in common with all others, and we might well be content to avail ourselves of such education as society in general should patronize. But in common with all the denominations we feel that education in all its grades has much more intimate connections with Christianity.

If Christianity is true, scarcely more for its own sake than for the sake of sound culture itself, it should seek to promote the most harmonious relations with education. And certainly it can be most sure of this harmony, when it is most directly the patron of the schools.

It is the higher education, however, that most notably affects religion. No difficulty emerges in Theology, which is not found converged in philosophy.

The deep soundings of science, bring it into the plane of theology, whether its altitude there, shall be one of deferential co-operation, or of hostility of supreme importance. It is the younger sciences especially that, like some young barbarians we have heard, vindicate their claims to manhood by vehement, if not vigorous, blows at the bosom which nourished them. Though it is at least a presumption for the truth of the Bible, that it has avoided the committal of itself to any scientific dogmas, yet it is of consequence that the teachers of science be heartily loyal to revelation. Geology in hostile hands will deride it as of yesterday in comparison with her own vast eras ; and Astronomy, from the perch of her dizzying dimensions, will laugh at the littleness of its theatre. Espe-

cially will an irreverent and destructive criticism of historical myths, aim to involve Christianity and all the monuments of antiquity, in one indiscriminate ruin. But apart from all polemical reason, Christianity has a higher interest than any other institution, in the classical languages, the very centre and support of our present truly liberal system of education. I think it will be admitted, that if the spirit of modernism and intense practicalism breaks down classical instruction, the system will fly to pieces, and we shall have its scattered fragments in the form of polytechnic schools and the arts, lastly of apprenticeships and trades. Who, is so concerned as Hamilton has well suggested in these languages.

Suppose that the substance of past literature can be decanted into translations, who so concerned as the church in versions of the highest accuracy and in the means of increasing indefinitely their accuracy.

Look at the present attitude of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and much of the learning of the Church of England, invoking the scholarship of all denominations in England and America, to assist in improving the version of one single ancient volume. Who but Christians could, or would, or should spend so much time and money, in such an enterprise? Will they finish it? Will they consent to destroy the means of its vindication, its preservation, its indefinite improvement? Never. Christian scholars will ever be laboring to bring themselves, and as far as possible, all others to the nearest earshot.

An extract from an address of Dr. Brown, on Female Schools, made at Warrenton, Va.:

\* \* \* It is now high time to help those dear women and those friends of women that have been so long and so gloriously struggling, without material aid, in the cause of female education. Is it not a marvel that, while no male college is attempted to be run without buildings presented gratuitously, and without endowment, there is scarcely a female school in Virginia which does not pay rent for its buildings, and not one which has a dollar of endowment? The success of the female schools has been little short of a prodigy of financial skill. The liberal and patriotic spirit which has characterized the management of these schools has been more commendable, and equally wonderful. It is no secret that the literary department of every female school was formerly (indeed, to a considerable degree is yet) dependent for support on the ornamental department. Yet the managers of these schools have been regularly, at a risk and a sacrifice, changing the relative prominence of these two departments, till the solidity of female education compares favorably with any tuition dispensed in the State. All honor to the men and the women, of all denominations, who have brought about this result. To the men of my own denomination who have grandly labored in this cause for the last thirty years, I am bound by peculiar ties. I have been the pastor and co-laborer of Cocke and of Hart. I have been the pastor of Averett, Penick, Vaughan and

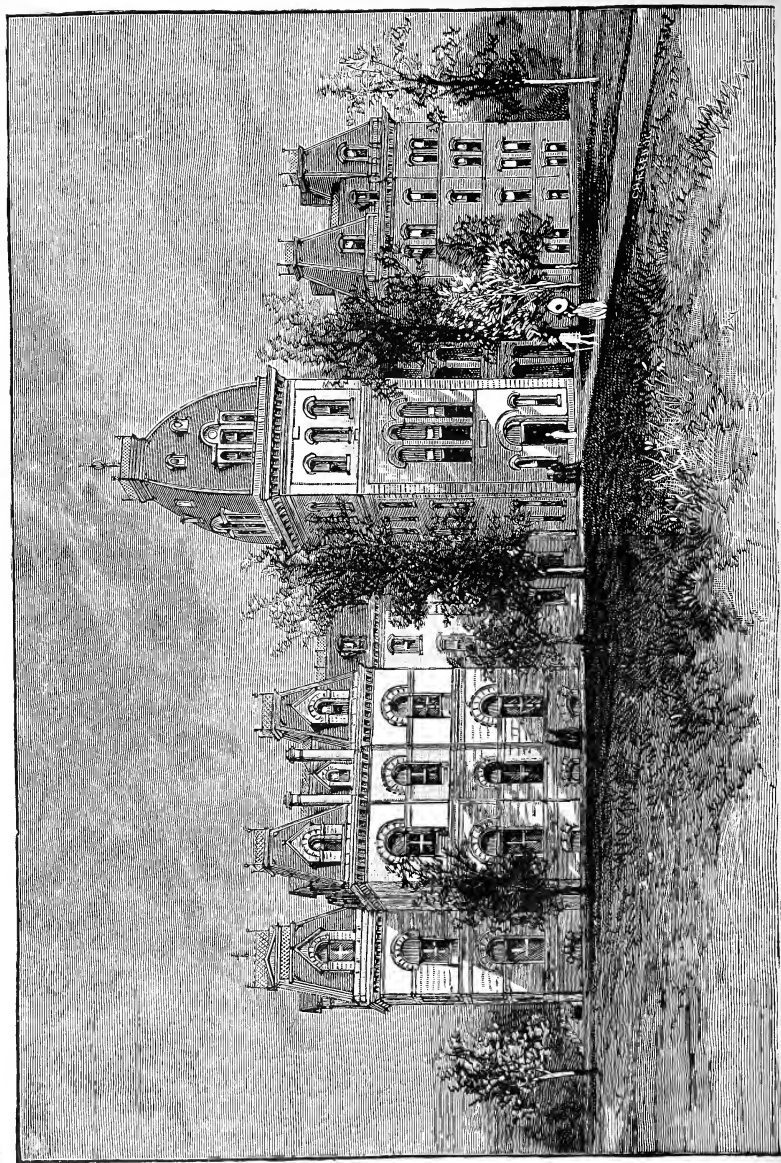
Lake. If I have been committed to impartiality, it is not the impartiality of indifference, but the impartiality of anxious and sorrowing affection. There has been no unmanly or unchristian strife among them, for they are brethren; but there is a struggle for existence. And I must stand aloof with melancholy resignation to the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, which—being interpreted according to true Darwinianism—is the strongest.

There is one manager of female schools in Virginia who lies out of this circle of neutrality, and of whom I may speak in terms of highest praise without danger of exaggeration. I mean Miss Sallie B. Hamner, of the Richmond Female Institute. A born ruler, a skilful financier, a consummate organizer, a thorough scholar, an accurate and enthusiastic teacher, a model of grace and majestic beauty, she has summoned to her aid the unrivalled teaching ability of Prof. Winston and a corps of accomplished and experienced lady assistants. It is well for her that there is now no interdict on the tree of knowledge; else she might justly fear the fate which Pope apprehended for Lady Mary Wortley Montague:

“ If our first mother Eve great pain did receive,  
When only one apple ate she,  
What punishment new shall be found out for you,  
That in tasting have robbed the whole tree ? ”







RICHMOND COLLEGE, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR.

IN the reorganization of Richmond College, at the close of the war, the old curriculum was abandoned; and in its stead the system of independent schools was adopted. Owing to the wreck of its endowment, the college resumed work with only five professors. But in 1867, Dr. J. L. M. Curry, who at the time of this writing is U.S. Minister to the court of Spain, was added to the faculty, as Professor of English and Philosophy. This position of double service Dr. Curry filled with distinction, until January, 1881, when he resigned to become superintendent of the Peabody fund. His retirement was regarded as a grievous loss to the college, and great anxiety was felt by its friends that satisfactory arrangements should be made for supplying the vacancy. The matter was placed by the trustees in the hands of a committee whose report was not presented until the annual meeting in the following June.

The recommendation of the committee was, that separate chairs of English and Philosophy should be

established; and that a professor should be elected for each. This suggestion of the committee not only commanded the hearty concurrence of the trustees, but found a warm sanction at the hands of the friends of the college all over Virginia. For the chair of Philosophy, Rev. Wm. D. Thomas, D.D., a distinguished alumnus of the college, and of the University of Virginia also, was with great enthusiasm chosen. The names of several gentlemen of ripest culture, and highest renown as teachers, were presented to the Board as peculiarly fitted to fill the chair of English. It so chanced that on the night preceding the election, that Dr. A. B. Brown appeared in the commencement exercises of Richmond College as the final orator of the two Literary Societies.

It was known, however, that he would speak under disadvantages, having been called upon but a little while before to take the place of one of the most brilliant orators of the country. To some of the trustees Dr. Brown was so well known that he needed no introduction; but there were others who had never heard nor seen him. Perhaps the walls of the college never echoed more thrilling notes of eloquence, than rolled from his lips that night. His address was chaste, compact, discriminating, profound, and glowed with a fiery

passion which lifted the crowd into the wildest enthusiasm. It marked him not only as an orator, but as an accurate and well rounded scholar. Even his admirers felt, that he had never done so well before. There had been some of the trustees who, from the time of Dr. Curry's resignation, felt that Dr. Brown above all men ought to have a place in the teaching corps of Richmond College, and were anxious to have him invited to the chair of English. But they had hesitated to present his name, lest others might not be prepared to appreciate his worth.

After his magnificent oration, they ventured to bring his name before the Board in honorable competition with others of the highest character. The result was his election—a result which surprised no one so thoroughly as himself. He was no applicant, and had not even received a hint that his name would be mentioned for the place. The news of his election was electric. Trustees and other friends of the college were exultant. No man rejoiced over the event more than did Dr. Curry, who expressed the feeling that it was an honor to him to be succeeded in his work by such a noble Christian scholar. It so chanced that Dr. Brown was engaged to dine that day, with others, with Dr. Curry; but as the news of his election

went forth, gentlemen made haste to call upon him to express their satisfaction and urge him to accept the position. To his surprise, he found himself the lion of the day, and blushed at the outburst of enthusiasm of which he was the subject.

A homely incident which occurred at the time, will illustrate the popular delight which was excited by Dr. Brown's election.

One of Dr. Brown's old pupils, the wife of a trustee of the college, and a resident of Richmond, was an ardent champion of her old teacher. She never grew weary of telling how he taught her Sir Wm. Hamilton's metaphysics, or of urging that the Baptists of Virginia, ought in some way, to utilize his great scholarship. His name was a household word, and even the children had come to think that Dr. Brown was the mightiest scholar of the day. She had a boy, a little up in his teens, who was just ending his first session at college. This youth drove the carriage to the Second Baptist Church, to take his trustee father, with invited friends, to dinner. He slipped into the room, to notify his father that the carriage was waiting for him, as it happened, just at the time the election of Dr. Brown was announced. He vanished like a ghost, forgetful of the message and the carriage, double-quickened home, sprang

into the door, threw the house into consternation, by the wildest shouts—and when called to account, informed his mother of the good news. It has been said, that the announcement, while it quieted the boy, came near to turning the mother to demonstrations equally vehement, if not so noisy. This spirit of rejoicing went afar. The Baptist ministers, and the old pupils of Dr. Brown, the two classes that knew him best, were greatly rejoiced. But after all, perhaps none hailed the event, with such profound satisfaction as the members of the College Faculty.

I have dwelt more at length upon this seemingly insignificant incident of his election, than may seem to the reader necessary. It has been done to show, that there was a conviction wide-spread, and deep among the people, that Dr. Brown ought to be chosen to some position worthy of his imperial gifts, and his enriched culture.

Dr. Brown was not, in any technical sense, specially adapted to the teaching of English. He could have taught (and this is not thoughtlessly said) any other branch in the college equally well, and some of them he could have taught more easily, because, they lay along the favorite ranges of his life-long thought. This is particularly true of mathematics and philosophy. Some superficial

critics hinted, that Dr. Brown's introduction into the faculty, might become a source of disharmony. It was known that a score of years before, on one or more occasions, his temper had gotten the better of him, a thing which some people could never forget. How little they knew the man! How little they had dreamed of the complete conquest which he had long ago made over his natural infirmity.\* How little they understood that reigning courtesy of his nature—that sweet compound of strong self-respect, personal purity, love for men, and yet, richer love for God. He could never have caused strife anywhere. He carried in himself, a modesty which forbade his trampling upon others, and a gentle dignity which would have disarmed almost any form of hostility. In the gentlemen composing the Faculty of Richmond College he found a congenial brotherhood, and when he sat down at their Board, they took him to their hearts. He entered at once into their plans, and became a cordial co-worker with them, in their labors for the college. In his nature he was conservative and conciliatory. He was no champion for innovations; what his brethren advocated, he was always disposed, so far as he could, to promote. In a little while, and by no effort of his own, he rose to the highest seat of



honor among them. They were proud to hail him as the greatest of them all—not only in purity and scholarly power, but in the ineffable gentleness of his spirit. They saw in him a man, not only wondrously endowed, and amazingly rich in attainments, but yet more wondrously meek, self-forgetful and Christ-like. The tributes from his fellows, which will appear hereafter, will readily show what the Faculty of Richmond College thought of Dr. A. B. Brown.

But the class-room was his happiest realm. From the first morning that he stood before his classes and spoke to them his words of greeting, he was the master of his pupils' hearts. Perhaps the first sight of his thin face, his weird form, and his somewhat faltering and awkward step, may have brought a smile to the boyish faces of his audience. But the kindly flash of his eye, the magnetic ring of his voice, the manliness of his words, and the warm, fresh strength of his thought, showed him at once a man, whom they could love, and must respect. In the matter of discipline, in his classes, he had little trouble. Now and then, a stolid and prankish fellow, blind to the stuff of which Dr. Brown was made, would venture to be impertinent. He rarely repeated the experiment. The indignant teacher transfixed him with a look,

and scourged him into shame, with the little finger of his power. He never fretted, or higgled, with a noisy or unmannered boy; he simply squelched him by a touch of honest rebuke.

But these cases were rare, indeed. In his classes he met young men, who could not fail to respect a noble character. They loved him for what he was, and heard him for what he said. He had an easy task in winning the attention of his classes. He was very genial and accessible. He often regaled the boys with humorous incidents, and yet oftener with the happy flashes of his own charming wit. He drew the boys to him by the delicate courtesy and ready kindness with which he treated them. If they had troubles, they knew that he would give them sympathy. If they touched off a little cracker of wit, he was always ready to respond. Between him and the students there speedily grew up a good fellowship. He always spoke of them with fondest pride—and they always had the finest things to tell about him. His influence, therefore, in the college was healthful and elevating. He talked to the boys on noble themes, and stimulated them to better thinking.

But, after all, his strength was as a teacher. He knew how to teach, and magnified his office by

the love of it. He was the master of his work, and made it attractive. He knew how to impart knowledge, and he knew better how to evoke the knowledge of his students. He drew the students out, giving them confidence, by his sympathy, to tell what they knew.

He was ardently devoted to his professional work. He was engaged, year by year, in such collateral studies as would help him to broaden and improve his course—and for each recitation, he prepared himself with an ever fresh assiduity.

Mr. M. S. Wood, one of the ministerial students, who was a member of his class and in whom he was much interested, says of him :

“No one rejoiced more than I did in the election of Dr. Brown as a professor. He had been a visitor at my father’s home when I was a mere boy, and I well remembered the impression he made on me then, by the freshness and vividness with which he clothed an anecdote, and by the fluency of his conversation.

“Those who did not know him before his coming, soon learned to feel for him the affection of a friend, and to regard him as the prince of teachers.

“To help others seemed to be his great aim. He never seemed happier than when assisting

some one to master a difficult task. If a question asked by a student was so unimportant and easily answered that it would evoke the smiles of the class, Dr. Brown always answered courteously and kindly. But if a student—as they sometimes will—asked worthless and irrelevant questions, with the evident purpose of wasting the time of the professor, no one could more successfully floor him, leaving him with closed lips to lament his folly, than Dr. Brown. He also won a large place in the hearts of the students by his patient hearing of, and kindly sympathy with, any trouble or perplexity they might bring to him. If he could not remove the trouble, he would so tenderly sympathize, that the student always felt great relief. As a counselor he was exceptionally wise and faithful, having wonderful ability for measuring the capacity of a student. I shall never forget, and trust I shall ever profit, by the privileges I have had of meeting him in private and hearing from him words of advice and encouragement. I felt that no one outside of the family circle had sustained in his death a greater loss than I, and it seems that this was the feeling of all who knew him intimately. I shall ever thank God that he was my teacher and my friend. As some majestic oak, towering above the surrounding growth, and

with sturdy arm resisting the tempest's fury, yet affording shade for the sporting lambs, and leafy branches for singing birds; so Dr. Brown stood, loftily and grandly, amid the great, the noble and the good, and yet drew around him the humble and less favored—and was to them a comfort, a help, an unspeakable blessing.

“M. S. WOOD.”

Another student, Rev. P. G. Elsom, the popular pastor of Fulton Church, Richmond, Va., who was then a member of his class, says:

“I count it an honor and privilege to have been taught by Dr. Brown. I was deeply impressed by his willingness to help others, in proof of which I will give one illustration, and could give others if minded. When selected by my Society to be its final orator, and not being at all satisfied with my oration, he invited me to his study, and gave me kindly helpful criticism, and words of comfort and cheer. What we do for others lives. Many will rise up and call this man blessed for his help to them.

“P. G. ELSOM.”

No man had a better opportunity of watching the career, and measuring the influence of Dr.

Brown, at Richmond College, than Dr. C. H. Ryland. As financial secretary of the college, he had his office in the institution, and was brought in frequent contact with him. In the subjoined paper, Dr. Ryland gives his estimate of the teacher, and his work. The reader will find the paper strikingly fresh and suggestive :

“When Dr. A. B. Brown was elected Professor of the School of English in Richmond College, it was universally conceded that the institution had secured a master-workman.

“Professor Brown was eminently qualified for this position by broad and accurate learning, to which a vigorous and inquisitive mind made constant acquisitions.

“The college was a congenial home, and afforded the mental stimulus he so incessantly craved. If a Greek class was at work upon Thucydides, that father of philosophic history, he delighted to enjoy it with them; if original examples were propounded in higher mathematics, the Professor of English made their solution a pastime; when abstruse and subtle questions puzzled the class in philosophy, he revelled in their discussion and elucidation. It was thus, that in the school of ceaseless thought, he kept his mind fresh and

vigorous, and from deepening fountains drew that wealth of illustrations which so enriched his instructions.

“Dr. Brown’s thorough knowledge of linguistics made his appointment to the school he accepted, peculiarly appropriate. As teacher of English, he could lay his hand upon the resources of ancient and modern languages, and make them all tributary to thorough training in his mother-tongue. In the practical work of teaching, Dr. Brown won constant laurels. In the Recitation Room he was very popular. He always came before his class the master of the subject in hand, and with a mind overflowing with the richest and ripest results of thorough research. The student felt the mastery and admiration was kindled. But while the pupil saw that his Professor was superbly equipped for his work, and stood before him an intellectual giant, accomplished in the use of every weapon, there was nothing in the professor’s bearing to intimidate the most distrustful learner. His manner was winning; he treated each man in his class with kind consideration; encouraged the dispirited, stimulated the laggard, and impressed those before him with his genuine and abiding sympathy with them. One of his class said, ‘I believe Dr. Brown appreciates a good thought

from one of us as much as if he found it in Aristotle.' This was true, and while there were occasionally those who took undue advantage of his kindness and sympathy, there were many more who were saved from discouragement, and stimulated to strive for eventual success.

"Nor was the Doctor's teaching confined to his immediate classes. His wonderful versatility brought all the college to his feet. He was encyclopedic, and many of the "hard questions" which arose in the multiform relations of student life, were referred with entire confidence to him. His genius was the admiration of the college.

"Two other attractive elements contributed to his success as a teacher: his enthusiasm and his power of illustration.

"He loved to soar, but he could plod as well. When occasion required it, he could leave the heights of the philosophy of language for the dull road of rudimentary instruction,—the structure of sentences, the syntactical relation of words—without any seeming abatement of interest; and over both he constantly threw the charm of fresh and appropriate illustration. His philological studies were exhaustive, and he never wearied in tracing the derivation and meaning of words and surnames. To this he added a fund of anecdote,



which seemed inexhaustible and which was used with skilful tact to render his class-room genial and to point the highest moral.

Professor Brown shared in the general work of caring for the spiritual as well as the intellectual welfare of those under his charge. If one taxed his brain, the other weighed upon his heart. Not infrequently mind and heart united to pay tribute to his high calling of professor in a Christian institution. It is the custom in college to have from the faculty and others, lectures on Biblical and kindred themes. When it was known that Professor Brown would deliver one of these, not a seat would be vacant. The writer recalls his address on 'The Authority of the Scriptures,' as, perhaps, second to no effort of his life in power and brilliancy.

"It may not be inappropriate in closing, to say, that in entering upon his college work, Dr. Brown's friends were not without solicitude; first, in regard to how he would bear the strain which they knew must inevitably come upon his nervous system from laborious, routine work, and daily contact with young men and boys, not always appreciative or studious; and also for his health—never robust.

"All anxiety, in regard to the first, soon passed

away. His college-life was marked by rare equanimity, purity, unselfishness and beauty. No teacher ever more successfully won and held the respect and affection of 'the boys,' while a brother professor could say, when his work was done, 'Both by faculty and students, he was the best loved of us all.'

"It may not be out of place to give an incident which will illustrate the affection and deference, with which he was treated by the students: One day as he was borne along by the inspiring theme of his lecture he dropped his spectacles. He picked them up and put them on *upside down*. The effect was irresistible; there was a titter—then a laugh. For the first, and only time, so far as I have ever heard, the doctor lost his self-possession and dismissed the class. The room was cleared, but no sooner was the hall-way reached, than the cry arose: 'It will not do! It will not do! Dr. Brown must not think we meant to treat him with disrespect!' Three of the older men were deputed to return at once and explain the cause of their involuntary merriment, and ask their loved professor's pardon. When they went in they found him with a look of indignation upon his usually kindly face. But no sooner had their case been presented than he joined in the laugh,

and patting the three upon their shoulders in the most forgiving way, said, 'It is all right—tell them it is all right!'

"Anxiety in regard to his health was never relieved. He would say, facetiously, 'I am never sick, and yet never well,' and by strength of will and great prudence, rarely missed a recitation; but it was painfully evident that his valuable life hung by a very frail tenure. He passed away on the night of November 27th, 1885.

"A hush, deeper than was ever known before, fell upon the college when it was whispered, 'Dr. Brown is dead!' His grave, in beautiful Hollywood, was piled high with flowers, the gifts of trustees, faculty, students, friends—a mute, but wholly inadequate expression of the bereavement which has fallen upon Richmond College.

"C. H. RYLAND."

The Virginia Baptist Historical Society invited Dr. Brown to be its orator on the occasion of its anniversary, which was held in Grace Street Church, in June, 1881, during the time of the General Association. The following is the admirable address delivered before the assembled hosts of Virginia Baptists:

HISTORY AND ITS MATERIALS.

---

It is a true remark, that all literature is in the widest sense, history. It is barely possible that a poem might contain nothing of actual fact, and nothing true to nature. But its emergence into being, at a certain point in space, and a certain period of time is a historical fact. A writer may misrepresent every one else, and everything; but he is compelled to paint truly, his own full picture, at least, some features of himself and his epoch. But history, though holding relations to all knowledge, has its peculiar department, as differentiated by its own characteristic works. It essays to paint the moving present, in the very gesture of movement; and to paint it on a stationary canvass, and to reproduce the dead past in the freshness of life. The artist must dissect in his study, but his picture should not smell of the anatomical hall. He must paint the once agitated sea of human passion, but with the obtrusion of no theory of the winds and tides. The reader, or according to our figure, the spectator wants facts in their contemporary relations, and in their causal dependence. To be sure, whether the facts are related to each other in casual sequence, or in true lineal descent, is to be learned from the clearly expressed features of the facts themselves. A profound philosopher severely abstinent in, if not totally abstinent

from philosophizing ; a moralist, whose moral is imbedded in, and not appended to his story ; a witness that gives the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and never argues a case ; the perfect historian were indeed a prodigy. Lord Macaulay justly says, that we may sooner expect to see another Shakspeare or another Homer. But we have real history and history of priceless value. We should doubtless have had much more history, and history of much higher value, if its materials had been more industriously gathered and more carefully preserved. If in other words, such service as this Historical Society undertakes to render, had been better performed.

How much richer had the world been, in real historic knowledge, if the marvelous powers of Herodotus and Livy had been exerted on authentic monuments rather than devoted, in so large measure, to the compiling and embellishing of myths and romances !

It is the function of history, a function often very inadequately executed, to interpret all other literature, to fix the time and place of its creation ; to account for its possibility and its peculiar physiognomy, to project background, and to hang it in its just light. It would seem for instance, that the unity of the Iliad ought to be one of the simplest problems ; yet, it is to-day, a vexed question whether the unity of great poems, or congeries of poems, is the unity of individual authorship, or the unity of a school of bards.

We know further, that Agamemnon and Achilles owed the immortality of their fame to the great heralding, or the great

herald. We know that subsequent ages owe much to the great poem. We can never know how much of Homer's wondrous riches he inherited, and how much he created; but history, besides illustrating for Milton and Pascal, a wide range of otherwise unintelligible allusion, debits them with almost their precise indebtedness to the past, and audits and avouches their claims to large and precious contributions, to the language and literature of their respective countries. Great writers are the intellectual legislators of mankind. History gives us the occasions, the immediate purview of their statutes, and the *usus loquendi* of the very words in which these are written. We have said that every author paints at least himself; but this is to be taken with an important limitation. Often a small section of his soul finds employment in his work, or his whole soul operates in a field too narrow to give him full expression. We have a scantling, a precious scantling, indeed, of Euclid's mind, only in its severe but prolific logic, exhibited in a single department of thought. His heart, his experience and all but a fragment of his acute intellect is lost for want of history.

Bishop Butler lives principally in a few sermons, and his Analogy, probably the most sober, judicious, accurate and utterly unassailable of all merely human productions in its class of subjects. That his immortal work is not merely the mechanical product of his cautious and powerful intelligence, but the true reflex of his inmost convictions, we make no doubt. But, how fully his entire life conformed to the truth so powerfully advocated, we know not. Compare with him,

Samuel Johnson, better known to us in his inimitable biography, than in his own voluminous writings, far more self-revealing as they are, than those of most authors; and see the difference between the influence of a great work and a great life, fully presented. It is man that we are most curious to know; it is man that it is most helpful to know; man in and beyond his carefully selected self-registrations, in and beyond his more prominent actions. It is man that history attempts to present us; and for that large class of great workers whose instrument was not the pen, but the tongue of fire; and who have transfused their quickening thought, their constraining will, their kindling sentiment—into other minds and hearts—we must look to history alone.

The epic poet justly claims an interest in the great scourges and the great benefactors of the human race. Let him imagine below the lowest depths of human atrocity, still lower depths; let him gild the gold which has been refined in the fire of trial and persecution. Yet it is the prerogative of stern, sober history to hang beastliness, falsehood and cruelty in the most torturing pillory; and place genius, and virtue, and courage on their highest pedestal. History takes command of all truth, and marshals it in procession before us. Science, especially the more exact science, presents truth in the light of the reigning fashion, branded with no dates, ticketed with no cost marks—all projected on a near plane which faces us. Truth is exhibited not in the intricate, cumbersome—sometimes not very rigorous—demonstrations; but tersely, methodically, in the light of self-evidence, or in that

of the plainest possible logic. The forward school boy passes over in a few months ground which it took humanity centuries to traverse; sees clearly what the vanguard of human progress saw dimly, or saw not at all. Doctrines, which are the parvenus of the decade, jostle on terms of intimacy through old families, compared with which the Howards are of yesterday. We are greatly obliged to science for a method of instruction so much to our profit and enjoyment. History comes forward now to restore every point of this projection to its original place. She arranges these truths into corps, divisions and regiments; moves them back in sections at a time, halts each individual at its place of emergence; large divisions are stationed at the doors of certain great men, whole armies are halted at certain productive epochs. The whole host is marched back, resuming on the way its ancient uniforms, platoon and an individual resting for review at the appropriate station, till the whole field of a continuous civilization is echeloned over with the multitude which had just constituted the dressed line of the present. The mathematical column drops out its calculus, its conic sections, its logarithms, its decimal notation, its trigonometry, its geometry, its arithmetic, till the weakened is reduced to the Pythagorean multiplication, preserving to the last its old Greek nomenclature. Chemistry soon loses its dizzying array of facts, its wide generalizations, its batteries, its earths and alkalis, and disappears in its wide search for universal solvent and philosopher's stone. Geology soon dismisses her seams, her dips, her strikes, her ligands and lichens, and sinks debating (for it is



the way of the exact sciences to debate), whether she is born of water or fire.

But time would fail to follow the procession and witness retiring to their assigned posts the spectroscopes and the celestial maps of yesterday, the grand generalization of Newton, the patient and invaluable inductions of Kepler. The systems of Copernicus and Ptolemy tell that proud Astronomy, which some think exhibits the glory of La Place more than the glory of God, dwindles into the speculations and observations of Chaldean shepherds. All the arts are distributed over the past, even those which would seem to be the necessary products of human skill, telling a story of incalculable toil. All the political and moral truths, even those which now seem the simplest axioms and tritest commonplaces, reminding us of ages when challenged as wild paradoxes and daring innovations—they are now standing ground with tears and blood. Let them now all be bidden back to their present places, and they will come invested with new interest and new charms. They will come attended with that retinue of associations which makes truth easy to the memory and grateful to the taste. They will come back exhibiting direction and rate of movement of each department of knowledge, and suggesting to every lover of the orderly progress of truth, where to seek employment. And I suspect they will teach as emphatically as anything else that history, so hateful to every other branch of knowledge, itself must needs to be helped.

And Clio, the muse of History, is more than ever calling, and calling not in vain, for aid from all her sisters. She

summons Philosophy as an expert, presents her the names of ancient rivers and mountains, and takes her confirming or rebutting testimony on the migrations and settlements of ancient races. She appeals to Geology and Meteorology to know whether the denuded and barren slopes of Palestine could ever have exulted in a fertility and beauty which extorted the unwilling admiration of the naturalist Strabo, and the prophet Balaam. She studiously examines the models of ancient ships, finds how many points they could sail against the wind, questions witnesses on the habits of the capricious currents of the air, inspects the recorded accurate soundings of the British Navy, and then describes with utmost precision the drifting on the Mediterranean of an Alexandrian corn-ship, which could not sink with a greater than Cæsar on board, and its going to pieces in a vain struggle with the tenacious anchorages of the harbor of Malta. We are glad that modern historians are scanning the past with severe criticism. Even their hypercriticism, though not to their honor, is overruled for good. Science and scientific criticism bring out some new truth, corroborate much more old truth, and explode much more old error. Of necessity this criticism can more easily tell what could not have been than what was. It is mainly negative, and has been correctly named destructive criticism. So much professed history, in which truth and fiction mingled in tantalizing proportions, invited rigid examination; and the skeptical criticism developing its methods and sharpening its instruments by practice on the myths of profane history, confidently turned them against the fundamental monuments of Christianity. And Chris-

tianity welcomed the examination with dignified confidence; submitted to pert and irreverent questioning; courted a search into her inmost sanctities; pressingly invited a hostile investigation, to walk about Zion, count her tombs and mark well her bulwarks. Her confidence has been justified; her ancient monuments have defied hostile criticism. By this time the world ought to be satisfied that the Church is founded upon a rock. The same opposition to evangelical truth, which assailed it at its birth, is still maintained. But apart from this, mankind appears more determined than ever to know the precise truth on every subject. The physical sciences, which are more than ever studied, furnish mathematical or experimental demonstration. It is not strange that the habit should be formed of demanding in other departments of knowledge, an evidence which the volume of the case does not furnish, and especially the truth of history. A philosophical system utterly groundless, may as vigorously, though hardly as healthfully, exercise the mind as one embodying the truth. A novel may present us, in a new ideal aspect, facts of human nature familiar to our experience and observation, it may formulate our knowledge in striking and convenient expression, and even make some contribution to the actual development of that knowledge. It would be absurd to draw one's facts from a novel, instead of bringing the novel to the standard of known facts. But falser than any romance, except a political novel, which appeals to the prejudices of the distant readers for its general conformity to truth, and which evades responsibility for the special form of the libel by pleading poetic license, nothing can be

more misleading than much that passes under the name of history. A romance which should project the essential elements of life in its own age upon a distant place and time, would be less erroneous than a grave history recording what neither happened nor could happen at any period. The light which shines upon the present and the near future, issues mainly from the past. If, then, our light be darkness, how fatal is that darkness. False history is a false chart, and false sailing directions—a wrecker holding out deceitful beacons. Yet there have been eras when fictitious or uncertain history was followed with a reverence not due to the real. The present is never the servile imitator of the past. History never fully reproduces itself, and therefore much sagacity is needed in adapting its instructions to present use. Yet the precedents of a history in which fable and truth have been indiscriminately blended, have been the rigid formulas according to which the statesmen of routine have essayed to bleed again, and blister again, into health, the body politic. In days not very long since past, mankind seemed to prefer for their guidance as well as their amusement, the legends of heroes and demi-gods to the well-vouched experiences of their fathers. Almost every line which the eloquent and graceful Livy wrote on the traditions of ancient Rome, survives. Almost all the labor he bestowed on its really historic periods, has been labor utterly lost. We rejoice that a new attitude has been assumed toward the past, that while modern civilization is cultivating a most affectionate interest in the explorations of the mounds of western America, and in the excavations of

Babylon and Troy, it is subjecting their revelations to tests as varied and as rigid as those of the laboratory; and we rejoice that in the nearly hopeless search for the distant past, they are not neglecting as soon as the life is fairly out of the present, to embalm it for eternal preservation.

The recent movements to organize effort for securing the material of history, are all the more hopeful, as they are but one branch of a much wider enterprise, whose interaction will help to sustain them. The bureaus of Washington City are plying the farmers of the country with questions calling out facts, in aid of a more exhaustive and scientific treatment of agriculture. They are imploring every old man of leisure to furnish them the daily range of his thermometer, and the hourly shiftings of his weather-cock. They would set every idle boy to recording birds and caterpillars, and forwarding his observations. They supply every vessel, that sails to distant coasts, with bottles to be dropped into the sea with a sealed statement of the place and the time, that their floating may indicate the drift of the currents of the ocean. While around us there is the stir of a concerted effort to gather and sift, and co-ordinate and generalize facts, for the guidance of the future; it is timely, it is seemly, that the Christian Church should take her appropriate part in a great movement. The ship that bears so much precious life, and so much precious freight, should be careful in her sounding, incessant in observations, and scrupulous and accurate in keeping her log-book. And yet, Christianity, which has preserved in her libraries, almost all that has been preserved of Pagan Greece

and Rome, has been less careful of her own history, than of anything else. We find no regular attempt at church history till after the Council of Nice, in the fourth century; before this, there were great, rapid and wholly silent revolutions in the form and spirit of Christianity. It is really wonderful, that while the Church was engaged in questions about the person of our Lord; questions, many of them altogether frivolous and presumptuous, and questions about the proper time of Easter, as trifling as the Big Indian and Little Indian controversy of the Lilliputians; a deluge of change passed unrecorded over the early simplicity of religion. We should be compelled to admit, that the Christianity of the fourth, fifth and sixth centuries was primitive Christianity, if this did not involve, that there was in the apostolic age, a body of unwritten truth, wholly distinct from the written; and inconsistent, indeed incompatible with it. And while it is easy to show that there were innovations, we are at great disadvantage in meeting them, from the silence of history.

## A PART OF AN ADDRESS ON THE ADVANTAGES OF A COLLEGIATE EDUCATION.

---

I PROPOSE to maintain before you, my hearers, the superiority of thorough collegiate training over every other, as a preparation for any profession, business, trade—in a word for any legitimate walk in life except, *perhaps*, the very lowest. I admit in this statement, that scholastic and collegiate education is not the only mode of communicating useful knowledge, and the sole discipline of mental power. The mind is endowed in varying, but generally in large degree, with spontaneous activity. It can never be exerted without the development of power; and it is surrounded by objects which solicit, encourage, tax and reward it. It thus develops power and gains truth. It scarcely makes any effort without acquiring more or less of knowledge. It never acquires any knowledge without the exercise and increase of its own vigor; this last statement might seem too strong. Knowledge radiates in upon us; so quiet and facile at times is the acquisition, especially the youthful acquisition of knowledge, that we are inclined to pronounce it a merely passive absorption. It is never so. The mind must actively construe every sign of thought, interpret every word, judge every utterance. And with whatever apparent unconsciousness, and however

mechanically, the association of ideas may sort out our new impressions, for their places in the memory, the will is everywhere active in forming our habits of thought, and in co-ordinating our attainments. And this involves that every mind tends to self-evolution, that every man is in some degree, self-made, and that mental training takes care of itself; as the boy's tune whistled itself. But such mental unfolding is quite too easy, quite too feeble to qualify for the stern problems of life.

Every mind is active, but probably no mind takes naturally to hard work. Repeated instructions, patient inculcations of lessons, along with something of restraint and constraint, are necessary to evoke any mental exercise beyond mere play. And where laborious teaching is done apart from the methods of the schools; where tasks are imposed and some regularity of exertion, within the competence of early life is required; the teaching is too desultory, occasional and miscellaneous, and the exertion soon becomes too easy to tax any, and too narrow to call out all of the powers of the mind. The school, especially the higher school, presents to the mind lessons which are models of luminous method, arranged on an ascending scale of difficulty—lessons which awaken and repay curiosity, which stimulate and constrain effort, and which suggest unfailing tests of successful effort. And not only does it expand and sharpen the mind by the impartation of wide spheres of generalized, and systematized truth; but more and more as the course extends it cultivates those powers of analysis, induction and deduction, which qualify for the independent



investigation, and elaboration of any and all truth. Let us enter a very little into detail. It teaches more thoroughly than can be acquired anywhere else, the prompt, facile and adequate interpretation of language, in which is recorded all the surviving product of human thought, all the extant experience of the human race. It presents for arduous and invigorating study, language, itself the most wondrous and the most valuable creation of man's skill; language adjusting with almost infinite flexibility, to every mode and every act of consciousness; supporting science in every step of her rigorous and subtle reasoning, and in every flight of her soaring speculation; painting the poet's lightest dream; launching the bolt and thundering the peal of the orator's indignation, and breathing in gentlest accents the mother's and the maiden's love. What power is involved in the accurate interpretation of another's thought and in the adequate expression of one's own!

But this is not all. It is not half. If not all thought, certainly all clear and continuous thought, is dependent on language. Language and reasoning are not identical, but they are practically inseparable. Sir William Hamilton has well said that thought may be, indeed must be, a little ahead of language, but language must follow close on its heels to bind its harvests into bundles. Changing the figure. Thinking is like tunneling a sand-bank. The spade reaches a little beyond the supporting framework, but no secure progress is made unless the timber or masonry closely follow to shove up every foot of the advance. Thought may skirmish in front—

may, may gain some indecisive victories—but words must follow hard to hold the ground. What a ludicrous but natural mistake in him who supposed that Jemmy O'Toole had merely *chated* him out of a Sunday sail for *idays* when he robbed him of his opportunities for education. Language is more than Sunday dress for ideas. It is necessary raiment. I should scarcely go too far if I added, it is the meat, and drink, and vital air of thought. I should insult your intelligence if I should maintain that this invaluable thing is monopolized by the colleges. But I do say, that where fair competency in the teacher, meets fair ability in the pupil, there the highest advantages are likely to be realized. I must not forget that I undertook to show the practical advantages of collegiate education for all the higher walks of professional and industrial life. I must not then insist on the fact that in the two dead languages taught in college—the Greek and the Latin—are contained, the authoritative standards of Christian doctrine and ecclesiastical history. The original records in the one, the history of doctrine and organization in the other. That the foundations, and more than mere foundations, of our modern philosophy are in them. That they contain the seeds of most of our modern science and literature. I may not pass over the fact that almost all the more comprehensive terms in our language, and nearly half of the terms in even most common use, are better understood by a respectable proficient in those languages. I must insist that the scantling of Cæsar's Commentaries, Virgil's Eclogues, and Horace's Odes, which even a graduate could bring away from college, might

prove a very slender outfit of practical knowledge for a lawyer, a merchant, or a farmer. The vigor, accuracy, readiness, and subtilty of thinking developed in their acquisition, are invaluable advantages in every department of activity. We can only touch the science of the mathematics. Beginning with a meagre outfit of axioms, forms and definitions, what a magnificent sphere of truth—now it is said, widening more rapidly than ever—has it constructed. Itself simply ideal, a realm of pure abstractions, it allies itself with fact and observation, it locates railroads and canals, levels the hills, tunnels the mountains, builds bridges, aqueducts, palaces and temples, constructs your maps, establishes the boundaries between farms and between nations, fixes time and calends, fashions the ship and guides it with almost unerring certainty over the pathless waters; not to speak of what it has done in threading the whole labyrinth of nature, in the earth and in the heavens, how practically useful it is to the race. But one says, except some aid in practical work, it is worth nothing to me directly in my office, in my shop, on my farm. Calculus, I admit, is worth nothing directly in most of the pursuits of life. But mathematics, as a practical drill in analysis, as the best known training in continuous and subtle reasoning, is the best discipline of mind in deduction and experience.

The profound and brilliant Macaulay, hardly equalled by any linguist, who has made the languages his special life-long study, was a good mathematician, but formed a capricious distaste to mathematics; he failed to win the highest honors of Cambridge. Many years afterwards he remarked, with a

touch of sadness, "I would not turn over one of my fingers for the honor of being Senior Wrangler, but I would give a great deal for the habits of mind, which the gaining of the honor would have established and avouched." I may not detain you to speak of that science, of know thyself, which itself is the subject, or the object matter, in which the soul minutely inventories, not its products but its powers; in which it dissects itself, and yet lives with increased vigor; and in which it surveys and enlarges itself in the very act of surveying all things else that lie in the range of its vision. Surely, surely, the study of ourselves and of kindred souls is invaluable, both in its silent knowledge and in discipline.

Of natural philosophy and chemistry, I need say no more than that the former, is in a great measure, applied mathematics; and that where they differ from mathematics they both furnish knowledge more *immediately* available; and establish habits of thought more immediately applicable in the so-called productive industries, than any other studies. The whole course is skilfully calculated to make the several studies mutually helpful and complementary, and to furnish the greatest amount of valuable truth, and the highest degree of rounded and symmetrical mental development. Often those studies which afford a minimum of directly available truth, afford the maximum of culture. The college course comprehends all the great departments of human knowledge, but it presents them rather in the manner of a general school, than of a topographical map. It marks the great thoroughfares into the grand main divisions of truth, indexes the roads

leading into the lesser territories, and helps to a commanding outlook on the whole. Its wealth consists rather of ingots than of small change, and it requires a supplemental practical tact to coin them for immediate use. It more than any other training, cultivates the power of rapidly acquiring this tact, in converting its own stores into available forms, and in gaining whatever additional stores may be necessary.

The young farmer who has been five years on the farm will succeed at first, greatly beyond his young neighbor of equal native ability, who returns from a five years' course at college, and goes right off to farming. The old neighbors will laugh at the first efforts of the agricultural novice who has no guide at all, or no guide but Liebig and the Southern Planter.

If the young planter be a Jno. R. Edmunds, they will soon cease to laugh and begin to stare. But what a strange inference they will draw! When "Dick" came home from the University he was a great bungler. University education is nothing to a farmer; practice is everything. Why, we may ask, had not practice done as much for some of them, scarcely inferior in natural endowments to this great statesman, and greatest of farmers? Ah! the University education was behind all the practice, in all the practice. The young Collegiate will wrap goods as nimbly, run up a column of numbers as rapidly, post books as skilfully as a rival with less of general, and more of special training. But give the young scholar a little time, and he will vindicate the practical worth of his studies.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CHAPTER X.

## HIS DEATH.

IT was a remarkable fact, that while through all his life, Dr. Brown was fragile and delicate, he was enabled to say on his death bed that he had never had a serious sickness, and had never known the day when he could not dress himself. Always a victim to constitutional infirmities, he yet seemed to be singularly exempt from ordinary diseases. He endured the hardships and exposures of a country pastorate, and yet escaped the ordinary ailments with which his stronger brethren so often suffered. This was due in part to the simplicity of his habits and his unfailing prudence.

For many years he was the victim of a cough. When, in 1881, he came to Richmond to enter upon his duties as a Professor in the College, he was a guest in the home of the writer during the time of his preparation for housekeeping. I had not met him many times since he was my teacher in the Albemarle Female Institute, and it was one of the sweetest privileges of my domestic life to

welcome him and his loved ones to my board and fireside. His coming was an event fraught with joy to many, and my own heart bounded with grateful pride to see my old teacher take his place in that Institution, so deeply enshrined in the affections of the Virginia Baptists. But, after seeing him and noticing his wasted form and hearing in the night his incessant coughing, my joy changed to anxiety. He was, however, so full of vivacity and showed such marked powers of endurance, that the forebodings of his friends seemed to be unnecessary. He took up his work with surprising energy, and prosecuted it with an ardor so fresh and buoyant, that the question of his health ceased to be discussed. Sometimes, at the end of the sessions, he exhibited signs of prostration and exhaustion. But, after his vacations, he would return to his duties renewed in strength and hope.

The College Session of 1885-86 opened with unusual interest. It had been announced that the exercises would be introduced by a public address from Dr. Brown. His popularity with the students was such that, contrary to their custom of lingering at home until the day on which the recitation bell would ring, they came in large numbers, that they might enjoy the luxury of

hearing him. In addition to the students and professors, there were present from the city many cultivated people, making one of those appreciative and sympathetic audiences which always called forth his noblest powers. His subject was "Christian Education," and in it he showed by an argument at once compact and masterly, that Christian teaching may be done more effectually by example and silent influence than by formal religious instruction under legislative enactment. The address was witty, unique, richly entertaining and thrillingly eloquent.

But human life is subject to startling changes. This auspicious opening of the College was soon to be followed by one of the saddest incidents which had ever marked its history. While apparently as well as usual, Dr. Brown was evidently anxious about the condition of his health. He consulted physicians, but they gave him no reason for special alarm.

The General Baptist Association met in the early part of November, in the city of Richmond, Va. Dr. Brown attended its sessions, and while he took no part in the public discussions, he greatly enjoyed his companionship with his brethren. He filled his house with delegates, and day by day his parlors were crowded with friends to whom he



extended a delightful hospitality. Little did his brethren dream that his end would come so soon. During the week following the Association, Mr. Carson Brown, the eldest son of the deceased, was married, and brought his bride to his father's house. The marriage was in all respects most agreeable to the family; and Dr. Brown hailed the coming of his new daughter with many demonstrations of pleasure. He gave himself heartily to the entertainment of the bridal pair. It was noticed that he was facetious and jovial even beyond his wont, and he brightened the home circle with many a flash of his quaint and mirth-provoking wit. Perhaps in all the earth there could not have been found a happier home than was that of Dr. Brown's during the few days when he had Carson and his young wife as guests. He was a prince of talkers, and no where did his colloquial powers show to greater advantage than at his own fireside, and none enjoyed him more than his own family.

He was engaged to preach at the First Baptist Church on Sunday, November 22d; but, on rising Sunday morning, he was attacked with a nausea, which so completely prostrated him that he was compelled to recall the appointment. On Monday morning Mr. Carson Brown and his wife left for

their home, in Pittsylvania, with no serious mis-giving as to the condition of their father, little thinking of the message that was so soon to recall them.

On Tuesday, the writer called at his home; and on being invited to the chamber where the sick teacher lay, his parched lips and burning fever betokened too plainly the approach of death. He talked freely of his condition, and said the doctor told him he had engorgement of the liver; that he did not know how serious his case was, but that he had felt for some time that his end would come suddenly, "that he would pass rapidly away after having lived a life of as much real happiness as is ever given to any man." This was said with intense emotion and revealed the fact that he felt that his condition was critical.

On Friday morning I visited him again, and was greatly pained at the marked change that had taken place. His whole appearance was different. His face was rigid, and his breathing labored and painful. When aroused from his stupor he made an effort to greet me with his wonted brightness and cordiality, and said that he felt better. During the morning he not only arose and dressed himself, but prepared the monthly reports of his classes. As the day advanced, he grew rapidly worse.

He did not seem to be aware of the nearness of his end; but his lungs, always weak, had become suddenly and hopelessly congested, and he was too much enfeebled to resist an attack so acute and powerful. After a brief struggle, his final relief came, at nine and a half o'clock, on Friday night, November 29th, 1885.

No public mention had been made of his sickness, and even his own family were not expecting the sad result. The news of his death, therefore, was a great surprise. At the College the Literary Societies were holding their weekly sessions, and when a messenger brought the startling tidings of his death, they broke up in the midst of tearful lamentations.

The next morning the *Richmond Despatch* announced the event, and the sorrow of the Richmond people was widespread and profound. As the intelligence went abroad through Virginia, the general grief, especially among the Baptists, was very deep; and messages and letters of sympathy came to the family from every direction.

The funeral took place at the Grace Street Baptist Church on Sunday afternoon. The weather could not have been more unfavorable. All day the rain had been pouring in torrents, and the streets were filled with water. The wind

was piercing and fierce, and it was well nigh impossible to walk the streets, without being drenched and chilled by the driving rain. The vast congregation, which despite the raging storm, thronged the building was itself a significant testimony to the honor and esteem, with which Dr. Brown was regarded by the Richmond people—and yet it was supposed that hundreds were kept away by the violent weather. The trustees, the faculty, the students and many, many friends entered the house with the procession. I have never witnessed a funeral service so tearful and impressive. Nearly all of the Baptist pastors of Richmond were present, and took part in the exercises. The music was in charge of a quartette choir of students, assisted by Richmond's most beloved and consecrated singer, Captain Frank Cunningham.

Prof. H. H. Harris, the chairman of the College Faculty, was in charge of the exercises, and introduced them in fitting words.

In the place of a formal sermon, there were three addresses. The pastor of the Church, Dr. W. E. Hatcher, who had been summoned by telegram from Culpeper, where he was assisting Rev. C. F. James in a series of revival services, was the first speaker. He spoke as follows :

Let me say, dear brethren and friends, that I am not worthy to speak at such a time as this. My lips faint before their task. They cannot utter the anguish of my own heart, and yet less can they adequately speak the mournful sentiment of this hour. I tremble, lest I speak what ought to remain unsaid, or withhold that which the occasion may demand.

Who could speak worthily of Israel's peerless prince whose pulseless dust lies before us? What words can frame his eulogy whose worth belittles all praise? Unique, original and majestic when living, he wears in death a vestment of glory, which no tongue can describe. For years he has been enshrined in our hearts, and his presence has been a fountain of joy and strength. Now that God has suddenly taken him away, who can fittingly recite the story of his life, or paint in its lofty spiritual beauty, his character?

Such power pertains not to me, and yet you will bear with me, as I stand in my place and offer my feeble tribute to his worth. Our brother was a native of Amherst County. Truly, that rugged and beautiful old county, never bore a princelier son, and no son was ever more proudly loyal to his native hills. Dr. Brown once said, "that God's plant-bed for rearing Baptist preachers, lay along the eastern base of the Blue Ridge Mountains." From that soil he sprang, and in the fulness of time, Divine grace plucked him up, and transplanted him into the garden of the Lord, where his leaf never withered, and whatsoever he did, prospered. In his early life he became an Episcopalian; but a larger and deeper study of God's Word revealed to him a better way, and he became a Baptist.

Heartily accepting the distinctive views of the Baptists, he maintained them with gentle and courageous devotion, and was always happy in the fellowship of his brethren. Unblest of fortune, and yet inflamed with a quenchless passion for learning, he had a sharp conflict in seeking an education. But his purpose to attain unto generous culture was overmastering, and in the end victorious. His scholastic advantages were fragmentary, comprising a year at Washington College in Lexington, Va., and later, a brief term at our State University; but what the schools denied him, his own inflexible energy and tireless personal application achieved for him. He became a chief in the family of scholars.

It startles us to think of him so frail in body, so wedded to books, and so sensitive to the jars of life, beginning his ministerial career as a pioneer in the mountains of Virginia. Those who knew him as the youthful missionary are not here to-day, but their testimony abides that his life was spotless, his spirit heroic, and his sermons full of gospel power. In the rugged conflicts of those boyish days, he won the strength for his splendid achievements in other fields.

Dr. Brown first became conspicuous to public view, as the pastor of the Baptist Church at Hampton, Va. He was then in the freshness of his ripened manhood, and not even the blotting of old Hampton from the earth can ever efface the marks of his influence in that community.

A lady told me this morning, that she met a grey-haired old man on the street car yesterday—one who was a leading spirit

in the Hampton Church during Dr. Brown's pastorate. He had just heard of his old pastor's death, and unmindful of the cold glances of those around him, he was crying like a child.

Yesterday afternoon, I passed through Charlottesville; in the thickening gloom of the evening, I saw the tower of the Baptist Church; it reminded me of those magnificent times when our brother stood in the Charlottesville pulpit, and by his majestic eloquence drew to his feet, as eager listeners, the best brain and culture of that classic community. I saw the Albemarle Institute in which he taught, and thought of his scattered pupils who once ennobled by his magnetic and brilliant life, were now to be saddened by the tidings of his death.

Dr. Brown loved to teach. Twice he held a professorship in Hollins Institute; and his memory will forever be indissolubly linked with the history of that Institution. He helped greatly to give to that school the lofty place which it now has. It was in the dark days of the war that he finally bade adieu to Hollins, and entered the army as a missionary. For nearly two years, of his own accord, and from a conviction of duty, he slept in the camp, preached in the open air, visited in the hospitals and cheered the soldier boys in the midst of their denials and perils. When the end came—the tragic disastrous end of the strife—he returned to his family in their little country home in Pittsylvania County, Virginia. There for fifteen years, sometimes teaching, sometimes working in the fields for bread, all the time the devoted teacher of his own children, he remained. In the midst of these duties he

ceased not to declare the word of God. As the pastor of country churches he was in the best sense a public benefactor—an example of righteousness—a stimulating, refining, unifying, Christian force, and his work so honestly done, will long survive him. In that community, his name is the synonym of purity, honor and fidelity. While he labored, he studied, and studying, grew to the height of his great manhood.

Now and then he emerged from his rural retreat, and appeared in the councils of his brethren. He came like a prophet, anointed with celestial power and burning with his message. His words fell with almost seraphic power upon the crowds which pressed to hear him. Some of us remember how, that in the strength of the bread which he gave us to eat, we travelled for many days in the wilderness of life.

Justice is tardy, but always sure. At last the Baptists of Virginia awoke to a sense of his worth, and in 1881, summoned him to duty in the Faculty of Richmond College. As others are to speak of him as the college professor, I pass over that phase of his life with the single remark that those who were the most active in securing his appointment will always recall the part they took with grateful satisfaction.

It is always painful to me to speak in terms which to others may savor of exaggeration. Those who did not know Dr. Brown will hardly forgive the almost boundless enthusiasm and admiration with which his friends regarded him. I say, with a full sense of my responsibility, that in many points Dr. Brown was the greatest man that I ever knew. He was



endowed with a great mind. It was phenomenally, exceptionally great—great in its grasp, great in its penetrating power, great in its power to hold and surprisingly great in its capacity to recall, combine and utilize what he knew. In the extent, variety, accuracy, and honesty of his learning he was pre-eminent. His shattered nerves made it painful for him to write and sometimes painful to speak. His sensitive modesty often sealed his lips when his soul was on fire to speak. But whether on the platform, or in the class room, or at the fireside, he opened his lips, it was the unsealing of a fountain of wisdom and truth.

I do not care to call Dr. Brown an orator. Perhaps he was not. The frailty of his form, the occasional lack of volume and distinctness in his voice, his untrained and sometimes violent gestures may have fallen below the popular ideal of the orator. But what he lacked in studied grace and smooth speech, was more than made up in the fiery and impetuous torrent of his thought, the intense earnestness of his nature and the boldness and honesty of his bearing. If we are to judge men by the effect of their public utterances, he could easily stand the test. His power with the people was wonderful. I stood at the gate of the Baptist Church, in Culpeper, yesterday, when a distinguished Presbyterian lawyer approached me. I informed him of Dr. Brown's death. "Alas!" he said, "one of our greatest men has fallen. I heard him preach in this church what I verily believe was the most thrillingly eloquent sermon that I have ever heard." I remember well that in his speech on State

Missions, before the General Association, at Petersburg, in 1870, he produced an impression which was unequalled by all I have heard in impressive and overwhelming power. When he finished, the people sat spell-bound and in tears. As another brother, after a pause, rose to speak, a minister rushed out of the house exclaiming: "Let me get out. After hearing Brown, I can hear nothing else." On other occasions his power over the people was equally great. His eloquence was ripened thought steeped in holy passion.

It often happened that his noblest speeches were spiced with a humor that was exceedingly chaste and gentle. On one occasion, I remember, his wit broke forth like a flood, and convulsed his audience into surprised laughter. If not an orator in finish and art, he was better than an orator in his sublime power to enkindle high sentiment in human souls.

Better even than his imperial mental gifts, was his nobleness of heart. I know that it has been said that Dr. Brown was passionate, and sometimes yielded to angry excitements. Well, he had a high and impetuous nature. His views of rectitude and propriety were very emphatic. In his youth he spurned evil with a consuming intensity which sometimes set fire to the evil doer, and in his sight discourtesy was a crime. But he saw his fault. He put a chain upon his fiery nature. He subdued himself humbly before God. He learned patience and charity, and was gentle. He was like a little child before the Lord. His spirit was candid, forbearing, magnanimous. He knew men. Those who fancied he was unobservant and undis-

criminating were greatly mistaken. He knew what was in men in a very remarkable degree. But he was kindly in his judgments and marvelously cautious in his speech. He neither spoke roughly to the offender nor severely to the wrong-doer. He loved peace, and sought always to do what was pure and right. He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost.

In no relation of life did our brother show to greater advantage than in his home. In the mercy of God he found in his youth one of the wisest and truest of women for his wife, and to the end of his days he accorded to her that graceful courtesy and unfailing gallantry which he gave her as a bride. He ruled well his house—always receiving the prompt submission and purest reverence of his children, and that, too, with only the gentlest displays of his authority. In him his children had a constant and entertaining companion. The gate of his home was always ajar for his friends. He dispensed hospitality with a cordiality so easy and informal that his guests were always made happy. Hundreds have tasted his bounty who will now bewail his departure.

When he came to Richmond I did not ask him to unite with this church; but when he gave me his letter, I could not refrain from expressing the joy which I felt in his coming. I did not feel that I was fitted to minister to him, but I rejoiced that such a noble counsellor had entered our ranks. Little, indeed, did I know what an unspeakable blessing he would prove to the pastor or the Church. From the first, he won the love of the people. They believed thoroughly in his goodness and wisdom. They were always glad to hear him. He

entered thoroughly into the work of the Church. His seat was rarely vacant, and never without a cause. While averse even to the appearance of conspicuity, he was ready for every good work. Last Sunday week that veteran pioneer of our State Mission Board, M. A. Wilson, was invited to speak in our Sunday School. Of course, he was in quest of money to aid him in building a house of worship in the Southwest. When it was proposed to send out the baskets to receive the gifts of the brethren, Dr. Brown sprang up with his pocket-book in hand, and, halting the collectors, said, "Brethren, let us do something worthy of us: here is my gift: who else will help?" His words were electric, and the money poured in from many quarters.

Since I entered this pulpit, more than ten years ago, to minister to this Church, I have had many discriminating, helpful, responsive hearers. Many of my sermons have been saved from failure by sympathetic eyes that are now sealed in death. But I speak the simple truth, when I declare, that the most gracious and inspiring auditor to whom I ever preached (excepting, possibly, Dr. Jeter), was Dr. Brown. Not only did he listen well, but almost every Sabbath he remained after the close of the service, to utter some pleasant criticism upon the sermon—none the less pleasant because it was sometimes adverse. He never failed to yield a cordial sympathy to every enterprise of the Church, or to every scheme of the pastor which looked to the honor of Christ. It is not for me to attempt to express a sense of that loss which has fallen on this Church in his death; but he leaves to us a name that cannot

be forgotten, and an example whose influence will continue to do its silent work.

His testimony in favor of the Gospel has been to many a stronghold of faith. He was a philosopher, in the broadest Christian sense. He knew history; he had gone to the bottom of language and of literature. To him, the theories and speculations of men, in every department of thought, were quite familiar. He had measured the depths of skepticism, and knew its strength and its weakness. He was one of the few men who could safely cross the line and personally inspect the grim fortresses from which the enemies of God hurled their deadliest missiles. He had made the round of the enemies' encampments, examined their weapons, and measured their strength. Better than any other man, who has moved in our midst during this generation, he was able to study the Christian evidences under all converging lights. This he did, and the end was a cloudless faith in the redemptive work of Christ, the Son of God. He trusted in Jesus as the Living One; and each day saw him on his knees and in grateful fellowship with his Lord. Many of us are not capable of grappling with the devices of infidelity. It may start questions which we can not answer; but if Dr. Brown, our prince in scholarship, believed the Gospel, we need not doubt it. We can prop our trembling faith with his faith which never trembled. In that faith he has closed his life and gone to be with Christ. Happy Sabbath—unspeakably happy—has this been to him: sitting beneath the Tree of Life with his own beloved Poindexter, Jeter, Taylor, Bagby, and Tyree, and gazing entranced upon the glories of his Redeemer.

The second speaker was Rev. William C. Tyree, of Amherst County, Va., who was chosen to represent his fellow students on the occasion. Tenderly and appropriately he voiced the feelings of those he represented. In the following will be found the address of this consecrated and promising young minister :

I cannot tell you kind friends with what trembling embarrassment I appear before you, at this sad hour. It is with no sense of fitness that I come, but simply that I may voice the sorrow of my fellow-students; I may be pardoned for saying that one fact, serves to embolden me for my task. I am the son of one who was a life-long friend of Dr. Brown, and I feel that it is an act of filial piety to bring a simple flower of praise, and place it upon this bier. I may add also, that Amherst, the county of Dr. Brown's nativity, is my adopted home, and in no place, was he ever more highly esteemed. The respect which he won as a boy, continued and grew until his death. The news that he has passed away, will sadden hundreds of hearts in the community, where he was reared.

But chiefly as a student of Richmond College, am I here to speak. It is a poor tribute to our lamented teacher to say, that he commanded the most profound and affectionate admiration of the students. His princely mind, his varied learning, his gentle spirit, and his transparent goodness, secured for him the highest respect. He was to us a never failing fountain of knowledge. We never heard him without

being enriched with knowledge—and inspired with lofty purposes. He was a lover of truth, and those who sat at his feet, felt the contagion of his spirit.

But we loved Dr. Brown as much as we respected him. He was our friend, he was accessible, modest, and always ready to help us. He encouraged us, while he taught us—and quickened our self-respect by his manifest care for our welfare. How sadly we will miss him! How much of that mellow, Christian influence which pervaded the college will depart with him.

The sweet light of his life will ever be to us a holy memory and a precious incentive. He taught us how to live, how to study, how to work, how to suffer, how to wait; and now he teaches us how we must die. He has closed his class-book—and will call the roll no more; but it is pleasant to reflect that he has gone to answer to the roll-call of the skies.

Fellow-students, around the coffin of our dead professor we bow beneath a common sorrow. Let us catch the falling mantle of the ascending prophet, and wrapping it about us, go forth to the battle of life.

The third address at the funeral was delivered by Dr. Brown's fellow-professor, Rev. Wm. D. Thomas, DD., and richly deserves a place in these memorial papers. It is to be regretted that Dr. Thomas has not been able to furnish a copy for publication. In its stead, we take the liberty of presenting the subjoined sketch, written for the

*College Messenger*, by Prof. B. Puryear, LL.D., one of the most tenderly loved friends that Dr. Brown ever had :

Our community has been most painfully shocked by the sudden death of Dr. Brown. The sad event occurred on Friday, the 27th November, at 9:20 P. M. Dr. Brown was on the streets on Saturday, the 21st, in his usual health, and was engaged to preach the next day at the First Baptist Church. But with the day came the last sickness that was to convulse his already wasted and feeble frame. He was too unwell to preach, or even to attend church. No serious apprehensions, however, were entertained until a few hours before the fatal issue. Indeed, he was cheerful and talkative on the afternoon of his last day on earth, greeting his friends with a grateful smile, and begging them to prolong their stay. But his vital energies had been well nigh exhausted before sickness came, and when it came, he fell, therefore, an easy prey.

We shall attempt no sketch of the life of our departed friend and instructor. That task we leave to other and more competent hands. We shall speak of him only as a college professor, and as he appeared to us in his daily work and walk.

Dr. Brown was indisputably the most intellectual man we have ever known. His mind was always actively at work. We believe that his physical system was weakened, and, at length, undermined by his high intellectuality. He belonged to that noblest type of philosophers who seek knowledge at all times and everywhere because they love it. To study and to



learn was a necessity of his nature. The truth was lovely in his eyes, and he sought it eagerly because he loved it with a burning passion. Whether his intellectual achievements would bring him fame, or wealth, or dignities, were matters that did not occur to him. Not these did he seek, but simply and only what was true. And when he discovered Truth, he clasped her as Goddess fair, and was thrilled and electrified by the embrace. Though he might not hear, yet in his inmost soul he felt the "music of the spheres." To discover the causes of things, to trace the connections and dependencies of events, to build solid theories upon established facts, were the constant and necessary occupations of his mind. And when an intellectual triumph rewarded his labor, what warmth, and glow, and ecstasy suffused his face and tingled along his nerves! What seraphic joy must thrill his now unfettered soul as it sweeps the boundless Universe, and contemplates, in its multiplied relations and magnificent amplitudes, the truth he loved so well!

With a mind so vigorous, so inquisitive and active, and devoted through life to scholastic pursuits, Dr. Brown was, as must needs be, a prodigy of learning. He was at home in the ancient and modern languages, in belles-lettres, in history, in philology, in sociology, in metaphysics, in the positive and exact sciences, not excluding the abstruse mathematics. Nor did he simply make forays into all these fields of learning. His acquisitions were not only varied, but accurate, thorough, and profound. His aim was to know, not to seem to know. Hence, when he grappled with any subject, he did it exhaust-

ively, never relaxing his grasp until he had conquered it. Hence, when he wrote, or spoke, or lectured, he put the whole domain of learning under tribute. Facts, illustrations, principles, from every department of science and of literature, came trooping in marshalled ranks, and ready for effective service. His difficulty was not what to say, but what not to say; not what to take, but what to reject. And whatever his theme, and how familiar soever with it, he threw into it all his powers at their utmost tension. It was impossible for him, when before an audience, to think slowly or to think languidly. Facts and arguments which, falling from other lips, would seem stale and dull, in passing through the glowing alembic of his mind, came out warm and throbbing with life, and rich and radiant with beauty. And when the effort is over, he is left pale, limp, exhausted. He could do nothing except by doing it with all his might, and hence the prostration which attended all his intellectual efforts. His body suffered in these fierce convulsions, and finally succumbed to the terrific strain.

Dr. Brown never made money. It was impossible for him to do it. His thoughts were too intent on other and higher things. He made fame, it is true, but equally without intending it. It followed him; he sought it not. To his intimate friends he was known to be shrinking and tremulous to a surprising extent, and hence he sought no occasions of display. He had none of that vulgar ambition which seeks the front and thrusts itself into notice. When he appeared before the public, it was with a worthy purpose, and was satisfied if only his object was successfully accomplished.

With his towering intellect and his great learning, Dr. Brown was as simple, as transparent, as artless as a child; "an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile." In his dress, manners and conversation, he was utterly unpretentious, and was as accessible, therefore, as the plainest man in the work-shop or the field. Men, and all sorts of men, talked with him freely on all sorts of subjects. There was nothing repellent about him; but his unassuming manner and wonderful resources of thought and knowledge made him a delightful companion to all classes of people. Nor was it difficult to find his guileless heart, his tender sympathy, his overflowing generosity and love. He practiced no tricks, he knew no arts, he never deceived nor betrayed a friend. In what heart has ever arisen, from what lips has ever fallen, a sentiment unfriendly to Dr. Brown?

He is gone; gone to the bosom of his God, whom he served. We have lost our "guide, philosopher, and friend." A void has been made in our midst, which none can fill. In the lonely vigils of the night, we recall our friend, and bemoan our loss.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus*

*Tam cari capitis.*

At the request of the family, the burial was deferred until ten o'clock next morning. At that time, accompanied by the family, the faculty and the students, it was borne to Hollywood, and found its resting-place in the college section. His grave is but a small distance from the hill-top,

which is crowned with the monuments of James B. Taylor, and the gallant General J. E. B. Stuart. As the body was lowered to its resting-place, the pastor spoke briefly of the resurrection; and prayer was offered by Prof. Edmund Harrison. After the grave was filled, the saddened company sang the sweet "Bye-and-Bye," and were dismissed.

Dr. Brown was greatly beloved by the Baptist ministers of Richmond. His delicate courtesy, and never failing alacrity, in serving them, as well as his wisdom as a counsellor, gave him a warm place in their hearts. At a meeting of the Richmond ministers' conference, a few days after his death, Dr. W. W. Landrum, the eloquent pastor of the Second Baptist Church, was appointed to voice their sorrow in appropriate resolutions—of which, extracts appear below :

"1. The departure of our brother leaves a wide gap in our ranks. Like Saul, the magnificent proportions of his stature as a preacher of the word, lifted him head and shoulders above us all; his were royal faculties, and his a princely mind. His eloquence threw its spell over every audience of every grade of culture, from the rudest to the most polished assemblies.

"2. As an educator, our brother stood among the foremost. He was in all his methods didactic by nature. He never

made an exhortation till he had first expounded a doctrine. He was abundant in proof, of any position he felt called upon to assume, and as fecund in illustration to make clear his demonstrations to the comprehension of the meanest intellect. \* \* \* \* We deeply sympathize with Richmond College in its irreparable loss—as well as the cause of sound learning throughout the land.

“3. It was, however, most of all, his life as a simple-hearted believer in Jesus, which drew the cords of our affection closest about the form of Dr. Brown. We shall never forget that life. One prominent element of his power lay in his broad sympathies; his great heart gave a quick response to every cry of joy or sorrow, which came up from the soul of the race. Another secret, of his forceful personality, inhered in the strength of his convictions. A profound philosophy couches in the declaration of the Psalmist, ‘I believed—therefore have I spoken.’ Dr. Brown was mighty in the faith of Christ and the Gospel, and spoke his belief with commanding emphasis; he had the courage of his convictions. \* \* \*

“4. He tenderly loved his brethren, and in honor preferred them. In him was no bitterness, nor jealousy, nor vaulting ambition, but instead, a warmth of fraternal love that would have made an enemy to be at peace with him. His modesty sometimes approached a painful diffidence. He would blush with confusion at the slightest mention of praise, and declare with another, whom in this respect he resembled, ‘I am not what I might be—I am not what I ought to be—I am not what I hope to be, but by the grace of God I am what I am.’

We beg to offer the bereaved wife and children of our dear brother, our sincerest sympathy, and fraternal petitions at the throne of the heavenly grace. \* \* \*

"5. We place these expressions on record for preservation," etc., etc.

Dr. Brown was one of the most useful and interested Trustees of the Richmond Female Institute. It was a pleasant custom with him to bear public testimony to its usefulness, in the higher education of girls. This he did in almost every public gathering in which education was discussed. After his death, a memorial service was held at the Institute, and a paper prepared by the accomplished President of the Board of Trustees, Dr. H. A. Tupper, was read and adopted, expressing their appreciation of his worth, and suggesting that a leaf of the records of the Institute be appropriately dedicated to him. It is to be regretted that want of space prevents its appearance in full in these pages. Below will be found a part of this admirable paper :

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

In the death of Dr. A. B. Brown, a Trustee of Richmond Female Institute, the cause of woman's higher education has lost one of its earliest friends in the South, and perhaps its

most sympathetic and powerful advocate in America. During thirty years, this great and good man was identified, in various ways, with institutions of learning for girls and young women ; and his advocacy of this cause, on many public occasions, was marked by originality, forcefulness, and eloquence, rarely equalled, and perhaps never excelled, in the discussion of woman's claim to severer mental discipline and broader scholastic culture. Born himself with an exquisite nervous structure which gives quick appreciation of the keen sensibility and the subtle intellection of that same delicate and superior nervous structure in woman ; confirmed in his convictions by long experience in studying and teaching her, of woman's adaptedness to the highest development and acquisitions of mind, and her peculiar ability to apprehend moral truth and apply it to the problems of social and religious life ; and rejoicing in the success which has crowned female students in competitive tests in celebrated universities of the United States and Great Britain, he entered *con amore* into the defense of woman as a momentous factor in the world of thought, and a controlling element in the world's social and spiritual civilization. There was a chivalric generosity of nature, also, that inclined him to such vindication, and made him lean, if he leaned from the perpendicular of exact justice, to the side of female excellence. Listening to that matchless tribute to woman, worthy of an appreciative student and competent judge of the sex that produced a George Eliot and an Elizabeth Barrett Browning, not to name others nearer home, made at Warrenton, before the Baptist General Association of Virginia, the auditor was

at a loss to know which to admire more, the fair extolled, or the gallant extoller whose deference to his subject suggested the greatness of that master of logic, J. Stuart Mill, when he protested that his own best thoughts were derived from a woman; and the greatness of the nobler Apollos, mighty in the Scriptures, and eloquent when he gladly submitted himself in Ephesus to be led more perfectly in the way of the Lord by the Paul-disciplined Priscilla of Rome.

And who that followed Dr. Brown, on such occasions, need be reminded of the profound impressions made by that marvelous combination of analytical acumen, philosophic accuracy, breadth of research, and wealth of illustration; all fired by intense earnestness which characterized his grand utterances, and embalmed them in the life-long memory of his hearers? It is said that the author of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* left unused no figure furnished by physical nature for the original use of his successors in the divine art. After one of those splendid creations of oratorical genius, which came from the lips of our now speechless Chrysostom, like full armed Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, who ever thought that he had a word to add by way of argument, embellishment, or appeal?

Yet, the great things he did seemed unconsciously done, as the converse of Carlyle's principle, that consciousness is the test of imperfection; and in resemblance to the tapestry-workers of Paris, who, with eyes fixed on the pattern above their heads, do not see the glorious work in silver and gold wrought by their skillful hands.

But, Dr. Brown was not merely a champion of woman and



of woman's culture—a kind of clerical “ladies' man,” that may have given rise to the witticism of England's most caustic wit, that there are three sexes, men, women and preachers. Dr. Brown was a manly man—the manliest of men—a king among men. Though angular in frame—alas! too frail for the titanic machine it encased—he was in character many-sided and well rounded. He was a philosopher, a divine, a Professor in Richmond College. He was a college! One of the most intellectual, brainiest, and fullest men of Richmond has said, that Dr. Brown was the most brain-stimulating, brainy, and brimful man he ever knew. When one touched him intellectually, it was like touching a galvanic battery. The severest charge that could be brought against him—already suggested—was the charge that Charles II. brought against a distinguished contemporary, that he had the unfairness, in his consideration of all subjects, of leaving nothing to be said. But, Dr. Brown was, withal, a courtly, Christian gentleman.

And, was there not something unique in the greatness of this man? He was a power in himself and in his God, without the factitious abetment of popular notoriety or reputation. The most prominent hotel proprietor of Halle had never heard of the world's most illustrious Hebraist, after the death of Gesenius, Dr. Tholuck of Halle University. \* \*

In the far South, there is a tree that ranks the live-oak in majesty, and yet is covered with flowers spotless as the driven snow and fragrant as the breezes wafted over the fields of Araby. This magnolia is nature's fit emblem of the united

powers and graces of such a planting of Jehovah as that lately transplanted from earth, and planted in the garden of the Lord. "And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

*Whatsoever he doeth shall prosper*; for his life, "hid with Christ in God," is identified with the tree of life that flourisheth on the banks of "the river of life proceeding from the Throne of God and of the Lamb."

HIS CHARACTER.

---

An eminent historian has said that the biographer ought first to ascertain what the world did for the man, and then what the man did for the world.

In pursuance of this order, as indicated in the introductory of this volume, I have endeavored to show the reader how the influences of heredity and environment on the gifted A. B. Brown, helped him to attain, by successive gradations to the synthesis of his development, as the devout and scholarly Professor of Richmond College. It now only remains to show, what return he has made in contributing to the betterment of mankind. And in order to do this faithfully, it will be necessary to take a view of the man as he was—with his peculiarities, his powers and his influences—to make of his character, at least a partial analysis.

It is to be regretted, that although he became a leader in the intellectual world in which he moved, and was one of those representative men

of which Macaulay speaks, who occupy the front rank of the age—he did not leave to posterity any memorial of his genius, save his addresses and sermons, some of which appear in this volume. His power for good was so thoroughly the outcome of his character, that in order to estimate the value of the former, we must understand the latter.

Of the dual nature God gives to man—the material and the spiritual—Dr. Brown possessed much more of the latter than the former. The one was out of all proportion to the other. If his ability had been gauged by his pounds avoirdupois, it would have been below mediocrity.

In stature, he was tall and slender. His face rather dark in complexion, and rugged in his features, was ridged with marks of intense thoughtfulness. His dark auburn hair displayed few streaks of gray, though his thin beard was tipped with snow. His movements were remarkably nervous and decisive. To strangers, his appearance was not attractive; but to those who once felt the thrill of his power and the gentleness of his character, there was always a spiritual beauty in his countenance.

The late Dr. Richard Fuller said of a distinguished Southern preacher, that God gave him a

great soul, and he gave him a great body to keep it in. The same could not have been said of Dr. Brown. There seems to be truth in the remark of Dr. Puryear, that his spiritual forces were consumed by the spiritual fires of his being. Burns, Byron, and Poe degraded their higher natures by yielding to the sordid cravings of their lower; but Dr. Brown sacrificed his body at the altar of the soul.

In manner, he was exceedingly courteous and respectful to all—notably so to those who were his inferiors. He had a cordial grasp and a hearty shake for the child or the student, as well as the professor. His sense of honor was exceptionally high; and in early years he could not brook the want of it in others. His nature was full of sensibility and tenderness; his heart and purse were ever open to the sorrowing and unfortunate. He could be melted to tears, in recounting the evidences of God's favor to him, in reciting a favorite poem, or in listening to a plea for help from the worn missionary, whose labors he so well appreciated. It is said of him, that once in his English class, while reading of the treatment of King Lear by his children, he was so overcome with emotion, that he had to stop.

Underlying the colossal structure of character

that Dr. Brown erected for himself, were the basal stones of simplicity, transparency, and honesty of purpose. His habits as a young man were above reproach, and when he attained to old age, he had no bitter memories. Blameless and guileless, none could ever accuse him of double-dealing. He sometimes stumbled and fell into pitfalls, but it only made him the more watchful afterwards.

Conspicuous in the galaxy of his shining traits, was his humility. He felt himself the least among his brethren.

It seems strange that a man of such wondrous gifts and graces did not receive a more grateful reception at the hands of the world. This, perhaps, is explained in part by his lack of self-assertiveness. It was impossible for him to enter the unseemly struggle for place. Had he courted promotion, he might have won it: though it must have been at the expense of that unsullied modesty which was one of the crowns of his life. Then, too, he was always ready to sacrifice himself in the interest of others. At one time, he was prominently mentioned in connection with a vacant professorship in one of the most distinguished institutions in the State. The position was peculiarly attractive to him, and he did not disguise his hope of securing it. It came to pass, that he

learned that a beloved friend of his was an applicant for the same position, and instantly he determined to withdraw, and gave his influence in favor of the appointment of his friend. He was an expert and an enthusiast in advancing others to honor; but he never understood the art of promoting himself.

To give the reader a fair estimate of Dr. Brown's mental capacity, is a task far beyond the ability of the writer, yet something must be undertaken in that direction. He was liberally endowed with *mind*. The intellect, the sensibilities and the will seemed to exist in perfect harmony, and almost equal proportions. Some men are gifted in one or two of these departments; few in all. And in intellect itself, when we come to analyze it, we find it difficult to decide whether he was greatest in perception, reason, memory or imagination. Gifted above many, his great intellect reached out in every direction for mental pabulum—upon which to subsist. He developed symmetrically and rapidly, but not without great hindrances.

It is said of Ruskin that he was born in wealth, trained in the best schools and colleges, and that he traveled all over the country by rail and in carriages, visiting cathedrals, palaces, etc.; and

living too, at a time of a great art revival, he would have been grossly culpable if he had failed to be a master in his chosen profession. Not so with Dr. Brown, though helped in early life by a self-sacrificing father to a good academic training, he struggled hard to obtain the means for a college and university course.

By dint of energy, and the vigor of his faculties he became one of the most profound scholars of the age. The theoretical question discussed by Sir Wm. Hamilton, as to whether "Truth" or "Search after truth," yielded the most happiness was ever a moot point with him. The greater part of his studying was done after he left school; he was a student all of his life. There prevails among the immature, and uncultured, and with some degree of plausibility, the idea, that the beginning of life is for acquiring, and the latter part for enjoying what has been acquired, and for dispensing it to others. While this is a truth, it is only a partial truth; the whole of this life is but a preparation for another; time is but a training-school for eternity. We are all pupils in the school of providence. But few recognize this fact; and fewer still, put forth the special efforts to make constant advancement in every department of being. We cannot repair, except to a



limited extent the constant wastes of the physical constitution, but we can make real progress in the mental and spiritual, through the whole progress of the journey. Dr. Brown in one of his sermons quoted as his talisman, the words of Paul, "For I count not myself as having attained." His wife says of him that in their early married life, he was such a constant student, she would sometimes take his books from him; but she soon found that his habit of study was so essential to his happiness, that she ceased to attempt an estrangement between him and his books. When he had no new books, he reread his old ones. During the war, he lost the most valuable books of his library—the very cream of it. This was a great sorrow to him, but he said that it became the means of his being more familiar with those he had left home.

His craving for knowledge knew no bounds. He loved only what was pure. He carefully avoided the sensational and unhealthy. His love of books grew in intensity; he never ceased to enjoy the works of the ancient writers, and was as conversant with their views as with many of the authors of the present day. Cicero, Homer, Thucydides and Plato, were familiar friends. Those who have read the addresses in this volume must

have noticed, the ease with which he makes classical quotations.

Dr. Brown was not a poet, but if he had lived in the age of poetry, it is likely that he would have composed blank verse. Some of his sublimest strains were poetry in all, except "poetry's metrical music." His vivid imagination, his delicate sensibility, his sympathy with nature in all her moods, his keen appreciation of "the true, beautiful and good"—his classical learning and great genius, would have needed only the touch of inspiration to make him a great poet. His love of nature was marked; especially of mountain scenery. Not many years before he died, he went again to his old mountain home in Amherst. The friend who accompanied him said, that it was with difficulty he could get him to proceed on the journey, that he would halt the driver at almost every turn of the road to get another mountain view. He said that Dr. Brown's joy was so great on seeing his native hills again, that he exclaimed, "If I could live among these grand old mountains, I would live ten years longer." Though he was a master, he counted himself a student.

Stone, the celebrated mathematician, was the son of the gardener of the Duke of Argyle. When he was asked how he acquired so much of mathe-

matics and of the languages, with such poor opportunities, he said, "that he knew the alphabet, and that all the knowledge he gained afterwards, was a natural sequence." Chatterton said, "God made men's arms long enough to reach everything in the world." The alphabet is the key that unlocks the storehouse of all knowledge. Given it, and the love of truth, with a steady industry, and success is assured. Dr. Brown was an indefatigable worker—but his mental labor was no drudgery, it was one of the sources of his happiness. He was a great lover of poetry, and entered into the conceptions of the author with a keen relish. Milton, seems to have been his most admired poet. He loved to follow him in his loftiest flights, and gaze with him from the watch-towers of human learning, upon the rich fields of truth spread out to view. It was his custom to read at family worship on Christmas day—the "Ode on the Nativity of Christ."

As a metaphysician, Dr. Brown stood without a peer among his brethren. He loved to grapple abstruse questions—to cast them into the crucible of his own master mind, subjecting them to the most severe analysis—passing by the dross of error for the refinings of truth, which, when obtained, were like ingots of gold, that would pass

current anywhere in the marts of thought-exchange. With the ancient systems of philosophy he was wonderfully conversant. Not less so with the new doctrines of infidelity. He was invited once to make reply to a certain blatant, notorious public lecturer. He armed himself for the task, but on account of the feebleness of his health, he begged off from the performance of it. Concerning evolution, he used to say, that there was not a particle of proof given in its favor; that it was an unproved proposition, and not a demonstration; and that the dogmatic assertions of the evolutionist prove nothing.

He was greatly distinguished as a metaphysician, but not less so as a linguist. Without the aid of a teacher, he learned the languages of German, Hebrew, Sanskrit, Anglo-Saxon, Spanish, and Italian; having learned French, Latin, and Greek at school. He read in the different tongues, not only to learn the construction of the language, but to get at the literature of the people. He loved language, and was an accomplished philologist. It was a favorite pastime with him, when his children would gather around him in his library, to interest them in some word, and occupy them in tracing its etymology. He knew the laws governing all languages—how that they proceeded

from the same roots—and it was an easy matter for him to learn a new one. The Italian language was the last one learned. The writer remembers to have seen him, a few weeks before his death, reading from an Italian Pilgrim's Progress. He remarked that he had learned the language without the use of a dictionary, and when one was offered him, he replied, "No, thank you! I do not need it now." One of the finest novels ever written, "*I Promessi Sposi*," was taken from the library to be carried to him, when it was found that he was too sick to read it. His taste was so discriminating, that his judgment on books was often sought.

It is said that when his brother Joseph, who had decided literary tastes, would visit him in his country home, it was his wont to read Hebrew and Greek with him, under the shade of the wide-spreading oaks. He loved to get the truth in its "unshrunk roundness," as he expressed it. He took great pains to instruct his children in the languages. He did not often trust them to any one else; at least till he had thoroughly grounded them in the rudiments. It is said that those he first instructed in Latin, never had any trouble with it afterwards.

For mathematics, he had special aptitude and

peculiar fondness. He loved so much to solve difficult problems, that he would get the students to give him their originals, that he might have the pleasure of working them. He turned to mathematics for recreation when tired of other mental labor. His mind went through the steps so rapidly and so naturally, that it was with difficulty one could be made to believe that in mathematics he was not a specialist. It had such a fascination for him, that sometimes he would work on a difficult problem far into the night before being aware of it. It was his delight to assist the struggling student. If he did not ask his help, he would seek him out, and offer it. In his last sickness, he sent for one of the boys he had been accustomed to help, to come to his chamber, that he might assist him in his lessons.

If we would probe to the bottom of a man's character, we must draw aside the curtain, and study him in the retirement of his home. There he drops the arts and conventionalities of society, and reveals his inner life. In that realm he is the master; and masters wear no masks. In his deportment toward wife and child he will inevitably expose the reigning elements of his character. If he is gentle toward his inferiors, patient in the midst of the jars and disorders of the home; if he

is strong even when chafing under the cruelties of unprincipled men, and if he is cheerful under losses and afflictions, we know at once that the spirit that is in him was born from above.

Mr. John B. Williams, a ministerial student at Richmond College, who boarded in his family a part of two years, says :

Dr. Brown was one of the most indulgent fathers I ever knew. He was gentle and affectionate, both to his children and his wife, whom he so tenderly loved. He spent much of his time in prayer. It was no uncommon thing to see him in his library on his knees. It was his custom to pray at family worship for his absent children by name. At such times he never prayed for himself. The hour for worship was always an interesting one. He would read the text in different languages—sometimes Greek, sometimes Hebrew, Latin, or French—and would usually comment on it as he read.

The servants always liked him. He never allowed anything to excite or worry him. He lived above the ordinary frictions that beset household machinery. An old colored woman who had lived with him a long time, said the reason why "Marse Abram," never troubled about anything was that thoughts were "way up yonder." He seemed to find most of his enjoyment in spiritual and mental exercises. My life in his home was a most happy one, and his help to me was invaluable, both as a friend and teacher.

Thanks are due to Miss Linda Brown, Dr. Brown's eldest daughter, an accomplished graduate of the Richmond Female Institute, for valuable services rendered the writer in collecting details, arranging manuscript, etc. She was much in the companionship of her father, often reading for and studying with him, and the picture she presents of his home-life is not in the least overdrawn. Read what she says :

What my father said of his father's devotion to the interests of his children, can be said most truthfully of him. He was as kind and sympathetic as a mother, and at the same time exacted implicit obedience. He rebuked very sharply at times, but I think he never had to correct one of his children for disobedience. Never was a father more tenderly loved and revered. He used to tell with a great deal of fatherly pride about his eldest son, Carson. When he was only a little over three years old he would take him out to look at the new building at Hollins, but during its erection he was called to Lynchburg, and told Carson not to go near the building whilst he was gone. So the little fellow would go and sit on the stile, which separated the yard from the new building, and watch the men at work, but could not be induced to go out in the yard. One of the workmen told father on his return, that he tried his best to persuade him to come over near the house, but he would only shake his head and say, "No, papa said I must not go there whilst he was gone."



He enjoyed having his children around him ; and even when they were quite small, preferred sitting in mother's room to occupying his study. Their talk and noise never disturbed him as long as they were in a good humor ; but crying he never allowed. He thought fretting was injurious and useless ; and we knew by the time we were two years old that he wouldn't stand that.

He was a great lover of nature, and would take his children to walk, when he would call their attention to the beauties of nature, to the forms of the leaves of the different trees, and to the flowers ; also to the animals.

He would take part in their games, one of which he was particularly fond, called Logomachy, or word-making.

He was considered as homely by most people, but such was the admiration that his children had for him, they could not bear to hear any one say that their father was not goodlooking.

Father was at home with all the poets, and must have read a great deal of poetry in his earlier days, as he repeated from memory, very frequently, line after line, and was very happy in his quotations.

His children thought he had a splendid voice, and loved dearly to hear him sing. He used to sing some of Burns' national songs with so much pathos, it was impossible to listen to him and not be melted to tears. One of his favorites was

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,  
Welcome to your gory bed.  
Or to victory," etc.

In this connection, it must be stated that he always sang in the morning, on awaking, some

familiar hymn. It was usually a hymn of thanksgiving and praise. He was very happy in his home-life. His children were named Alexander Carson, Willie, Wimbish, Eddie, Linda, Fannie, Luther, and Minnie. Devoted to his wife, always ready to tell of her good qualities, he gave her the courtly attention of a lover. He desired no affiliation with the details of housekeeping. And it was a blessed relief to him that his wife relieved him of all care in that line. He furnished the means, but she invested it. She was the financier of the household. He was so much occupied with the "pursuit after truth," that the making of money was a matter of secondary importance to him. Gold had less glitter for him than any one I ever saw. Like Agassiz, he was content for others to make it. He said, not long before he died, in a public speech, near his home, "that the lines had fallen to him in pleasant places." He rejoiced that he had never had a death in his family. He looked for the most of his earthly enjoyment within the folds of his own family circle. He never liked to have his children stay long away from home. One of his daughters was pressed to take a position to teach, and when asked as to his views about it, said, "Why, my child, do you want to go; are you tired of home?" No doubt he felt, at times, the tightening hold of disease on him,

and that his time with his family was limited, and appreciated them all the more on that account.

It is a matter of regret that so few of Dr. Brown's letters have been gotten. These are only given as specimens.

DEAR WILLIE:

PEYTONSBURG, July 10th, 1883.

I congratulate you on your marriage! All that I know of your wife is altogether in her favor. Bring her down to see us as soon as possible. Assure her that my son's wife shall be treated as my daughter.

You know how I have rejoiced that my family circle has so long been unbroken by death. You know, too, with what reluctance I have submitted to the partial relaxing of home ties by the unavoidable separations which business necessities have required. Please write to us frequently, and visit us as often as you can. I have long prayed for you as a member of my own household absent on business. I shall not cease to pray for you, but you have now your own household, and must rear your own altar. You will need prayer and Christian principle to sustain you in properly discharging your new duties. May you be a faithful and affectionate husband.

\* \* \* \* \*

Be sure to bring Lillie to see us as soon as you can make an opportunity. Express my parental love to her.

Yours with unaltered and unalterable affection.

A. B. BROWN.

RICHMOND, VA., March 26th, 1884.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

I thank you sincerely for your truly filial letter, and I welcome you most heartily into your new relation.

Eddie has been a most dutiful son. He has in him, in large measure, all the elements of the best of husbands. I implicitly rely on your affection, your interest and your sound discretion to aid in evoking and developing them.

Usually, and I suppose, altogether properly, the most intimate relations of a young husband and wife are with the wife's family. But you have no near relatives, and you will naturally seek father and mother, sisters and brothers in my family. I trust you will find them.

Tell Eddie, and ask him to inform Willie, that Carson is suffering from rheumatism ; I hope not seriously, but I know not to what extent. He is in solitude and his spirits are probably low. I hope that they will keep themselves informed about his condition.       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

In conclusion, I hope you will win Eddie to a more pronounced and decided Christian life. The elements of true religion, I doubt not, are in him, but they have been less active, certainly less manifest than I could wish them to be.

You and he would greatly delight us by an early visit. Notify us of it, if you can ; but if an opportunity suddenly exhibits itself, be not afraid of taking us by surprise.

Your father,               A. B. BROWN.

It seems appropriate to introduce here the subjoined paper from the Professor of Greek, H. H. Harris, who is also the Chairman of the Faculty of Richmond College. Among the many friends of Dr. Brown, none knew him better or enjoyed more of his friendship.

When Dr. Brown came to Charlottesville, in 1859, there was in his congregation a certain University student, who was a graduate in the school of Greek, and had pursued a course of post-graduate study. The new pastor somehow heard of the student, sought him out, and with complimentary allusions to his supposed attainments, stated that he himself had some little knowledge of Greek, but would like to refresh his acquaintance and get up with any recent advances in philology. The young collegian was highly flattered, and readily accepted an invitation to spend an hour at the parsonage every Thursday afternoon.

One of Plato's Dialogues—a grand discussion by the most sublime of ancient philosophers—was selected to begin with, and on the appointed day the student, having taken the precaution to read over a few pages, went down with a comfortable sense of his own importance. After a little pleasant bantering as to whether teacher or pupil should begin the recitation, the so-called teacher was induced to commence turning the Greek into English. But stop a moment, a question, presently another, and then another. “Why is this tense used? why this peculiar position? what is the meaning of this root, and what are its forms in the cognate tongues? Is this sound philosophy? what led Plato into it? how might he have escaped? How does this form of expression compare for excellence with Hamilton's close-fitting sesquipedalian terms, or Kant's cumbrous compounds, or Cousin's clear-cut analyses?” Such are samples of the queries which came thick and fast. Some pertained to the usual lines of grammatical

study, more were entirely new, and many as bright and startling as a flash of lightning. In less than half an hour, as any one who knew the two men might have anticipated, the relation of teacher and pupil was entirely reversed. The one had, indeed, more familiarity with the forms, a sort of speaking acquaintance, as it were, with the Greek words, and could make fair progress on the beaten track of the scholastic curriculum; the other knew far better what he did know, saw deeper into all he learned, and was ever leaping over the strait bounds of school routine to revel in the rich fields of original research, or roam the breezy heights of speculative thought. At the end of the hour, not more than two dozen lines had been read, but one of the two had learned a great deal. The readings were kept up several months, and usually followed by tea and an hour of social conversation.

Thus began a friendship which deepened and strengthened through two years of residence together in Charlottesville, was knit by occasional meetings after our paths diverged in 1861, and ripened into intimacy when they brought us together again after twenty years. Then was true to the letter what Tennyson had sung:

“The path by which we twain did go,  
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,  
Through four sweet years arose and fell  
From flower to flower, from snow to snow;

“But where the path we walked began  
To slant the fifth autumnal slope  
As we descended, following Hope,  
There sat the shadow feared of man.”

We had met almost daily in his class-room or in mine, at my home or at his, had sat together in the house of God and taken sweet counsel about the common faith, and our companionship ended only when it was my sad privilege to catch his last words and close his glazing eyes. Ended? Nay, rather was it not merely interrupted for a little while, to be resumed in that true spiritual converse which as far transcends the dreams we read in Plato as the dim starlight of heathen hope is surpassed by the full-orbed rays of the Sun of Righteousness?

Others have written of Dr. Brown as a man, a citizen, a Christian; as scholar, and teacher, and preacher. My part will be to add to the wreath a modest flower, by mentioning some of his prominent characteristics as a personal friend. They will be found worthy of all imitation.

First, then, he was *critical*. Some men cannot see either faults in a friend, or excellencies in an opponent. Dr. Brown saw both in every man. This will seem hardly credible to many who enjoyed his acquaintance. They never heard him speak ill of his neighbor; they never knew him to criticise. But a moment's reflection on his keen insight and his judicial habit will make it evident that he must have discerned in our poor humanity weakness as well as strength, faults intermixed with virtues.

That he entertained a real respect for men whom he felt, nevertheless, bound to oppose, and that he gave them full credit, both for sense and for sincerity, was patent to all who ever heard him in public debate or in private discussion. His

uniform courtesy was plainly not the mere tinsel of external and acquired politeness; that would have been torn to shreds by the impetuous torrent of his emotions. His politeness was the sterling, hearty, Christian grace of esteeming others better than himself. He always sought, and therefore always found, good in everybody, and habitually talked rather about the good than about the evil that might be with it. Like the miner digging for gold, he allowed no shining grain to escape his notice, but gave little heed to the sand or the mud in which it was embedded. This it was that made his eulogies so appropriate and so satisfactory to friends, without the addition of any flattery.

That he also saw the faults and foibles of his friends is equally true. He did not talk about them to others, but to themselves, on proper occasions; and this so gently, that his reproof was an "oil upon the head." When weakness or mistake had caused a fall and made a wound in the character of one he loved, he would not entrust it to the slow medication of time, to leave an ugly scar; nor would he plaster over the surface, and expose the system to pyæmia. With womanly tenderness he probed to the bottom, poured in the healing balm, and then closed the gash. Oh, for more of such friends, able to see our faults, and yet not make them worse by rude and painful prodding; but to give us real help in getting rid of them.

Secondly, he was *sympathetic*. With far more truth and depth of meaning than Roscius could conceive, Dr. Brown might have said: *Homo sum et nil humanum a me alienum*



*puto*. "I am a man, and nothing human count I as alien to myself." No matter what his engagement, he was ready to listen to a cry for help, and no matter what the trouble, he could enter into it. What another might have laughed at as weakness, he pitied, as being himself also weak. What to another might have been unintelligible, and would therefore seem imaginary, he could fully realize. His own lot was, in some outward respects, a hard one; sometimes misunderstood, often unappreciated, never blessed with a competency of worldly goods, always having to struggle, he was yet not at all soured, but only led to drink deeper of the spirit of the Man of Sorrows, and to become as many-sided in heart as he was in mind. Few others who girded on the lamb-skin, as the badge of a Free and Accepted Mason, ever learned more fully, or practiced more completely, "the principles of our order—friendship, morality and brotherly love." Few were ever more ready to heed the signal of distress, in whatever form or from whatever source it might come.

A touching testimony was borne to the universal love in which he was held by the students of Richmond College. A solemn stillness fell on all when the news of his unexpected death spread through the halls. There were no sports, no merry laughing for days; but all spoke with tearful eyes and bated breath, and all followed in sad procession to his burial, each feeling that he had lost a personal friend.

Lastly, he was eminently *helpful*. This follows, of course, from what has been said already. His purse, though never well-filled, was never so empty that he would not relieve the

bodily wants of the poor. In his pastorates his advice was sought on all sorts of questions, and proved singularly valuable. In the Faculty of the College there was no better adviser of young men, in the perplexities that often involve them, nor any more frequently called on for help out of difficulties with a Latin construction, a Greek etymology, an equation in conic sections, or a moot point in metaphysics; and the aid he gave was free, and at the same time judicious and helpful to a habit of self-reliant work. Nor was there any other to whom his colleagues would apply with more freedom, or more certainty of valuable aid. One of them used to say that he earned his salary, even if he had done no teaching, simply by his constant stimulation of the other professors.

But his chief delight, and his greatest excellence as a friend was in helping any who might be clouded with fears about their spiritual condition, or tossed with doubts about the authority of revelation. Restless as the billows on the surface of the ocean was his tireless activity of mind, running to every zone, catching every breeze, washing every shore; calm and serene as its unshaken depths were the foundations of his simple-hearted trust in Christ Jesus. From this standpoint he marked the currents of opinion and estimated the winds of doctrine, and so could point out a sure reckoning for the tempest-tossed, a firm anchorage for the unstable.

Let me close by appropriating another canto from England's laureate, *in memoriam* of his friend:

Heart affluence in discursive talk  
 From household fountains never dry;  
 The critic clearness of an eye,  
 That saw through all the Muses' walk;

Seraphic intellect and force  
 To seize and throw the doubts of man;  
 Impassioned logic, which outran  
 The heaven in its fiery course;

High nature amorous of the good,  
 But touched with no ascetic gloom;

\* \* \* \* \*

And manhood fused with female grace  
 In such a sort the child would twine  
 A trustful hand, unasked, in thine,  
 And find his comfort in thy face;

All these have been, and then mine eyes  
 Have looked on : if they looked in vain  
 My chance is greater who remain,  
 Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.

As a conversationalist, he was the charm of the social circle; like Addison, he preferred to talk to a single individual at a time; but, like Dr. Johnson, could entertain a room full, when drawn out from his hiding-place. His conversation was always instructive and suggestive, often gleaming with bright flashes of wit, and sparkling with the efflorescence of truth. If he was talking in a room where there were other talkers, by degrees

the hum would subside, and he would remain the only speaker. At times he would become so deeply absorbed in the topic under discussion, as thought after thought would come trooping up to his mind's eye, that he would entirely forget his surroundings. After one of these intense mental excitements, he would suddenly awake to find that his extraordinary vehemence was an occasion of merriment. Sometimes when he and Professor Hart were on a high controversial tilt, in the dining-hall of the Albemarle Institute, he would pile his plate with biscuits, taking from every servant that offered them; and sometimes, he would stop in the street with a friend, and gesticulate in the most decisive manner, to the amusement of passers-by. I never knew one to be so completely the slave of thought as he was. Rev. John B. Williams gives the following incident which illustrates this fact: "The last time the Dan River Association met with the Hunting Creek Church in Halifax, Dr. Brown reached the Church but a few minutes before the introductory sermon was to be preached. It was soon ascertained that the one appointed to preach the sermon would not be present, and it was decided to invite Dr. Brown to take his place. He tried, as usual, to show that almost any body suited

better than he did, but all in vain. At last he consented, with the understanding that he should be allowed time enough to take a little walk, and collect his thoughts before the sermon. He started, and while walking, was so absorbed in his sermon, that he forgot where he was, and was lost in the forest. Some of the brethren suspected that to be the trouble and set out to look for him. They soon found him and brought him back. He walked right up in the pulpit, and preached one of the finest sermons ever listened to."

The reader has had abundant evidence in the preceding pages, of Dr. Brown's ability as a preacher. As a theologian, he was sound and logical. He was invaluable to the students of Richmond College, who came under his influence. He sought to indoctrinate them scripturally, and watched them, as they entered on their fields of labor, with eager interest. He believed in the Bible, in its entirety, and had no sympathy with the new theories that seek to mutilate it. Surely the testimony of one so thoughtful, so discriminating, and so learned, is not to be despised. The Bible was his daily text-book, which he studied with ever-increasing assiduity. He read it in many languages, but his Greek Testament was perhaps his favorite book. It is said that no accurate

estimate can be made of the number of Greek Testaments he wore out in his saddle pockets when a country pastor. Ofttimes, just before leaving home, he would put the different members of the family to hunt up the etymology of some word that he had neglected to search for in the preparation of his sermon.

Read what Dr. Andrew Broaddus, of Caroline, Va., whose style as a writer is as pure and transparent as his own Christian character, says :

Dr. Brown's mind was pre-eminently analytical, and, at the same time, it was distinguished by an acumen—a power of penetration and a comprehensiveness of grasp unequalled in the ministry in any denomination in the State.

The thread of his reasoning followed a proposition with unerring accuracy, through the most intricate windings of a labyrinth, to its ultimate conclusion, while, as he went on, his keen eye penetrated to its depth every side passage that opened into the main track of thought. He saw a subject in all its bearings, and could trace it in all its connections, and forgetting that others were not gifted with his intellectual acuteness, he sometimes pursued an abstruse line of reasoning along which many of his hearers could not follow him. His style was eminently didactic. It was copious, but not diffuse; elevated, but not stilted; accurate, but not formal. Public speakers may be divided into three classes: first, those who, while speaking are thinking only of themselves—who are all

the time saying to themselves, "Didn't they think that was sublime!" "They must have regarded that as very eloquent;" "They cannot but think I am a great wit," and so on. Then, there are those who think only of the effect of what they are saying on their hearers, and who are constantly asking, in their own minds, "Will they accept that truth?" "Will they be convinced by that argument?" "Will they be moved by that appeal?" etc. Then, again, there are those who become so absorbed in the subjects they are discussing, that they are rendered almost entirely oblivious of their hearers, and of their surroundings. This was frequently the case with Robert Hall, and I think, not unfrequently the case with Dr. Brown. Though he was very much annoyed by any disturbance in the congregation, yet, when the people were orderly and attentive he sometimes became so swallowed up by his subject, as to forget where he was, and what he was doing. On one occasion I saw him, while preaching, come from behind the desk and stand in front of it on the narrow moulding at its base, holding on to the desk behind him with both hands, so as to keep from falling, and continuing to preach as if he had been standing on the floor of the pulpit.

In character and deportment, Dr. Brown was the most unassuming man of prominence I ever knew. He always took the "lowest room," and hence his brethren always delighted to urge him to "go up higher." He never lost the engaging simplicity of childhood, and of him it might be said as truthfully as of any one the writer has ever known, "behold, an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile." It is thought

by some, that superior intellectual gifts are usually coupled with a cold heart; that the light of the intellect dazzles, but does not warm. If this be generally true (and on that point I here express no opinion), Dr. Brown's case certainly formed a marked exception. His heart was as warm as his intellect was brilliant. His hearty grasp of the hand and his cordial words of greeting furnished an index of his genial, loving nature. A lady of my acquaintance, who is herself adorned with no ordinary attractions of person, manners, mind and heart, says she always liked to meet Dr. Brown on the street, because, instead of bowing or lifting his hat, as he passed on, after the manner of most town-people, he stopped, and, seizing her hand in his cordial grasp, he accosted her with a beaming smile and pleasant words of greeting.

In intellect and heart, in motive and aim, in character and conduct, Dr. Brown was a man among a thousand.

A. B.

SPARTA, VA., December 23.

He aimed at thoroughness in everything he undertook. His own thoughts, though fresh and suggestive, had to be supported by undisputed authority. On this account his sermons abounded with gems of thought and vivid illustrations of the classic and recondite order. Prof. Hart says his imagination was his highest gift. Certain it is, that his thoughts were often lit up by brilliant imagery that captivated the hearer by its forceful applica-



tion. One not accustomed to close consecutive thinking might not always follow him entirely; but he was so eminently a Gospel preacher, that the listener was sure to gain real benefit. His gestures, considered in the light of all predetermined lines of grace, were awkward—though his most appreciative auditors thought them entirely fitted to his thoughts. His appearance to the stranger hearing him for the first time, might not be specially attractive; but to those who could receive real truth as it came freshly hewn from the quarry of God's providence and grace, no greater intellectual and spiritual feast could be offered than to listen to one of his thoroughly prepared sermons. It is a matter of real regret that none of his printed sermons or addresses do him justice, for, though he wrote the line of thought he was to follow, he always trusted to the inspiration of the moment for help in his closing sentences; and often his best thoughts came to him fresh while on his feet.

The following, furnished by the eloquent pastor of Court Street Church, of Portsmouth, is a brilliant extract from the celebrated Petersburg speech:

Dr. Brown was not only a profound scholar, but he was a profound thinker. He had mastered a vast army of other

men's thoughts; but he marshaled, and disciplined, and uniformed them by his own genius, so that when he led them forth they were as irresistible as the Macedonian phalanx. He discovered many solid and beautiful stones, out of which he built the temple of his thoughts, but the architecture was his own conception, and the polishing and carving were the work of his own hands.

Dr. Brown was especially felicitous and impressive in his illustrations. His illustrations were not only strikingly beautiful; but they were clothed in the purest and grandest language. One I remember with especial pleasure, as, at the time I heard it drop from his lips, it thrilled me with an ennobling emotion. He was delivering an address on the work of the State Mission Board, before the General Association of Virginia, during its session in the city of Petersburg, in 1871. The idea he desired to impress upon his brethren was that of *mutual support*. The missionaries were at the front; those of us in the rear should freely give them our support, and he said: "Mr. President—I suppose the battle of Gettysburg decided the fate of the Confederacy. At the time that Pickett's Division made its splendid charge, the angel of history hovered over the scene to write down, *a nation is born*; but the division which was to *support* Pickett's failed to respond, and the broken squadrons of the Northern army rallied, and plucked from their hands their hard-earned victory; and that angel turned away with tears of iron, and with a pen of fate, wrote, *the lost cause*."

A. E. OWEN.

But the best has not been told. His strength lay in his inner life. His soul drank deep and copious draughts from the well of salvation. He was not only a Christian in name, but a living embodiment of the religion of our Lord. He spent much of his time in prayer. It was no unusual thing for one of his family to enter his library and find him on his knees. The influence of his piety pervaded the household, calming and subduing all. It is indeed rare to see intellectual and spiritual attainments existing in the same individual in equal proportions. Those who knew him best, hardly knew which to admire most, his mighty, ripened intellect, or his devout, unselfish spirit. The one heightened the other. Hugh Miller says that the literary world would never have known a John Bunyan if his religious emotions had not been so powerfully stirred. Activity of religious feelings quickens intellectual activity.

Col. Thomas J. Evans, one of Richmond's most popular lawyers, writes of him in the church and home. It is a loving tribute from one of his best-loved friends :

Some men are great only on great occasions and on great subjects. Dr. Brown was great on these occasions, and on what are considered small, as well.

This paper will treat of him briefly—and, oh, how imper-

fectly—in the Sunday-school, in the pew, in the social circle, and in his home.

Great man as he was, he regarded it no condescension to teach a class of young men in the Sunday-school. Always punctual in his attendance, his class followed his example. It is no exaggeration to say, that no class ever had better instruction.

He was regularly in his pew, and joined heartily in all the public exercises of the church. No better listener was ever seen in the church. He seemed to drink in everything that was said and done, from the giving of the notices to the benediction, inclusive. While others criticised, he always found something good in the sermon, and it seemed a pleasure to him to speak of that good. In going down the aisle, after the congregation was dismissed, he has been often heard, in a short sentence, to make a most valuable application of some point made by the preacher. Yes, in going down the aisle! It was not his habit, as the manner of some is, to rush out of the church, as if anxious to get rid of the preacher, the people, and the house of God. No! He delighted to linger awhile, and then walk slowly down; stopping, now and then, and shaking the hands of the brethren and sisters, and speaking words of kindness to them.

His contributions to the church, and the various boards and organizations connected with it, were systematic and liberal; and whenever the public collection, for general or extra purposes, was taken, he never allowed the basket to pass by him unnoticed. Though not blessed with wealth, he was

ever generous in his gifts. The last act of his life, in the House of God, was a generous gift.

In the social circle he was charming. Here, as in church, he was a good listener, never monopolizing the conversation. When drawn out, however, he was a wonderful talker. He was not a speech-maker in conversation; he talked. Full of information and original thought, he never failed to interest and instruct any company of which he formed a part. The writer of this humble tribute remembers to have been in a social gathering, a few years ago, at which there were present two professors from the Theological Seminary (then at Greenville), two professors from Richmond College, three pastors of Richmond, and one pastor from South Carolina, all of them good talkers. Dr. Brown took part in the conversation. He had to leave earlier than the others, and after he left the opinion was universally expressed that he was head and shoulders above them all in conversational power.

He enjoyed a joke, even if told on himself. The following was told on him in a small company at his own house, at which he laughed heartily, and said the old sister was right. He had preached for the congregation of another denomination in Richmond. The people were greatly pleased with the discourse, and as they came out of the house were speaking admiringly of it. On the side walk, just at the church door, some ladies stopped and were praising the effort of the preacher. A young sister said to an older one, "Was not that a powerful sermon?" The response was, "Yes, powerful long."

He was remarkably well posted about public men and pub-

lic measures, and took pleasure in talking about them to his friends in the private circle. Had he been in Congress he could have discussed, with credit to himself and profit to the country, the tariff or any other revenue question, or public measure, with Tucker, or Randall, or Sherman, or Beck.

In his home he was the Christian patriarch, ruling and reigning with love and intelligence. He was a pattern of a Christian husband and father. He regarded the hearth-stone as the corner-stone of the commonwealth. Others besides his immediate family often enjoyed his home. He was "given to hospitality." He greatly enjoyed the presence of a few friends at his table, which never groaned with a profusion of viands, but displayed frugality and plenty, dispensed with a hearty and unostentatious generosity.

He enjoyed his friends. But, oh ! how his friends enjoyed him. The little company would retire to his study, (he was not much of a parlor entertainer,) and there around the cheerful fire draw him out in conversation. It was interesting to see him smoke his pipe, which he did most awkwardly. It was edifying and interesting to hear his words, which were well-chosen and flowed freely. He never gave his views upon subjects with which he was not familiar. On these, he would seek the views of others. On a subject which he had mastered, he would go to the very bottom roots, however far below the surface—give us the trunk, then the branches, then the leaves, and the blossoms and the fruit. If the wit and wisdom of Dr. Brown given to such friends on such occasions, could

have been published, we should have a book superior to that of Sydney Smith.

His library was not large, but was well selected, and the books inside and outside showed that they had been handled and read. He was once asked how it was that he had so small a library. He replied, "I never buy books to ornament the shelves, and I have more books now than I can read with profit to myself or benefit to others. The truth is, that more than half of the books that are published ought to be burned. They are either useless or hurtful; and yet if men would read even half the books they have they would be wiser if not better men."

Dr. Brown was a Free Mason, and was not ashamed of it. He was once asked by a distinguished DD. of his Church—"Brown, how is it that a man of your good sense can belong to the Masons?" He answered, "Doctor, the feelings of my heart prompt me to unite with any organization of my fellow-men which has for its object the amelioration of human suffering, the cultivation of fraternity among the human race, the elevation of human character, and which teaches and practices lessons of charity."

THOMAS J. EVANS.

RICHMOND, Va., March 4, 1886.

In reckoning the work wrought by Dr. Brown, we cannot call to our aid any statistical record which he ever kept. He never kept a diary, and rarely furnished for the press any record of his work. How many sermons he preached, how

many souls were led to Christ by his ministrations, how many saints were inspired with loftier purposes, how many ministers were quickened by contact with him, in all the powers of their being, how many youthful minds were kindled into noble aspirations, and how many scholarly men were cheered in their studies by the force of his example—these are questions which it would be vain to attempt to answer.

Dr. Brown was not a pushing, noisy man. He did his part restfully, and not under the whip of popular applause. In estimating his contribution to the improvement of his race, we must look mainly to his character. He set in motion influences which, while silent, were potent and undying. If it is impossible to estimate with statistical accuracy the actual amount of work which he performed, it is yet more impossible to calculate the influences which silently flowed from his strong and well-rounded life. He wrought on the character of his fellow-men with a power, so gentle and silent that not even those who felt it knew its full worth. He always seemed to be unconscious of his own strength. He retired from the most thrilling performances of his public life seemingly insensible to the impression he had produced on others; and that too while they were



completely overmastered by his power. If he was oblivious of his strength at his greatest moments, it is easy to believe that he was utterly forgetful of those gracious influences which went out from him like convection currents from a heated body. He was not a popular leader. In public enterprises, he rarely took a conspicuous part.

He was too sensitive to endure the clash of high debate, and was wanting in that art which is so often found among men ambitious to lead. His strength was in his simplicity and honesty of nature. Like a holy Magnet he attracted to himself the best elements of the community in which he lived, and breathed upon them his own excellent spirit. Weak men drew near to him because they instinctively felt that he could love them. He had so much of the Saviour's kindness of temper and openness of manner that they believed in him with a sort of transforming faith. Bad men were afraid of him, they knew that in him they could find no sympathy with their evil ways. And so it came to pass that his whole life was a sermon—inspiring the good, pouring oil into wounded hearts, and giving rebuke to sin.

What he did was well done. He never slighted the smallest task. Even with ambition as his

incentive, he always struck high, but with the love of Christ as his constraining force, he always did his work with thorough fidelity.

He made the most of himself, and did his best for Christ. In that small circle of God's faithful ones he had a place. For two scores of years he stood at his post with quivering nerve and weary limb, waiting for his Lord's coming. When at last the King's chariot suddenly appeared, he entered it with joy, and went up to his crown.

SERMON PREACHED BEFORE THE BAPTIST  
GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF VIRGINIA,

AT CULPEPER, ON JUNE 1, 1876.

---

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his vineyard.—*Matt. ix. 37, 38.*

LEAVING to the more vigorous and the more adventurous, heights inviting rather to the tourist than to the husbandman, I limit myself to-day to the humbler field of Christian thought, which has been longest the scene of fertilizing culture. This field still promises far the most abundant and the most useful products. I should, in vain, solicit the aid of the Graces in my unambitious task. Genius could, indeed, win them from their favorite haunts in woods and mountains to attend and smile upon the useful. For Virgil, after sporting with them awhile in their resorts, persuaded them to follow him to the theatre of humble toil, and to bestow on the tillage of lands, the tendance of flocks, and the rearing of bees, an elegance unrivalled in ancient literature. And the Christian utilities have often furnished them not only an infinitely worthier, but a not less happy employment. Many precious Christian Georgics, unsurpassed models of reason and sentiment, of diction and rhythm, have shown every excellence of composition to be equally at home amid the very commonplaces and simplicities of the faith. And as I go into my labor, uncheered

by the company of the Graces, I cannot allege, in apology for their unkindness to the workman, that they disdain the work.

Our passage follows as a change—not a mixture—of figures on a striking delineation by the great painter of the chosen race as a flock in part misled, in part abandoned by incompetent and unfaithful shepherds, scattered and torn and famishing. This vivid and touching picture did not adequately represent that aspect of His work which was then most deeply moving the Saviour's heart; its pressing, imperious urgency. The hour on which the Son of God had been at least four thousand years converging all the arrangements of Providence was at hand. The zeal of the Lord's house, which had been burning in the bosom of the Son of Mary with steadily increasing glow from its repression or deferment in his twelfth year, was now at its full intensity. His Father's business was ripe, ready, clamorous. And the richest of all imaginations, which certainly *manifested* its superiority over every other imagination in didactic precision even more than in grandeur, painted it as a white harvest waving its invitations to the sickle. By this image, the Saviour, it would seem, is seeking to impress upon his followers—aye, and upon himself, immediate, unremitting, intense labor for the present conversion of souls; in other words, the main features of the “now” plan. Harvest, less than sowing, or tilling, or anything else, admits of no delay. Harvest, beyond anything else, strains the energies of the laborer to highest tension. The life-long harvester may not indeed find it possible, or even desirable, to maintain one unvarying pitch of utmost effort. But how high, my soul, is the tone of ordinary endeavor demanded by this figure of severe and unremitting toil!

The labor must be strenuous, for the work is of waiting, crying, readiness. The world is not a wilderness to be cleared, not a fallow, not a plantation, but a harvest. Every human

being on earth, of rational years, is to be reached as soon as possible, and without preliminary, by the herald of the cross. Every human heart should be summoned and assaulted—not besieged—with the claims of the gospel. It is perilous to abandon the child to habits of cold indifference or active resistance to Christianity till the schoolmaster prepares him for an intelligent and (vain hope!) dispassionate investigation of all the subtleties of the Athanasian creed. It is cruel to bid the frontier village wait for the missionary till the chaotic elements of its society stratify—till law and order spread their shield over him—and till Satan sweeps and garnishes and fortifies. It is folly and semi-infidelity to spend your strength in building up for the savage idolater a conscience that shall tremble at the full indictment of the law, and an intelligence that shall grapple with all the refinements of apologies for the faith designed for polished and fastidious infidels. But how much worse is it to neglect him altogether? It is as well a violation of sound reason as a recreancy to Christ to wait for heathen systems to die out, whereof they exhibit no very encouraging symptoms, that you may embrace their period of decay as a favorable time for the introduction of the gospel, when it is evident that no time is less favorable to the reception of the truth than that season of indifference or despair which ensues on the disintegration of a national religion. Preparatory work will, in the providence of God, be done; but work done to-day, with an eye single to the one great end, is the only legitimate preparation for to-morrow. And all waiting to be pioneered by science, or towed along by commerce—all pusillanimous hovering on the rear of conquest—all pile-driving to lay a foundation for the temple of God, is exploded by the single word harvest.

Earnest, immediate work, directly expended on human souls, is the only suggestion I find in the figure. A succession

of sketches from the hand of the Great Designer presents other aspects of Christian labor, which it would be worse than wasted ingenuity and patience to force upon this passage. It may not, however, be superfluous to observe that the work couched in this imagery exerts far more of cultural and disciplinary influence, both on the laborer and on the field, than is even glanced at in the illustration itself. Labor for the immediate conversion of souls is not the one single and sufficient gymnastic of the Christian worker, but it is the exercise most extensively and most highly conducive to spiritual development. The gospel, as preached to sinners, is by no means the exclusive aliment of the growing saint, but it is a diet containing all the elements of life, and, as is witnessed in all genuine revivals, is ever appetizing and ever nutritious. It furnishes society no forms of government, but materials better than all forms, at home with any form which does not repress it, and quietly tending to crystallize or rather to grow into the best forms. Oh, then, with the sharpest sickles we can command, but with no needless loitering about grindstones or plying of paddles, with the very minimum of shadings and vacations that brain and muscle will tolerate, with no affectation of graceful strokes—for who but the giants can be graceful in the performance of plain, hard work?—let us move forward in the field white to the harvest.

But is the demand for evangelistic effort clamorous now as when the Saviour uttered the words of our passage? The field here had in immediate view is Palestine, if not only Galilee; but this representation, like others constructed with divine skill, solicits reference to a wider sphere. The great commission expressly points to the wider sphere, and enjoins the precise kind of effort already indicated. The demand of the larger field is certainly as real, it is probably as intense, as that of the section to which attention is here directed. Christ

had as yet no official laborers to aid him, the statement in our passage being the preamble to the resolution to send forth the apostles. But the whole body of his disciples whom he called laborers, and called to be laborers, was working with the activity of vital, nascent leaven; or, to speak in accordance with the figure here commended to us, every disciple was busy reaping the corners of the field, or gleaning the straggling heads of grain which escaped the majestic sweep of the Great Toiler's scythe. But I will discount all labor save that of Jesus only. If he had been the only preacher, it is doubtful whether the evangelization of Galilee, to say nothing of its immeasurable superiority in kind, has in extent and degree, ever been equalled. Christ found his nation in the very hush and gaze of eagerest expectancy. He was interviewed by numberless caterers for the public hunger, and his every utterance was seized and circulated as the most sensational news. His march was thronged, blockaded, waylaid by anxious listeners. His teachings were so strikingly original, so wide apart from what man ever spake, so sharply and distinctly picturesque, so stinging to the conscience, and yet so grateful to the heart, that every memory became their record, and every hearer could render them with the accuracy of a stenographic reporter. Surely, then, we are entitled to appropriate to the present field, with great if not increased emphasis, the language of our passage: The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pardon the offence against homiletic symmetry in this too protracted explanation and vindication of the Master's imagery, and follow me in further considering the subject which he brings before us as it seems naturally to distribute itself into three divisions, viz.: the vast dimensions of the harvest field, the frightful inadequacy of the laboring force, and the divinely indicated source of supply.

I. The population of the earth is not in itself immeasurable.

Figures may at some day state it with approximate accuracy. But the imagination will never conceive it with full vividness, and the heart will never adequately respond to its peril, which will continue to baffle arithmetic. Perhaps the field rather gains than loses in impressiveness on imagination and heart by its stubborn refusal so far to submit to accurate measurement. The indefinitely vast is universally recognized as the chief element of the sublime. The grandest master of rhythmic eloquence would have disgusted or amused where he has profoundly awed, if he had subjected the vague hugeness of Satan's figure to the tailor's tape, or had substituted for a wilderness of burning marl, stretching "nine times the space that parted day from night to mortal men," the definite revelations of the surveyor's chain. This element of grandeur will, however, always remain to our subject; for if definite statement ever be reached, overwhelming indefiniteness in its conception will still continue. Immensely the larger part of the bewildering array will be totally lost to heart and fancy. Commodore Maury, an authority pre-eminent for ability and painstaking accuracy, states the population of the globe at 1,350,000,000. Johnson, the publisher of the mammoth atlas, who certainly had access to able and careful authorities, reduces the estimate to—he is not particular to say what—between 1,000,000,000—that is ten thousand times ten thousand ten times repeated—and 1,200,000,000. Now Maury, the leader of mankind in his department of science, was an humble and devout Christian, and an ardent friend of missions. And it is perfectly safe to say that, if he had felt compelled to reduce his estimate to the lower number, neither his prayers nor his pecuniary contributions for the conversion of the world would have been lessened. And that, if Johnson was indifferent to the spiritual interests of mankind, the assurance that he ought to have added from 150,000,000 to 350,000,000



to his enumeration would not even have tended to change his indifference into zeal. Nothing strikes and appals me more in the uncompassable proportions of these amazing statistics than that the population of twenty-five New Yorks or five hundred Richmonds, with an aggregate death rate of some ten thousand a week, is summarily dismissed, as if its retention would savor of finical minuteness amid so overwhelming round numbers.

I call these numbers overwhelming. Ah! the misfortune from the necessity of their nature is, that they so little stir and overwhelm. The most prodigious of them are pronounced with the tithe of a single breath, and contract themselves into a linear inch or two on the printed page. They coalesce, they run into each other like the segments of a steamboat table, or like the sections of an extensible fishing rod, each section except the first and last nesting, telescoping into another of ten times its magnitude. To fold them into portable shape, how easy! Yet we pass over them in their condensed form with much less impression than we would dash across a prairie on a lightning train. To expand them for full impression on sense or imagination is a feat that, in the case of large numbers, presents almost or altogether insuperable difficulty. The grandeur of the Centennial Exhibition is not half so difficult to grasp. If, disregarding the clear, varied and permanent impressions which weeks of earnest scrutiny alone could give, you would be content with a striking idea of its mere vastness and magnificence, this you might gain in a comparatively short time. You cannot in a short time familiarize your conceptions and your emotions with one billion three hundred and fifty millions of immortal souls. The imagination demands time, and, like the reason of the philosopher, dealing with the infinity of God, the more it is exerted, the more time it will demand. The school-boy will go trippingly through his tril-

lions and quadrillions, and think he knows all about them. But an acute metaphysician tells us that five is as large a number as we can grasp by direct intuition, and that larger numbers are distinctly conceived by piecing together parcels of this or a smaller dimension. And an able writer suggests that the one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six feet which measure the front of the main Centennial building, can only be realized by comparing them with some nearly equal known space, or marking them on the ground. If you would realize our work-field, since you cannot fix it before you on actual vision, as Christ did the scattered sheep of his flock, you must laboriously, and, with meagre success, spread it before your imaginations. Number, by long habit, is most easily conceived in association with the measures of space. Then imagine the inhabitants of the world brought together. Twelve hundred times the area of the Centennial grounds, four times the extent of the original District of Columbia, were every square inch of it available, would afford them only scant and thronged standing room. Fancy them—delightful dream!—all assembled to hear the word of God. The largest county in your State would scarcely contain the houses in which more than one million of preachers should address each more than one thousand hearers of age to attend to the gospel. Still these millions are running into each other, and the mind glides over them without adhesion with far more than the facility with which the cheated eye sweeps across the deceptive face of unbroken waters. Yet they exhibit every diversity to awaken our interest and assist our calculations. God marshals them before us clothed in a fadeless livery, recognized at a glance by all who are not perversely color-blind. And they, themselves, indefinitely variegate the procession by their own peculiar titles to recognition in an endless difference of laws and governments, of languages, histories and traditions, of

religions and ceremonies, of creeds and opinions, of manners and customs, of diet and dress. Wheel the grand muster of nations through every evolution that fancy can suggest, the scene will grow before you. But especially study the attitude of the world to enlightenment and Christianity. Assemble the nations, diversified as before, and arrange them in ascending ranks according to civilization. Place lowest eighty millions of degraded savages, scarcely above the beasts and reptiles they worship. Place next one hundred and twenty millions of fierce and godless nomads madly surging against each other, and against civilization, in deadly struggle for land and pasturage. Put still higher some eight hundred millions of half-civilized human beings, most of them in abjectest poverty and misery, groaning under iron despotisms of mind and body which have been growing stronger and harsher for from twenty to forty centuries. Surmount the array with civilized men. Now a division of most painful interest is to be made. A line, inclusive of nearly all the highest level, exclusive of nearly all the lowest, but jagged and eccentric as the lightning's path, shall run through the scene, and separate what, with utmost license of language and in the very extravagance of charity, we call Christian nations from unvaried and unmitigated heathendom. This line reveals a proportion startling to the extent of dismay. Three-fourths of the human family are still, in this last quarter of the nineteenth century, in utter and ruinous ignorance of the saving truth!

With much of sorrow and with something, I trust, of remorse for our former "inhumanity to man" in his greatest need, we dismiss our imaginary assembly, and remand to their respective positions on the earth's surface the millions, most of them starving for lack of the bread of life. Now geographical magnitudes scarcely less prodigious, and much more appalling, confront us. Weeks and months of difficult and often perilous

journey await us as we set out in any direction from our centre in search of the more distant and the more hopeless. And then for months spent in reaching their abodes, we have years to spend in reaching the understandings, the consciences and the hearts of even a few. Ah! I have not moved you with numbers. I was fearing it. I might have known it. The four hundred millions of China, persistently and skilfully paraded in their tear-compelling plight before Christendom, have been scarcely equal contestants for sympathy and aid with the few thousands of the Sandwich Islands. And this surely has not been because numbering more, the Chinese have, in the scales of spiritual worth and promise, weighed less.

Despairing of the attempt to expand reason and fancy and heart to the dimensions of these wide-stretching and bewildering numerals, let us try another course. Let us stand face to face with a single one of their constituent units. And though it presents itself cased in rags, crushed and dwarfed under despotism, and all crimsoned with sin, we feel irresistibly impelled to uncover before it. A soul! It is the image, though the fearfully marred and distorted image of God. A soul! It is the mirror, if not indeed the constituent of all other grandeurs; and, save God, grander than all it mirrors. It is varied and wide as the earth, and deep as the unfathomable sea. The certain possessor of immortality, it is the probable heir of a constantly and eternally accelerating growth. And, oh, deepest dread! oh, highest hope! It shall continue forever to sting itself into racking spasms of keenest remorse, or to thrill under the ever-brightening vision of God. The sons of God shouted for joy when first the material universe, touched into harmony by its great Creator, poured upon their ears its full-voiced anthem. With still higher rapture do they shake the upper welkin when one sinner repenteth. But only the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls, the infinitely loving

Father of spirits, feels an adequate joy when a single dead soul is made alive and a single lost soul is found.

From this point of view, my brethren, look out on your work, so dizzying in the multitude, so staggering in the magnitude of its objects. And remember that while you look, death is reaping and hell is garnering. Men are lost, and lost to deep and eternal perdition, without the gospel. Banish from your minds that fond but wretched delusion, so paralyzing to the zeal of the preacher, so drugged with false and fatal security to the hearer, that man is saved by anything which he really believes. Men may worship after the manner which some call honesty and sincerity; their way may seem to them right; but unless it be God's chosen way, their end is death, though they be as sincere as the chief of sinners when he persecuted the church of Christ. Hero-worshippers may laud and magnify the brilliant spectacle of conspicuous zeal, whether it be salutary or destructive, as boys gaze with delighted wonder on a mighty conflagration, whether it burns out a jungle or burns down a city; but no zeal shall win the approval of the universal Judge, except zeal according to the knowledge of saving truth. The Saviour did indeed say to a certain individual, "According to thy faith, so be it unto thee." But that faith was perfectly right in object, and astonishing even to himself in degree. Latitudinarians strangely and to their own hurt wrest this Scripture, when they pervert it into a proposition which stultifies the Redeemer's purpose of living and dying to be the object of a faith unto salvation.

Hesitate not, in the discharge of your duty to Christ, to give the world that without which there is no salvation, from fear of a possible aggravation of its guilt. In preaching the gospel we do not impose, we only present a great and perilous responsibility. In withholding it, we clearly assume responsibility for the blood of souls. How strange that men, who

know that every new opportunity and blessing is burdened with new obligations, should shrink from proffering the greatest good, lest it be possibly converted into a curse. But we cannot, in obedience to a craven and cruel fear, which would brand every blessing as a snare, consent that our children and our country shall sink into savagery ; and we will not, in disobedience to the gracious Master, deny to the perishing millions of earth the indispensable cup of salvation lest they madly dash it from their lips.

II. I pass to the second division—the inadequacy of the supply of gospel laborers. This may be the more briefly dispatched as having been largely implied in the preceding view. If we discount from the three hundred and fifty millions of nominal Christians the millions of the superstitious who have no knowledge of salvation, the infidels who have no belief in it, the grossly criminal and vicious who have no hope of it, the tens of millions of the frivolous and worldly who have no care for it, the array would shrink like Gideon's army when sifted by the Almighty. There need be no hesitation in saying the number of earnest Christian workers, viewed in comparison with the immense field, before which our imaginations and hearts have just now sunk prostrate and discouraged, is alarmingly small ; yea, but for the promise of the ever-continued support of Him in whose might one shall chase a thousand, it would be ludicrously inadequate.

We want earnest preachers of the gospel, wholly devoted to their work—and we want them in multitudes—men whose enthusiasm for their mission, and whose facility in their task, shall make preaching a luxury—men to whom, in the seasons and aspects of labor which cannot be a delight, preaching shall be a controlling duty—men whose thorough equipment for their sacred office shall, with the blessing of heaven, make preaching a grand success—men who, laboring exclusively

for the spiritual good of their race, shall produce a larger and better effect on the harmony, the purity, the culture, and, finally, the material interests of society, than any other class of agents. Such men will, in their official relations, abjure politics, only demanding of statesmen, as our Baptist fathers did, full liberty of conscience for all. Thank God, I stand to-day freely enlarged on the very site of the Culpeper prison, from which, a little more than one hundred years ago, Ireland, looking out on the blue hills to the north and the wilderness on the south, put up this only petition to civil government:

“On the mountains LET me labor,  
In the desert LET me tell  
How He died, the matchless Saviour,  
To redeem the world from hell.”

I repeat, we need a great increase of ministers, even for this country and this State. We do indeed want a great increase of the ability and zeal of the Christian ministry of our country—confessedly respectable as that ministry now is. But we should still greatly need more preachers. We do not properly sustain those we have. But preaching must stimulate to the support of the present ministry, and to a demand for an increased ministerial force. In this sense, John Kerr's remark is certainly true, that the best preparation for preaching is preaching. I cannot enlarge on this point. I say, on thorough conviction and with a full heart, that there is great lack of the preached word in our beloved Commonwealth; that I do know our monthly preaching can never fully indoctrinate our people; and that, in a few miles of our country churches, are neighborhoods deplorably in want of the gospel.

Preaching is teaching. If we would teach, we must have smaller classes of pupils, and get into closer, freer, more frequent contact with them. The propagation of the gospel is, in some respects, like the propagation of light by radiation.

It is more like the diffusion of heat by convections—the spreading of fermentation by contact.

We want not laboring preachers alone. Christ demands the co-operation of the whole Christian body. His few laborers at the date of the pronounciation of our passage were all unofficial men and women. Whatever may be the doubt concerning an apostolic succession, there can be no doubt of a continuity of the laity, as it is called, or an unbroken succession of believing men and women. If there is a controversy about rank and precedence between this continuous body and lordly prelates, the laity may, without breach of modesty, allege, “Before apostles were we are!” Preceding the apostles in itinerant labors of evangelization on the first persecution—summoning Peter before their tribunal to render account of the first preaching of the gospel to the Gentiles—concurring with the apostles in what is falsely called the first general council at Jerusalem, they may claim that it is now no humiliation to the tallest of the clergy to bow to the majesty of the people. The great teaching force of this body, when earnestly and consciously exerted, and the greater unconscious influence of their active piety in their churches and in their business, are simply incalculable. I have already deplored the comparative inefficacy of attacks on sin at long range. The highest effect results from the grapple of man with man. And just here is the advantage and the superiority of the people with what may be disparagingly called their small arms. The world will not be converted till there is a great increase of this laboring force in all lands. But what crying need of preachers before this high vantage ground shall be reached?

I may select from the bewildering and saddening number of places where spiritual laborers are deplorably scarce, a few which we are urged to supply by the highest and dearest immediate interests, or by solemn assumption and committal.



The Chinese are streaming into the Western and South-western portions of our country in currents of annually increasing volume. Laborers not a few are needed to convert these portentous barbaric waves into an overflow, freighted with spiritual fertility. Sanctified patriotism would further counsel the copious impregnation of the foreign source of so perilous a deluge with the salt of truest conservatism. Here our most precious secular interests unite with distinct committal and solemn pledge to demand a large re-enforcement of the Chinese mission, at present so disproportionate to the work as to move the heathen to derision, and Christendom to humiliation and mourning. Within our midst are millions of half-civilized Africans. Shall we pause till we decide whether Northern or Southern Christians are most able or most bound to minister to their spiritual needs, and stand upon the order of our going to them, till a ground-swell of ignorance, sensuality, agrarianism, superstition and fanaticism shall wreck our entire Christian civilization? Interest and duty combine to urge the sending of laborers to the children of Africa in this country. Duty, philanthropy, and in the case of many of us, solemn engagement, concur to demand the support and re-enforcement of David and others on the continent of Africa for the preaching of the gospel to a people that, notwithstanding their deep degradation, receive it with more readiness than any other people under heaven. The laborers are very few who are prepared to meet the hordes of Catholics that are coming to this country, and in yearly increasing numbers to this State. Patriotism appeals to us here again. But when we look towards Italy, how many considerations impel us to heed its cry for the pure gospel. More than half of the law that controls us, the history that guides us, the literature that is our delight and our unapproached model, is derived from that classic land. And the Italians of to-day are in their possibil-

ities greater than the Romans when they marched to the conquest of the world. The Italians, with their infusion of Gothic blood, are in endowments what the Greeks were in the past. They are a people beyond all others beautiful in person and versatile in genius; a people beggared by the most splendid church establishment of the world; a people many of whom are maddened into assassination and brigandage by the most grinding of despotisms; a people whose proverbial fraud and dissimulation are not excused certainly, but greatly palliated, by a telegraphic espionage, whose wires all converge in the Vatican, and by the auscultation of the secret throbbings of their hearts in the confessional. Among this people of noblest gifts and possibilities is the centre of the great ramifying cancer on the body of Christianity. How few are engaged in its extirpation! Here is the finest strategic point of so-called Christendom, the citadel of the Papacy. With what interest do we watch the little forlorn hope as with sublime daring they thunder their defiance at its gates! Ah, let us cultivate this interest. Few of us, my brethren, are susceptible of being greatly stirred by a direct contemplation of the vastly extended harvest field. We are more likely to catch the contagion of zeal from sympathy with those loftier spirits that see, and those deeper and tenderer natures that feel, the necessities of man.

Most of us who have heard that exquisitely graceful tribute to Dr. Tupper's recent articles on missions, but not more graceful than just, have felt first a greater sympathy with the workers, and then a deeper interest in the work. I confess, my interest in the Chinese has been greatly increased since a former pupil of mine, the heroic, the enthusiastic Lottie Moon, has consecrated her pre-eminent aptitude for the languages to the blessed office of announcing to the sorrowing Marys and Marthas of China, the Master who is come and calleth for them. And my high and warm personal regard

for that noble type of the Christian man, Geo. B. Taylor, who has left his Virginia brethren scarcely his equal in talents and acquirements, in the vigor, the accuracy and the facility of his pen, in the earnestness of his piety, and the depth of his devotion to friends, gives me higher concern for that grand object which appears above every other to concern him. We love heaven itself better, because friends and kindred are triumphant there. Shall we not love the mission fields more because there our friends are earning their crowns? And shall we not, must we not, if we are real Christians, rise up to sympathy with Christ who tasted death for every man, and descend with Him to sympathy for every son of Adam for whom He died?

III. Whence must come the supply of the fearful destitution of laborers in the world-wide harvest field? It is easy to delude ourselves into reliance on the great economic principle of the spontaneous tendency to the equation of supply and demand. The dominion of this principle is limited to the spheres of imperious material needs, or active natural and cultured desires. But even in these spheres, the political economist will tell us that not simple desire, but ability to pay for its object, constitutes real and effective demand. Where scarcity of bread prevails, and money (or its equivalent) is at command, price ascends and waves its invitation to a wider circle of supply; where famine rages, the effective demand still existing, price mounts by long and rapid strides to the mast-head, and unfurls the flag of distress to a still more distant horizon. Supply moves to the scene of remote anxiety or urgent suffering in gentler undulations, or in higher climbing billows, according to the violence of the disturbing causes, and then ebbs away after more than meeting the demand. Ah, me! little or nothing of this takes place in regard to man's great intellectual and spiritual wants. Call man, if you

please, an inquisitive being. In his deepest ignorance his quest of knowledge is capricious, irregular, almost profitless. The ignorant masses will not be enlightened till truth is gently urged upon their feeble and blinking vision, by a benevolence which is above them, and which graciously condescends to them. Man, if you please, is a religious animal. But he is a sinful being, and will not come to the light where it shines upon him, lest his deeds should be reproved. In the case of the heathen, it must be manifested to them who seek it not. Many of the heathen Indians on our Western frontier, and all the ruling elements in Japan, seek after our secular knowledge. They nauseate our religion, its true support.

Some influences auxiliary to direct effort for the diffusion of knowledge and home evangelization. A man cannot be a Christian at all without exerting some unconscious, unintentional Christian influence on the unconverted around him. Christians of a low type of Christianity, and even infidels, will somewhat help to sustain the preaching of the gospel in their own country, because they believe it will conduce to their own prosperity in advancing the general good, because their persons and property will be safer, and their taxation for the repression of crime and the relief of beggary will be lightened.

But these aids will not help in foreign evangelization. Foreign missions, in their success, do powerfully and favorably react on the material prosperity of Christian nations. But the planter, the manufacturer and the merchant, will not invest with reference to gains apparently so remote. Their plan, whatever ours may be, is emphatically the "now" plan. The chief reliance everywhere, the sole reliance for most of the field, is the highest and purest Christian benevolence, kindled first from heaven, and reinforced continually in answer to earnest prayer. The salvation of the world comes not from the universal spread of primary education. I hail

with delight the increase of secular knowledge. It is a possibility, yet a perilous possibility of good. It is a great instrument which we must hasten to utilize for good, and to save from perversion. General education is no substitute for the gospel. If we would preserve the healthy balance of all the powers of a people, the more education we have, the more and not the less we need the earnest, effective and deeply spiritual Sabbath-school, pulpit and press. Shall we look to the higher education? It is invaluable for the full exposition of divine truth, and for the thorough intelligence of that exposition. But the higher education more needs Christianity than Christianity needs it. The ancient classical languages with all their freightage of history, philosophy and poetry, constituting them the noblest instruments of culture, and the great bulwark of consecration, would, probably, be abandoned to utter neglect but for the interest which the higher Christian thinkers take in them. The relation of Christianity to our higher culture is even still more direct. The main current of modern scepticism is materialistic to the denial of the immortality of the soul. Let it gain ascendancy in the higher departments of education, and the human mind, and its sublime philosophy, become a matter of anatomy and chemistry. The soul will grow to be too mean a thing for severe and serious discipline; and science, for a while, patronized as an engineer for the construction of roads and machines, will finally die of starvation in the house of its false friends. The higher education, then, far from dispensing with Christian laborers, is one of the many applicants for their increase in number and effectiveness. Theological schools will do much to supply the demand for laborers. But they need the highest order of God-given material on which to operate. Then, brethren, we are shut up to prayer as our only recourse. The most candid of the rejecters of revelation tell us, on purely rational grounds, that

prayer is the irrepressible instinct, the inevitable necessity of a soul, awake to a great need, and alive to the existence of an infinitely wise and loving personal God. We have reached a point where philosophy recognizes the necessity, and revelation imposes the duty of prayer. Andrew Fuller used to say—perhaps, with an excess of self-depreciation—that he had little religion or devoutness that was not extorted by distress. Doubtless, he had more of them in that state. Thank God, that Andrew Fuller and Carey and their brethren, became sorely distressed about India, and cried to the Lord in its behalf. Great blessings seem to have been bestowed in answer to those prayers. Why should we doubt that He will answer prayer? To say that He will not be affected by anything we do, is to say that He will neither reward nor punish human conduct. If it must be admitted that He regards anything of our state, what will He be so likely to regard as the heart's desire of His children? Surely, every right prayer is the reflection of the Spirit from the human soul. Nature mirrors back on God His image; devout spirits echo back His voice. But they have never sent back the full response. It is just here that advocates of the simple passivity of the human soul under divine influence err in theory, and all the Christian world has erred in practice. Christian hearts have not fully answered the divine touch, else the God who has promised to hear prayer would long since have sent forth the needed supply. He has foreknown from eternity our prayers, and has made arrangements, and pledge to answer every right and enjoyed prayer, without the slightest swerving of the laws, either of spirit or of matter.

I conclude with two assumptions implied in our prayer :

1st. The Lord's harvest is our field, else to ask for laborers would be an impertinence. The field is doubly ours. All human beings are our brethren. The unity of the human race

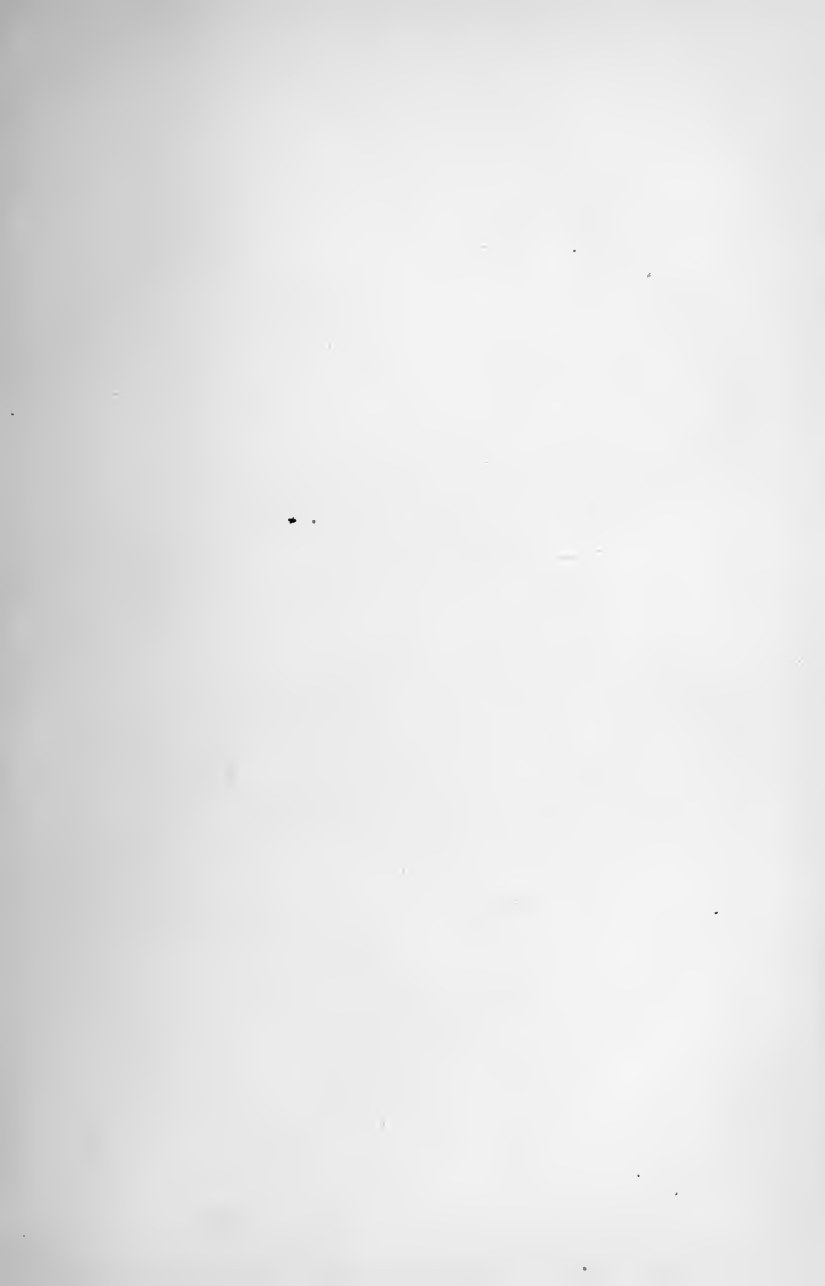
which is abundantly established by sober and impartial science, is not, indeed, the foundation, but the necessary condition of the whole remedial scheme. Then the work has been committed to us. Faith is to come by hearing the word of God from the lips of men.

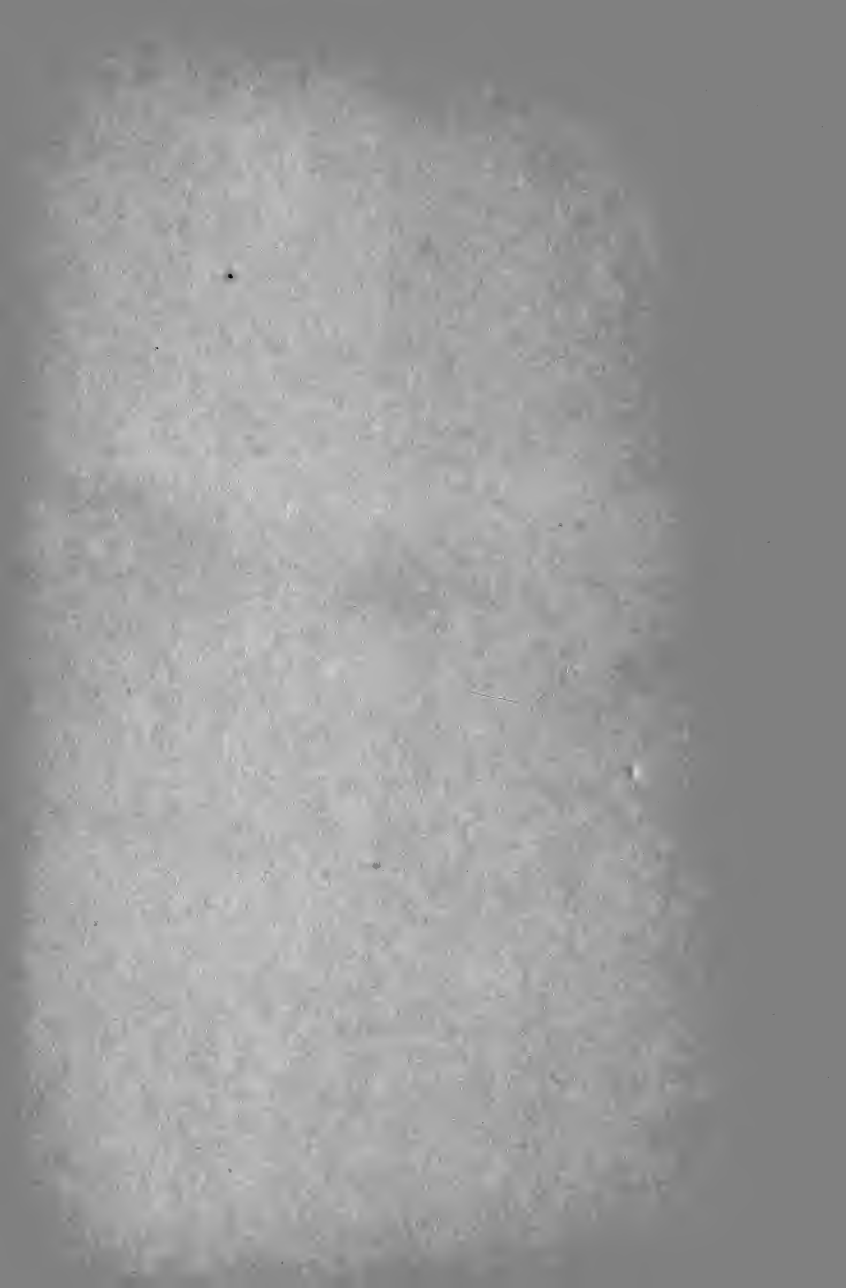
2d. We undertake to act in the line of our petitions. Prayer is desire intensified by its entertainment and expression. To pray, and not to act in the direction of our prayers, would be, if it were not an impossibility, an absurdity and inconsistency. If we pray we must act in response to our prayers. Infidelity will scoffingly say, that this will be the only answer they will receive, just as it mocks at trusting in God on the day of battle, and believes only in keeping the powder dry; we have a totally different conviction. God moves; prayer intensifies and insures action. Pray, believing that prayer acts on God, as well as reacts on yourselves. When there shall be much of this kind of prayer, the kingdom of God shall come—"His will be done on earth as in heaven."

THE END.











FEB 23 1905

BK  
6495

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 029 819 581 1